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FEB. 28, 1931

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# Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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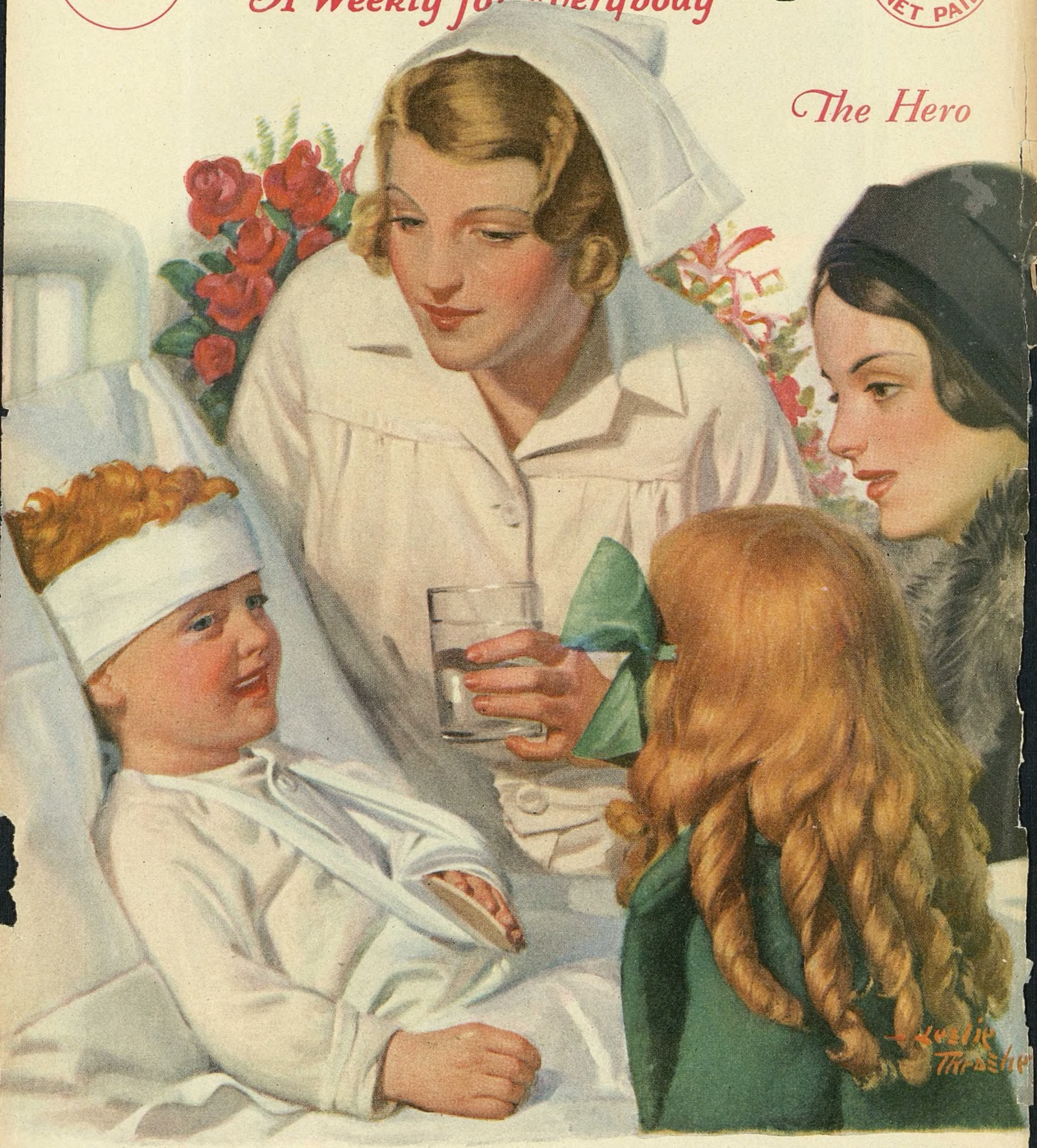
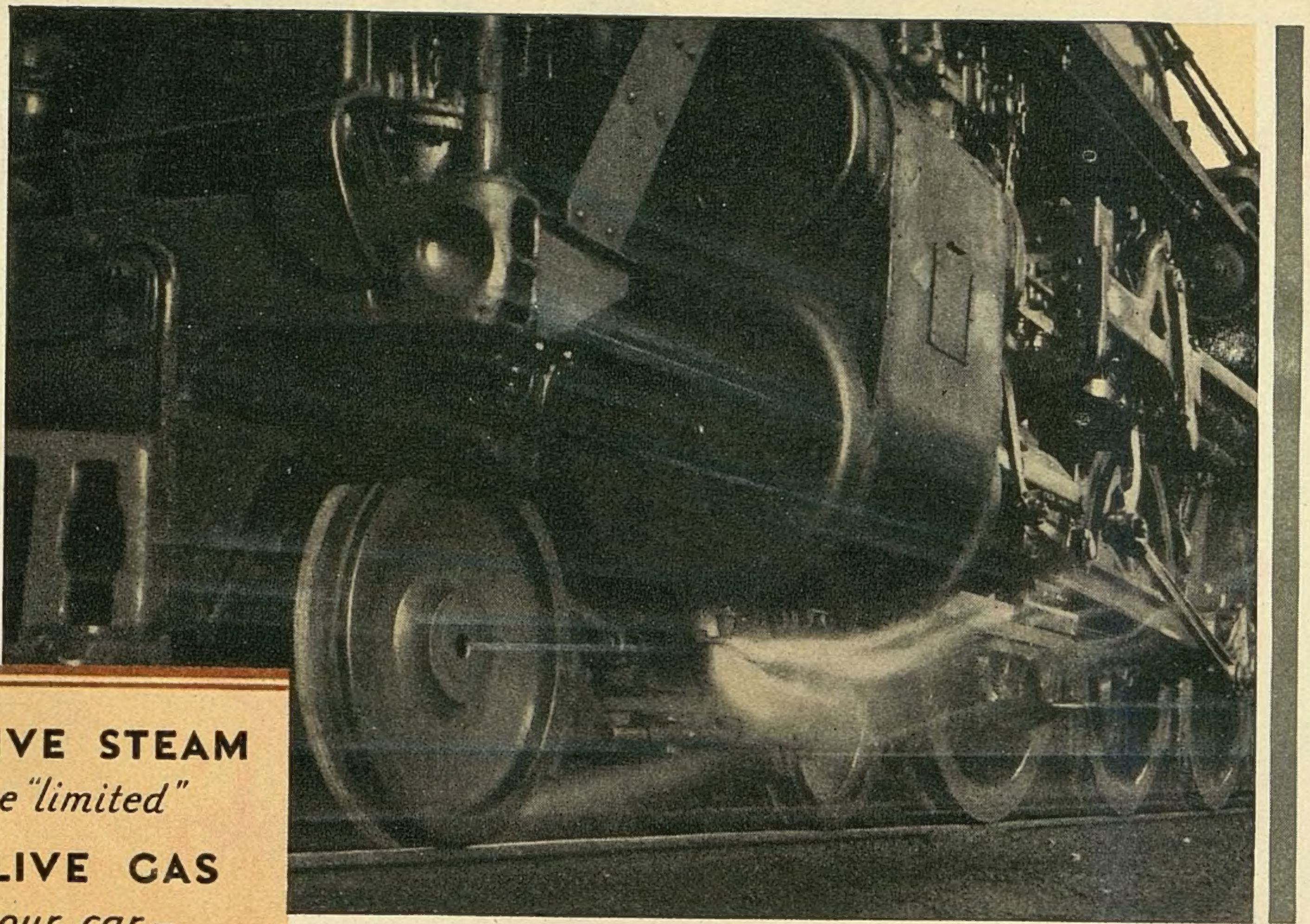

The Hero
Leslie
Thrasher

BOGART **ROGERS** ~ M.R. **WERNER** ~ SIDNEY **SUTHERLAND** ~ FRANKLIN P. **ADAMS** ~ PAUL **GALLICO**



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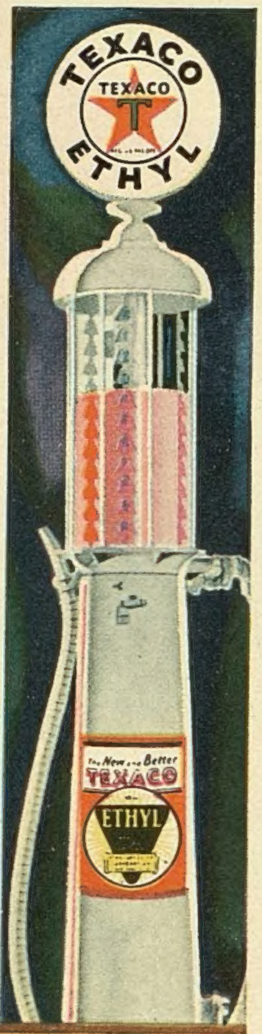

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# In her few years of MARRIAGE she has read many books

## Could any of them have been more valuable than this free booklet "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"?

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

THERE is a question that haunts the mind of nearly every newly married woman, a question that has been disturbing her ever since she has occupied her position as a wife. It is this: How *can* she rely on the information she receives from other women, when it is all so different and so conflicting?

She *shouldn't* depend on anybody's advice no matter how well-meant it may be. Too much misinformation is going around. She *should* learn the facts for herself. Otherwise she may be courting actual danger.

### *Danger lies in use of poisons*

Of course, physicians and trained nurses approve of feminine hygiene. More than anyone else they value the cleanliness it affords—the real surgical cleanliness. The reason for the whole misunderstanding about feminine hygiene is that the *idea* is often confused with the *method*. The use of poisonous antiseptics, for example. Don't ask the medical profession to advise the use of poisonous antiseptics! They know too well the dangers.

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FEB. 28, 1931

# Liberty

VOL. 8
NO. 9

*A Weekly for Everybody*

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

# THE BAD OLD DAYS

The Wickersham report is the most portentous event that has come up lately in our prohibition warfare, but it is hard to tell just what it portends.

Mr. Hoover's way of making the report public, and his expressed opinion of the commission's findings, certainly were most confusing. And when, after everyone's ideas were thoroughly muddled, the President was officially reported to have an "open mind" on the whole question, it became a case of confusion worse confounded.

**Senator Sheppard**
Henry Miller photo

**Mrs. Sabin**
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Out of the recent discussion of prohibition, however, there comes one amusing and completely devastating retort. This is the reply of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, to the declaration of Senator Sheppard, Democrat, of Texas, that "those who clamor for the return of legalized liquor have short memories or no knowledge of the lawlessness and corruption for which legalized liquor stood."

It was the Senator's view that repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would mean "the arrest of progress, the wreck of glory, and the pollution of name and fame" for the United States.

Said Mrs. Sabin:

"We have been a nation since 1789—142 years. We were a confederation of states for thirteen years before becoming a nation. During those 155 years we had varying forms of liquor usage, ranging from the still room, the brewing room, and the wine press in almost every home to state and locality controlled sale and use.

"During only eleven years have we had national prohibition. Only the shortest memory, only the most abysmal ignorance, will subscribe to the history of those 155 years which the dry publicists seek to foist upon us."

Well, let's see about those 155 years—the bad old days of the still room and the saloon.

In that period, as Mrs. Sabin points out, we elected Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson as Presidents—and certainly six out of the seven were personal as well as political wets.

In that period likewise we invented, evolved, or developed the cotton gin, all our harvesting machinery, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the railroad, the steamship, the gasoline engine, the talking machine, the motion picture, the radio, the skyscraper, the trolley car, the turbine, and antiseptic surgery.

The United States did pretty well in the bad old days before prohibition. Its population grew from 3,000,000 to 115,000,000. It spanned the continent with a network of railroads, dug the Panama Canal, and sent the largest expeditionary force in history across the Atlantic to conclude a victorious war.

Whatever else may be said, we must admit that in the bad old days this country had vitality.

And what particularly brilliant things have we achieved since, in the good new days of prohibition? Well, we have elected Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and we have evolved the greatest criminal figure in our history—Al Capone, who has made Jesse James in his palmiest days look like a piker—and many others like him. Outside of that, it's hard to think just what we have done.

Excepting professional drys like Mrs. Boole, Deets Pickett, Bishop Cannon, and Scott McBride, who make part or all of their livings out of prohibition, the most prominent adherents of the Eighteenth Amendment probably are Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison, and the John D. Rockefellers, senior and junior.

These men have all achieved great personal success, and in so doing have conferred great benefits on their fellow citizens. But it is interesting to reflect that success came to all of them in the bad old days before prohibition, when Ford was building his Model T, Edison was contributing to mankind the electric light, the talking machine, the motion picture, etc., and the Rockefellers were laying pipe lines across the continent.

Each of these gentlemen is sincere in his belief that prohibition has contributed greatly to the welfare of the United States, but likewise each must acknowledge that his greatest work was done before prohibition came.

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# THIS *Ends* A DISCOMFORT THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE SUFFERING

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### It Cannot Chafe or Irritate!

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Its filler is superlative soft, pure RAYON cellulose. Thus is as gentle as fluffed silk. It is water-proofed on one side for reasons apparent to every woman.

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Please accept a trial. Just mail the coupon below.

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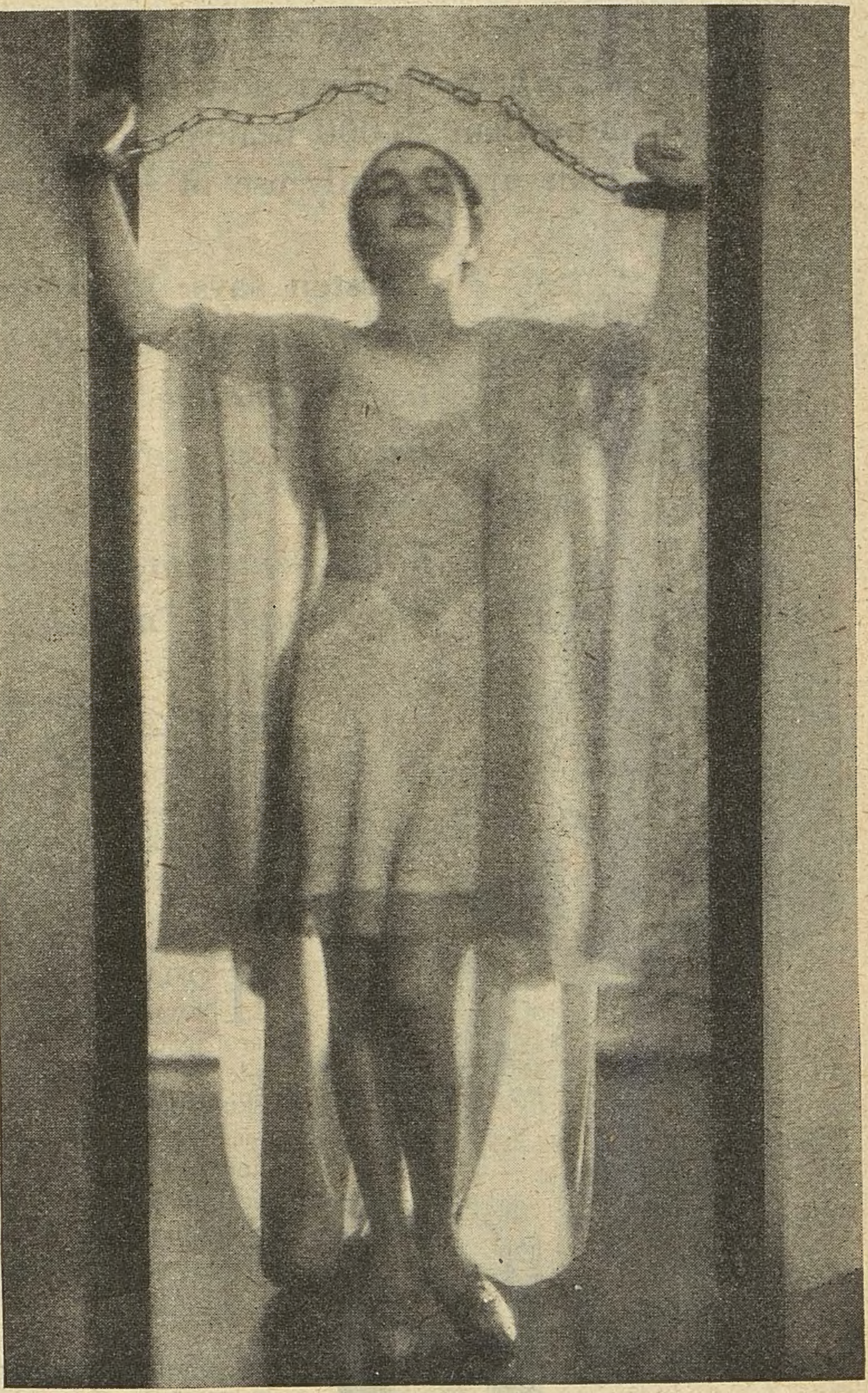
### Accept Trial

To prove the claims made for this unique pad to your own satisfaction, please mail the coupon and accept a trial pad. Compare it with old types. Note its new construction. You will *see* why it is different from all others. Why women by the tens of thousands are adopting it. VELDOWN COMPANY, INC., 220 East 42nd Street, New York City. *One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company.*



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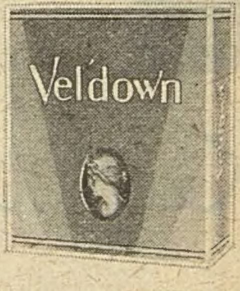


**Veldown**
FOR EVERY WOMAN

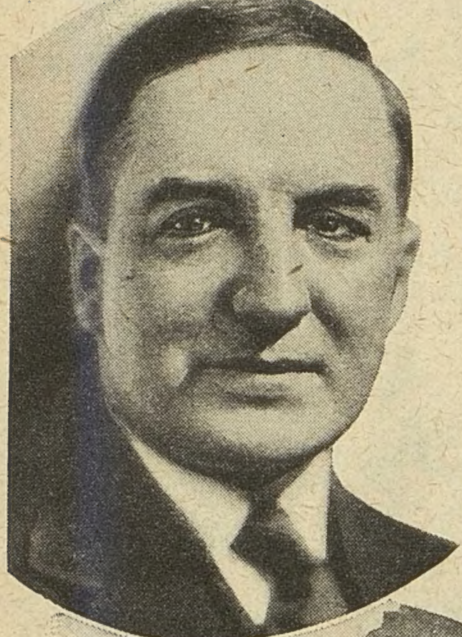
# German beauty experts advise olive and palm oils

## *to keep that schoolgirl complexion*

**Carsten—and others equally renowned—join vast group of more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over in urging daily use of Palmolive.**

**Carsten says: *"I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap at least twice a day, massaging its wonderful lather gently into the skin for a couple of minutes."***

Leo Carsten



LEO CARSTEN, *whose Berlin beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam is quite the smartest salon in Middle Europe.*

*Beauty belongs not to one race, nor to one country. And is it not remarkable that the lovely women of almost every civilized nation find this one method of skin care best?*

LEO
CARSTEN
GARO
COIFFEUR

TEJERO *of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.*

HOARE *of London, who served women of the world's diplomatic circles during the naval conference.*

TODAY, despite differences in type, lovely women all over the world are acquiring "that schoolgirl complexion." The fresh colorful English skin; the lustrous pallor of the Parisienne; the rich, olive-tinted Spanish and Italian complexion . . . each one retains its characteristic beauty through a simple formula recommended by more than 20,000 beauty specialists.

### *In 16 countries, 1691 cities*

"Wash the face with a pure soap—a vegetable oil soap—and water," they'll say, "but not any soap will do. It must be Palmolive!"

If you should question this statement, you'd learn some interesting facts about the cosmetic value of olive and palm oils. Those are the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, you know. They cleanse without irritation. They are mild, gentle, easy on the texture of the skin. Specialists have made many tests with Palmolive and they are universally enthusiastic.

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You massage Palmolive lather into the face and throat until the impurities are freed from the pores. Then you rinse it off with warm water; after that with cold. And—if you like—an ice massage as an astringent. That's what you are advised to do morning and evening by more than 20,000 of the world's best known beauty specialists. They, don't forget, are professionals. Their recommendation deserves your attention. Buy a cake of Palmolive and try the facial treatment tonight. You'll find it the easiest way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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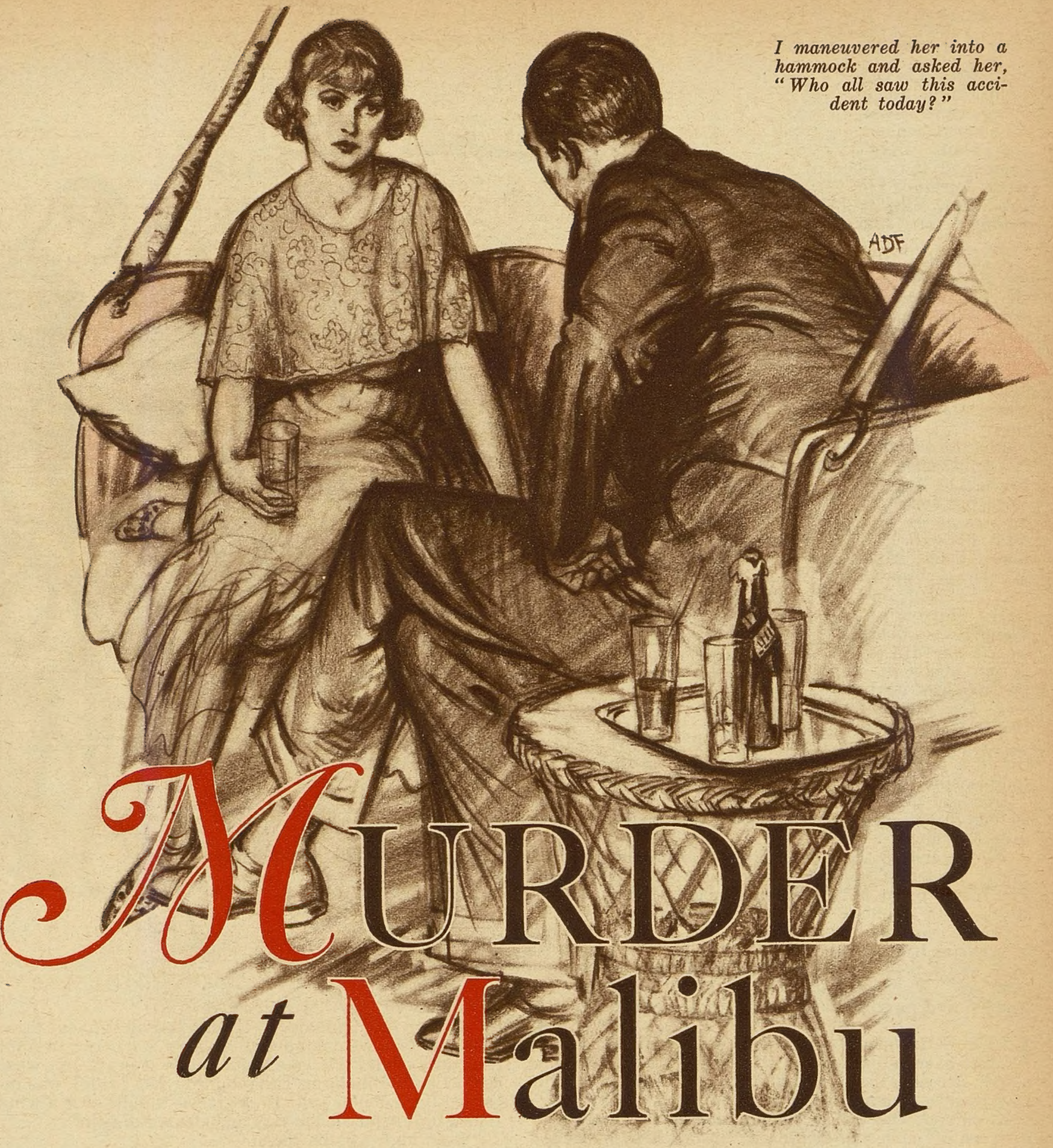


*I maneuvered her into a hammock and asked her, "Who all saw this accident today?"*

# MURDER at Malibu

## *The Story of an Airman's Revenge*

By

**BOGART ROGERS**

*who, like his sister, Adela Rogers St. Johns, is a frequent contributor to Liberty. Born in Los Angeles and a graduate of Stanford, he came out of the war a captain in the R. F. C. and tried commercial aviation for a while. Then he got into movie publicity writing and finally into fiction.*

*Pictures by* A. D. FULLER

*(Reading time: 35 min. 10 sec.)*

ANY guy who answers an office telephone after noon on Saturday should have his head examined.

I was all set to take that blonde Peggy Howard down to Georgie Nesbit's beach shack and see what she looked like in a bathing suit when the bell rang and I put my neck on the block.

It was Shorty Rausch. I asked, "Who's dead?" Only death's bright angel can make Shorty squander one of his Uncle Samuel's nickels on a telephone.

"Charlie Branner," said Shorty. "How'd you know?"

"I didn't. Who's Charlie Branner?"

"That moving-picture star," said Shorty.

I placed him then—an Adonis with buttered hair. He'd flown enough to get a license and talked about it enough to get a Congressional Medal.

"I'm out at the airport," Shorty went on. "Harmon Welles just phoned in about it from Malibu Beach. Bran-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

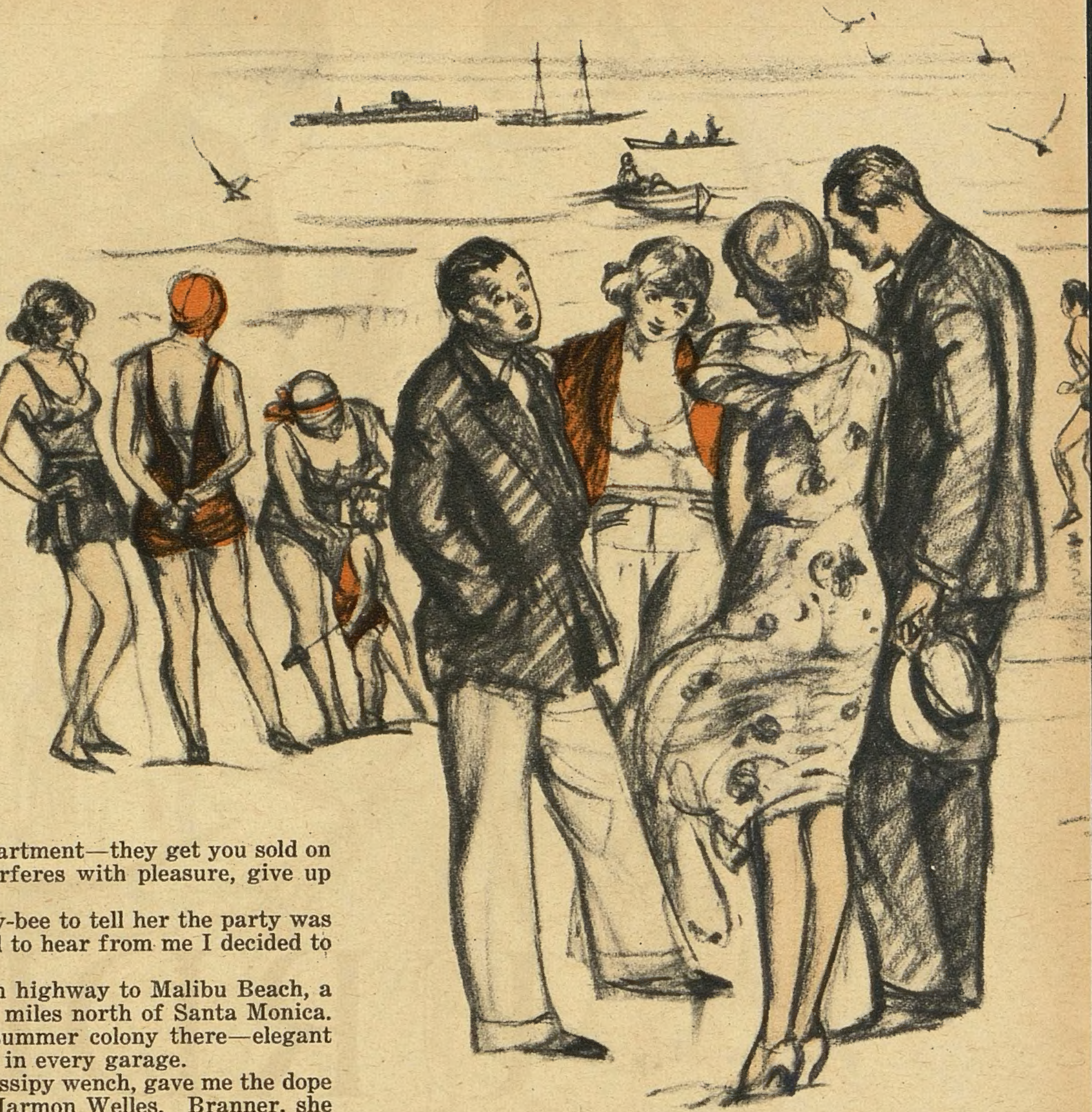
MURDER AT MALIBU
Cont'd from page 7

ner was flying Welles' ship. Something came loose, Branner bailed out, the chute didn't open, and they all went kerplunk in the water. They're fishing for him now."

I told him, "Go on down and join the fishermen and don't bother me—I got a date with a blonde."

Shorty said, "I can't. I gotta be in San Diego by four."

I had three other inspectors under me in the Los Angeles office, but Joe Stanley was at the hospital, his wife having a baby; Mike Mallory was in Bakersfield, and Carl Morton in Phœnix, so there wasn't any use arguing about it—the job was up to me. That's one of the worst things about working for the department—they get you sold on the idea that if duty interferes with pleasure, give up the pleasure.



I phoned this blonde bay-bee to tell her the party was off, but she seemed so glad to hear from me I decided to drag her along.

We scooted up the ocean highway to Malibu Beach, a pretty stretch of sand ten miles north of Santa Monica. The movie great have a summer colony there—elegant shacks with a Rolls-Royce in every garage.

On the way Blondy, a gossipy wench, gave me the dope on Charlie Branner and Harmon Welles. Branner, she said, was a potential Valentino and Wallace Reid rolled into one. Married women took one look at charming Charlie and hurried home to kill their husbands.

LITTLE Harmon Welles, by her tell, was a hen-witted, half-baked studio executive—by the grace of God and a Wall Street father. He had gone in for flying in a big way because it made him a hero with the girls.

X, the spot where the accident occurred, was marked by a crowd of jabbering femininity in beach pyjamas and backless bathing suits and not so beautiful film magnates in swimming trunks. I located this Harmon Welles. He was a sort of fattish, flaccid youth with thin hair and fish eyes.

"I'm Bill Magoon from the department," I told him.

"Glad to see you," he said.

I asked what happened.

"Blessed if I know," he said. "I flew down here this morning to spend the week-end with Herb and Dorothy Corning. I landed out there." He pointed to the field back of the tennis courts. "Charlie Branner was up at the Cornings'. We got talking and he said he'd like to fly my Duckwing. I knew he'd been flying a lot and was a pretty fair pilot, so I said okay. That was just before lunch—"

"Was he ginned up?" I interrupted.

Harmon Welles started to be indignant and then changed his mind. "Nope, he was sober as a judge. Right after lunch we went out to the plane and cranked it up. He made a nice take-off—"

"Plenty of gas?" I suggested.

"Nearly full," he said. "He climbed up to about three thousand feet, went out over the water, and began to stunt the pants off it. I'd asked him not to stunt it, but what could I do? Finally he started into what I think was intended for a double roll. Right in the middle of it a wing folded up—went all squoogy and started to flop."

"How high was he then?"

"'Bout two thousand. He jumped right away, but the pack never opened—not even the pilot chute came out. He came spinning down—a horrid sight, all arms and legs."

Welles shook his head and made a face.

"Your chute?" I asked.

"Yep."

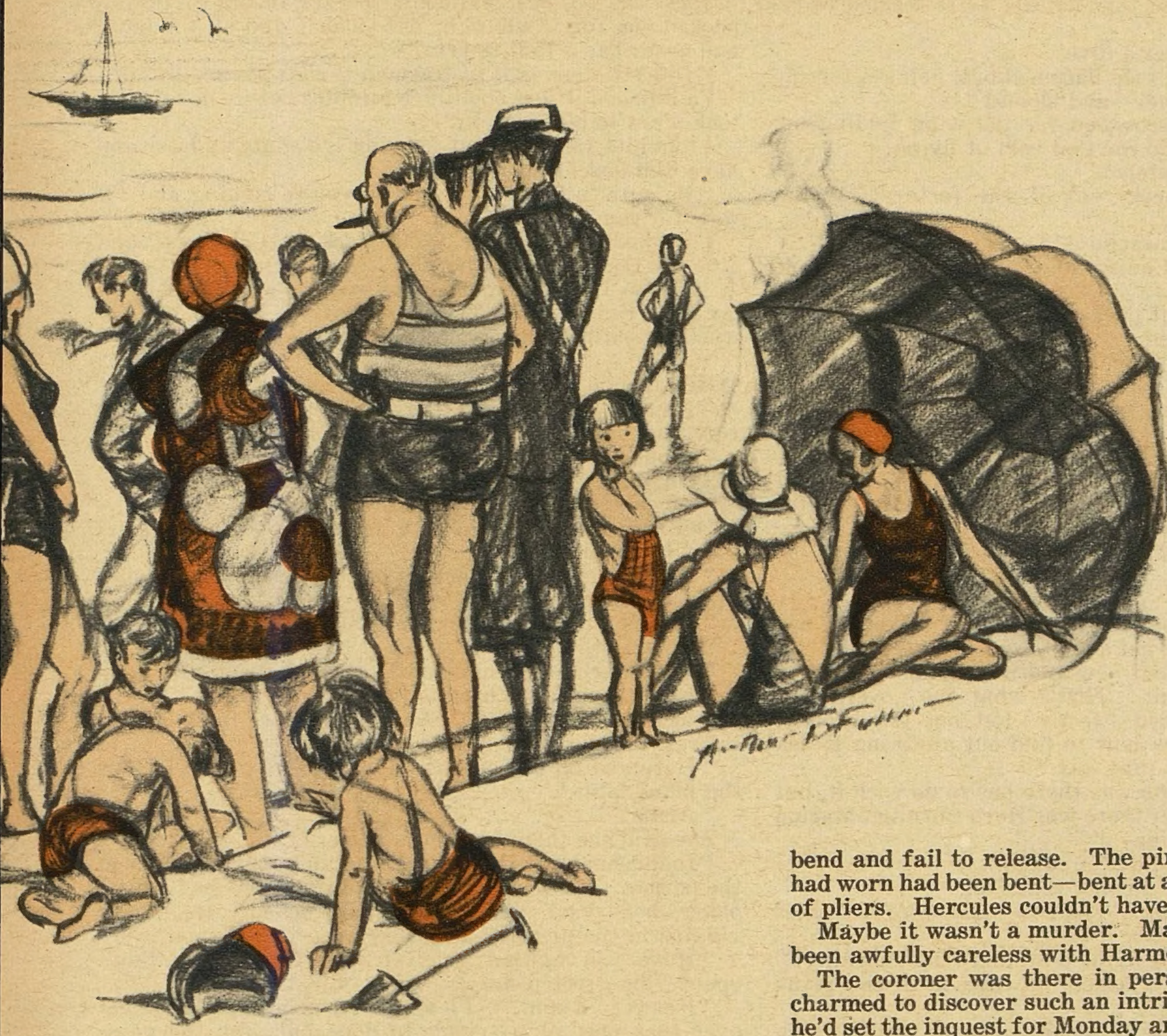
"What kind?"

"Silkworm."

That seemed odd. It was the first Silkworm I'd ever heard of failing to open in a clear jump. They're a foolproof parachute. I asked if the body had been recovered. Welles said they were bringing it in now and that they'd located the plane and sent for a crew to haul it out of the water.

I introduced the wealthy Mr. Welles to Blondy. His fish eyes bulged some more—she had that effect on men's eyes—and he introduced us both to a buxom blonde in blue silk pyjamas who was Dorothy Corning. Erotic is the word that describes her.

When they carried the mundane residue of Charlie



*I introduced the wealthy Mr. Welles to Blondy. His fish eyes bulged some more—she had that effect on men's eyes.*

Branner up into somebody's front yard I looked the situation over. It was obvious Branner had tried to get the chute open. Even the impact—and he'd hit the water an awful smack—had failed to pull his hand off the release ring. He was still holding it tight. The harness was buckled correctly. We took the chute off him and I opened the little flap on the back of the pack to see what might have been wrong.

"WHAT'S the matter with the thing?" asked Harmon Welles, looking over my shoulder.

I fastened the flap in a hurry so he couldn't see and told him, "Release pin got stuck, I think."

He started to pick up the chute.

"I'll take charge of it," I said.

"It's my chute." His fish eyes looked mean.

"And it's my responsibility and my investigation."

He didn't argue.

The salvage crew arrived—a gang of men from one of the studios with enough apparatus to raise the Maine. While everybody was trying to tell them what should be done I sneaked the parachute out to the car, drove up the beach a mile, stopped, and looked it over again. Then I went to a telephone, called the sheriff's office, and asked for Rosy Calhoun. I'd worked with Rosy on airplane crashes. He was a dumb-looking, smart-acting Harp and I figured a few brains might come in handy.

Rosy was out on a call. I was disappointed at first; then glad. Instead of asking for anyone else I decided to take a crack at this thing myself. In my four years with the department I'd solved the causes of any number of accidental deaths, but this was the first chance I'd ever had at a murder.

MURDER? Well, it was like this:

To open a parachute you pull the release ring on the harness. The ring is attached to a wire that runs to a little steel pin that goes through a hole in a larger steel pin, thereby fastening the whole pack together. When the smaller pin is pulled out of the hole the chute pops out, catches the wind, and opens. This little release pin is purposely made of very hard steel, so it can't accidentally bend and fail to release. The pin on the chute Branner had worn had been bent—bent at a right angle with a pair of pliers. Hercules couldn't have pulled it loose.

Maybe it wasn't a murder. Maybe somebody had just been awfully careless with Harmon Welles' parachute.

The coroner was there in person when I got back—charmed to discover such an intriguing demise. He said he'd set the inquest for Monday and accepted my explanation that, as far as I could see, the thing was purely accidental. The newspaper boys took it for that, too.

The wreckage had been hauled up on the beach, such a tangled mess nobody could have determined what might have happened without a minute inspection and perhaps not even then. I told them to haul it into an empty garage and leave it there until I could look it over.

My blonde was up at Cornings'—whether celebrating or trying to drown her sorrows I couldn't tell. At least she had twiddled her toes in the great ocean that makes you forget and was preparing, I thought, to dive in head first. I pried her away from her drink and walked her out on the beach.

The first thing she said was, "Who killed him?"

My eyes popped out a foot. After they snapped back into place I said, "You're jumping at conclusions, aren't you?"

She said, "Don't be ridic. I haven't been aviation's sweetheart four years for nothing. Silkworm chutes never fail to open in a clear jump. There's something funny about this because you sneaked the chute out and locked it up in your car. I saw you."

"That proves you're a bleached blonde," I said. "No real blonde ever had that much sense. We're staying down here for a while. You go back to Cornings', keep your bazoo buttoned, and unfurl your big fuzzy ears. If you hear anything worth repeating, let me know. I'll be here and there."

She said, "Righto, Mr. Pinkerton. You're looking at a lady sphinx."

I selected little Harmon Welles as witness number one.

"You saw the accident," I said to him. "Just exactly what was Charlie Branner doing when the wing collapsed?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MURDER AT MALIBU
Continued from page nine

"I thought he was trying to do a double roll," he said grumpily. "I told you that before." He seemed to resent being questioned.

"Flying level or after a dive?"

"After a long dive. He flattened out, going a terrific clip, then pulled her over—and blooie!"

That might have accounted for the wing folding up. A Duckwing isn't made for that sort of flying.

"Had it inspected lately?"

"It's only three weeks out of the factory," Welles protested.

"Who packs your parachute?"

His fish eyes turned quizzical. "The Silkworm people—Jack Brown."

"When'd you have it packed last?"

"Yesterday," he said. "Jack delivered it to me this morning when I came down here."

I had to think a minute to figure out the next logical question. I didn't want to miss any tricks.

"What'd you have it repacked for?"

"I got foolin' around with it last week down here showing some of the girls how it worked and opened it up. I got it back together all right, but I thought I'd better have it checked and repacked."

"Oh, you showed a lot of people how it worked?"

"Uh-uh."

"Who?"

He put his hands on his fat hips and looked at me. "What're you tryin' to get at?"

"I'm trying to find out how and why a man was killed in an airplane accident. That's what the government pays me for." I smiled sweetly—but not too sweetly. "The only way I know how to find out anything is ask questions. I'm simple that way."

"I can't see what who was there has to do with it, but if it'll make you happier there was Herb Corning, Marion Hollister, Jackie Fielding—"

"Man, woman, or child?" I cut in.

"A girl," he said. "I think that's all."

I knew Herb Corning. The two girls were actresses in pictures.

"You wore your chute flying down here this morning?"

Welles said yes, so I asked, "Leave it in the plane after you landed?"

"I carried it up to Herb Corning's house and left it in the vestibule with my flying coat. Say, what's the big idea of all this third degree anyway?"

I explained that inasmuch as the parachute hadn't opened I naturally wondered whether anybody had been tinkering with it.

"Oh, now listen," he flared. "You aren't going to make a melodrama out of this, are you? Who in hell would tinker with it—and why?"

"SEARCH me. I just had a nutty idea someone might have."

"I'll say it's a nutty idea," he agreed heartily. "Every time one of you guys sees an opportunity to break on to the front page you start turning molehills into monstrous mysteries."

I said, "Well, we gotta have a little fun out of life, don't we?"

He made some crack about department men exceeding their authority and left me flat—a mutually satisfactory arrangement. I drove over to the store, called long distance, and got Jack Brown on the phone. I knew Jack very well—a big, good-natured ox from the navy with a little blonde wife cute as a bug's ear.

"Hey, Jack," I said. "Hear about this Branner crack-up?"

He said, "No. Who's Branner?"

"That picture star."

"Never heard of him," said Jack. "What happened?"

I gave him the details, including the fact it was Harmon Welles' ship and parachute. He muttered, "Fer cryin' out loud!"—or words to that effect. Then he asked, "How about Welles? Did he get hurt?"

"No, he's okay. Branner was flying it alone."

"There couldn't have been anything the matter with that chute," Jack said. "I repacked it for him myself this morning."

Jack was the best parachute packer in the country—packed 'em for Lindbergh, Art Goebel, and all the boys, and never had a failure yet.

"Did you deliver it to Harmon Welles personally?"

"I finished it just about five minutes before he left and took it out to him myself."

I told him I might want to bring the chute up later and have him look it over. He said:

"Be sure 'n' phone me first if you're coming and I'll wait for you."

I promised I'd phone, went back to Cornings', and accosted the lady of the house.

"I hope I'm not imposing on you," I said, pulling on my best Emily Post manners, "but I'd like to get my whole investigation completed before I leave."

THE blonde Dorothy not only denied any intrusion but insisted we were going to stay for supper. I maneuvered her into a hammock and asked her:

"Who all saw this accident today?"

"Oh, almost everybody on the beach."

"I mean from your place here?"

Dorothy pondered a moment and said, "Just Herb and I and Harmon Welles."

"Do you remember exactly what happened when Welles arrived this morning?"

"He just flew in and landed." She looked vapid.

"I mean, who went out to meet him and what?"

"Oh, Charlie Branner and Herb both went out. The three of them walked back to the house together."

I asked: "Were the three of them here in the house the rest of the morning?"

"Here and on the beach. Herb walked out to look at the plane later."

"Alone?"

She said she thought he was alone.

I found husband Herbert behind an upturned glass in the corner. He was a man about forty-five—but maybe older—heavy set, dark, and square-jawed. He played villains in the pictures and looked it.

"Have you figured out yet why that chute didn't open?" he greeted me.

"Not yet," I said. "I'll let the parachute people sweat over that one. I'm trying to dope out why the plane folded up."

"Don't ask me," he said. "I hate the blinking things."

I went confidential. "If you ask me, I got a hunch Branner was flying it without Harmon Welles' permission."

Herb shook his head and when he got through swallowing hastened to say, "All wrong, inspector, all wrong. On the contrary, Harmon Welles invited Branner to fly it. Harmon brought the subject up first."

"What time was that?"

"'Bout ten o'clock—right after Harmon landed."

"What time did Branner take off?"

"'Bout two—after lunch sometime."

I said, "Well, maybe so, but I don't think Welles gave him permission to stunt it."

"You don't guess anything right, do you?" said Corning. "Harmon told Charlie to try a few stunts with it just to see how nice it handled—then dared him to try to pull the wings off."

"Welles suggested Branner stunt it?"

"That's right."

I moved off for a cigarette and kept right on moving—out on the beach where I could think.

I made this out of it: both Harmon Welles and Herb Corning knew Branner was going to fly the plane. Both of them knew how a parachute worked and what would happen if the pin jammed. The chute was in perfect condition when Welles carried it into Corning's house. Between that time and the time of the flight somebody had bent the pin. Both Welles and Corning had the opportunity—or perhaps someone else I didn't yet know about.

Welles said he asked Branner not to stunt the plane.

Corning said Welles *told* Branner to stunt it. Those stories didn't jibe.

The sun was nearly down by then and a lot of new folks came drifting in for supper. They all discussed the crack-up, but nobody said anything important. Blondy wasn't around, but when the groceries started to appear she steamed in right in their wake. She'd been out somewhere with Harmon Welles. He couldn't keep his eyes off her and I suspected he didn't have any better control of his hands. I filled a couple of plates, decoyed her outside to a hammock, and said:

"Well, sister?"

"Chairchay la femme." She pronounced it like that.

"You mean some gal did it?"

"I mean it was did for some gal."

"As, for instance?"

She offered these conclusions:

The men didn't like Charlie Branner. He stole their girl friends and made love to their wives—and she meant made love to their wives. Single, married, widowed, or divorced—they all looked alike to him. He was hot on the trail of every good-looking female on the beach.

I said, "Why didn't Herb Corning like him?"

"He was moving in on Corning's wife and Corning was jealous as hell."

"Who told you that?"

"Harmon Welles."

"Why didn't Welles like Charlie Branner?"

"Welles went screwy about some new blonde named Smith or Brown or Jones, and Branner right away started to beat his time. They had two or three fights over her. It seems that every time Welles got a new girl Branner took a delight in trying to steal her away from him."

"Who told you that?"

"Herb Corning." She half laughed. "This Harmon Welles may be crazy about his new sweetie, but it doesn't stop him from having designs on my pristine purity."

"You mean—?"

"He's boiling over and bothered and full of cute ideas. The next time I go walking with that fat squirrel I'll take a cop for a chaperon."

For the next few minutes she was too busy eating to think and I was too busy thinking to eat. Now it looked as if both Corning and Welles had a motive as well as an opportunity. On second thought, it seemed unlikely that a new Duckwing, even though it wasn't the strongest ship in the world, would fold up unless somebody had tinkered with a few bolts. It was Welles' plane and Welles' parachute. He knew enough about both to do the job and do it so it couldn't fail. Corning said he hated planes, therefore probably wouldn't know enough about them to jimmy up the Duckwing so a wing would collapse.

HARMON WELLES was the kind of a spoiled, arrogant, pig-headed kid who had been used to having his own way all his life. He had fought with Charlie Branner and it surely hurt his pride to have Branner steal his girls. I was pretty convinced Welles deserved the nomination, but I lacked the votes to elect him.

Blondy finished the last bite, sighed, and said:

"Just what was wrong with that chute?"

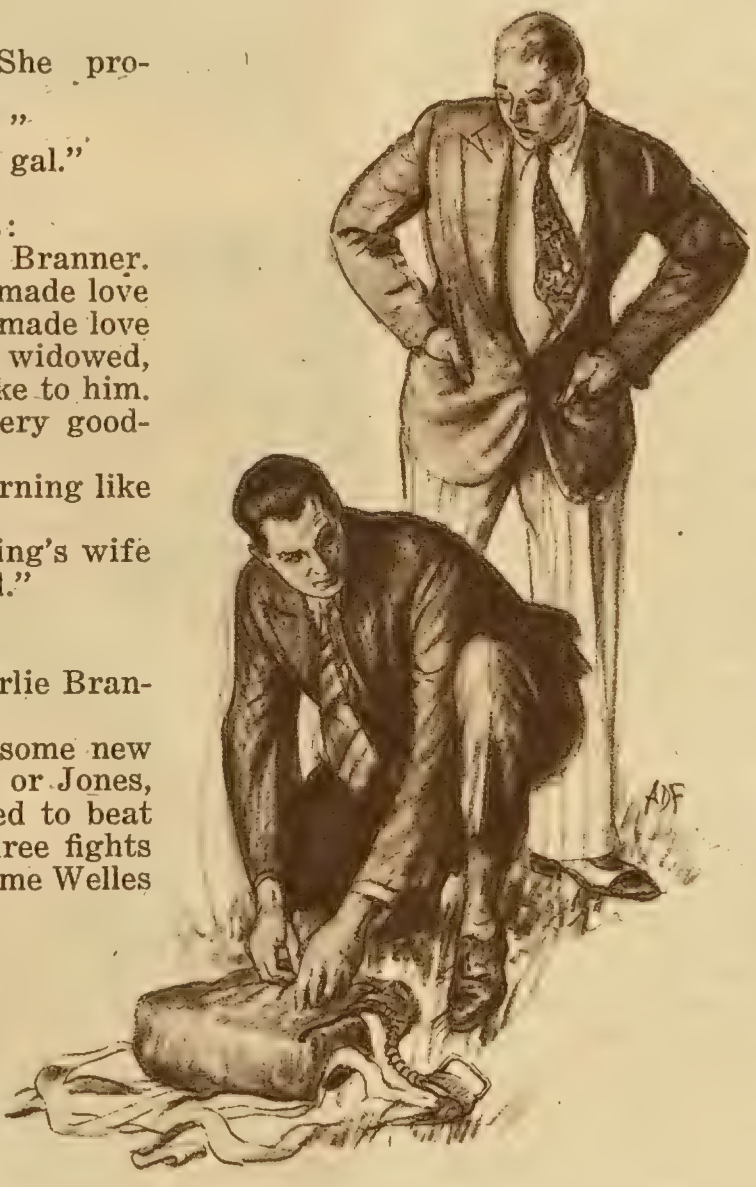
I said, "Somebody bent the release pin with a pair of pliers."

She said, "Have you looked for the pliers?"

I liked the suggestion so well I bent over and kissed her—and liked that so well I kissed her again.

She said, "It took you a long time to get around to *that*."

The parachute was still in the car, so I went out and carefully inspected the marks on the release pin. It looked as if they had been made by a pair of small, sharp-nosed pliers with the gripping surfaces milled straight across from side to side. The scratches were sharp and deeply cut. They were also perfectly clean—no oil or dirt marks like a dirty pair of pliers will leave.



*"What's the matter with the thing?" asked Harmon Welles, looking over my shoulder.*

On the way back to the living room I stopped in the vestibule. Harmon Welles' flying coat was hanging on a hook. I frisked it in a hurry and had just transferred a pair of pliers to my hip pocket when somebody said:

"Keep your hands off that coat!" It was Welles himself. His round face was a blotchy red and the veins stood out in his neck. He was fairly full of grog.

"What coat?"

"You know damn' well what coat."

I tried to look innocent.

HE went on: "And, furthermore, let's have this thing thoroughly understood—right here and now. You'd better run along and mind your own business or you're gonna wake up with an awful pain in the neck."

"Yeah?" I inquired politely.

"Yeah," he said, sticking out his jaw. "Just remember that your job comes out of Washington and that my old man's got more friends in Washington than you ever heard of. You just try to dig up a scandal down here and see where you land."

I said, "I'm doing my best."

He said something decidedly not nice and went away from there.

Blondy caught me going out the door. "Listen," she said. "The boy friend's mad as a hornet—mad and conversational. Says he's going to wire Washington and get your job."

I asked her whether he meant George or Booker T., told her to stick with him and keep her aërial out, and headed for the garage where they'd dumped the remains of the Duckwing. As far as I was concerned it was all over but the hanging. I merely wanted to look the pieces over and see if I could find out why the wing collapsed.

It took me half an hour to brush the sand and seaweed off the parts I wanted to examine. The spars were kindling wood, so I went after the struts. A Duckwing has one N-shaped strut between the upper and lower wings in each side. It is made of streamlined steel tubing. I dug both these struts out of the mess. The right-hand one was twisted but unbroken. The fittings that connect it to the spars were intact.

But the left-hand strut—oh, brother! Somebody had done it wrong. As I say, these struts are hollow steel tubing, pinched together at top and bottom where the bolts that connect them to the fittings go through. The bottom end of the strut had been plugged with paraffin, to make it liquid proof. Then some kind of acid—sulphuric, probably—had been poured in the top. For a length of six inches or more the metal was eaten so thin I could crush it in my fingers.

I didn't know whether to call the sheriff's office or go back and brace Harmon Welles. I decided on Welles. There were two tables of bridge going in the Cornings' living room and a group working a jigsaw puzzle at another table. Welles wasn't there. Neither was Blondy. I assumed they were out chewing each other's ears, so I sat down next to Herb Corning and watched him go down four on a three no-trump bid. As that was neither inter-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MURDER AT MALIBU
Continued from page eleven

esting or instructive, I ambled out on the porch, lit a gasper, and, as all we great detectives do, reconstructed the chain of evidence. It completely encircled fat little Harmon Welles—tied him up in a knot. Motive, opportunity, evidence—even down to the pliers with which he had bent the pin—they all were there.

Tired of waiting, I walked across the sand front yard and out through the gate, which brought me almost to the edge of the surf, and looked up and down. Nobody in sight. I was just about to turn back when, in a patch of light flooding from a window down the beach, I saw Blondy. She was a hundred yards away and steaming toward me fit to beat Charlie Paddock. When she saw me she slowed to a staggering walk—all out of breath and all in—and beckoned wildly. I galloped down. Her eyes were half closed, her face white as a sheet. She had barely enough breath left to say something that sounded like "Oh, cripes!"

She pointed down the beach into the darkness, shook her head, stopped panting for a second, and gasped, "He's dead."

I naturally said, "Who's dead?"

"Harmon Welles."

"No!" You coulda knocked me over with a fender. "What happened?"

"Somebody shot him."

"Who was it?"

That made her sore. "How in hell should I know? We were walking down the beach together. There were two shots—I don't even know where they came from. He never said a word—just fell on his nose in the sand. I didn't stop to look, but I'm sure he's dead."

HE was dead as a mackerel—lying there in the wet sand with every third or fourth wave rippling up and splashing over his feet. Whoever plugged him did it with a steady hand. There was a hole through the back of his head and another through his shoulder.

I hauled him by the coat collar up on the dry sand and parked him under a green-and-white umbrella somebody had thoughtfully left for the purpose. The houses up above were ablaze with light, but the beach was deserted. A low-hanging fog made it dark and uncomfortably dreary.

"You stay here a few minutes and I'll be back," I said to Blondy.

"Me stay with a corpse!" she wailed. "Baby, if you love me, don't leave me here!"

I said this was no time to speak of love and "I guess nobody will run off with him. Come along."

I hustled her back to Cornings' front gate—she was too all in to run—and planted her in the sand. The lights from the windows bucked her up enough so she said she'd stay put. I told her to keep her eyes open and not to forget how to scream and strolled into the house trying not to look like I felt.

They were all there just as I'd left them a few minutes ago. No! They weren't all there like I'd left them! The gentleman conspicuous by his absence was Herb Corning.

Somebody from the jigsaw-puzzle squad was in his place at the bridge table. Well, now—wasn't *that* peculiar?

"Where's Mr. Corning?" I asked.

His wife said, "Walked over to the store for some aspirin. He had a headache. Double four diamonds."

The store was half a mile away on the highway. I hotfooted it over there. Herb Corning wasn't on the road. He wasn't in the store, either.

"Know Herb Corning when you see him?" I asked the man in charge.

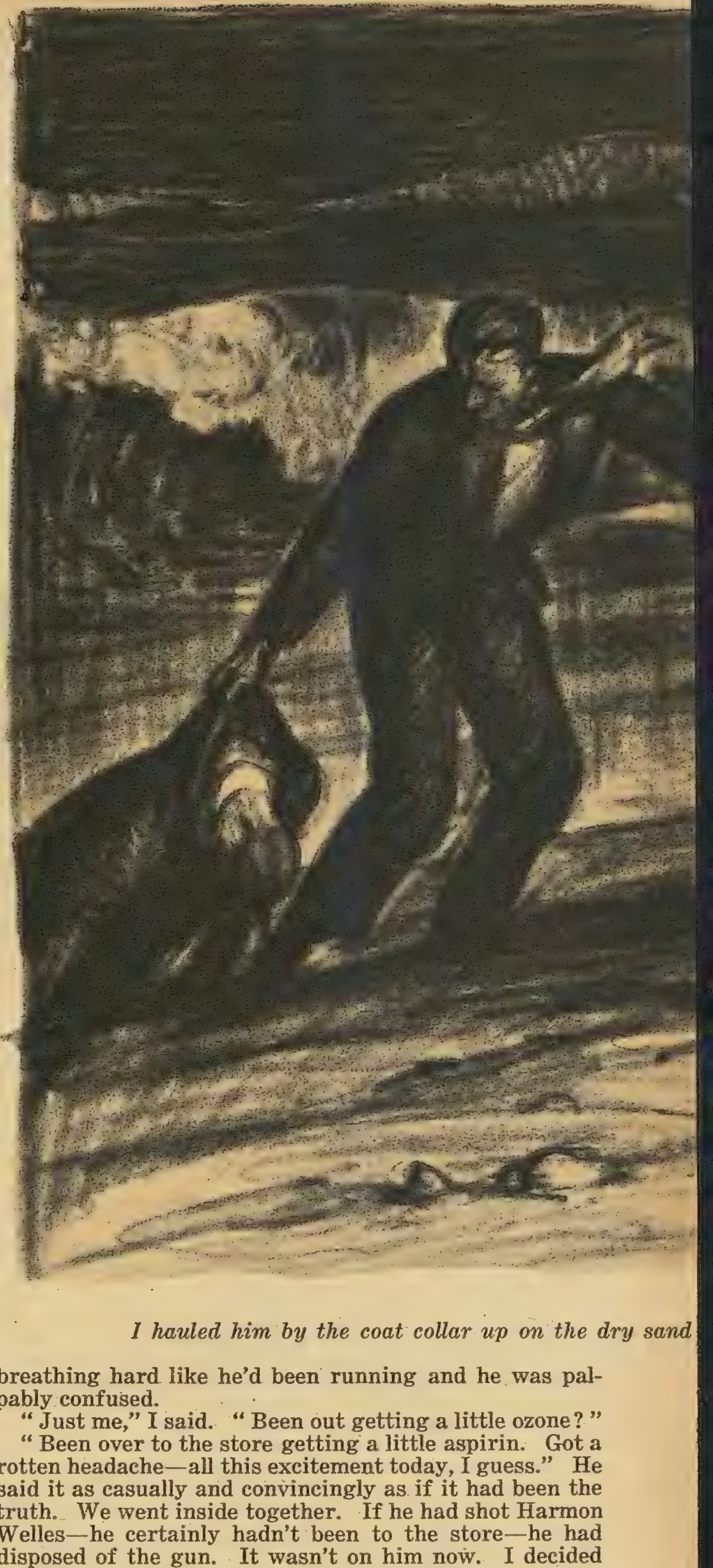
"Mr. Corning? Sure. Tall, dark fellow."

"Seen him around the last few minutes?"

"Nope. He ain't been in tonight."

I double-timed it back toward the beach. Just a few rods from the garage back of the house I saw long-legged Herb walking rapidly along in the gloom ahead. I caught up with him inside the gate. He jumped a foot when he heard me come up behind him.

"Oh, it's you!" He seemed relieved no end. He was breathing hard like he'd been running and he was palpably confused.



*I hauled him by the coat collar up on the dry sand*

"Just me," I said. "Been out getting a little ozone?"

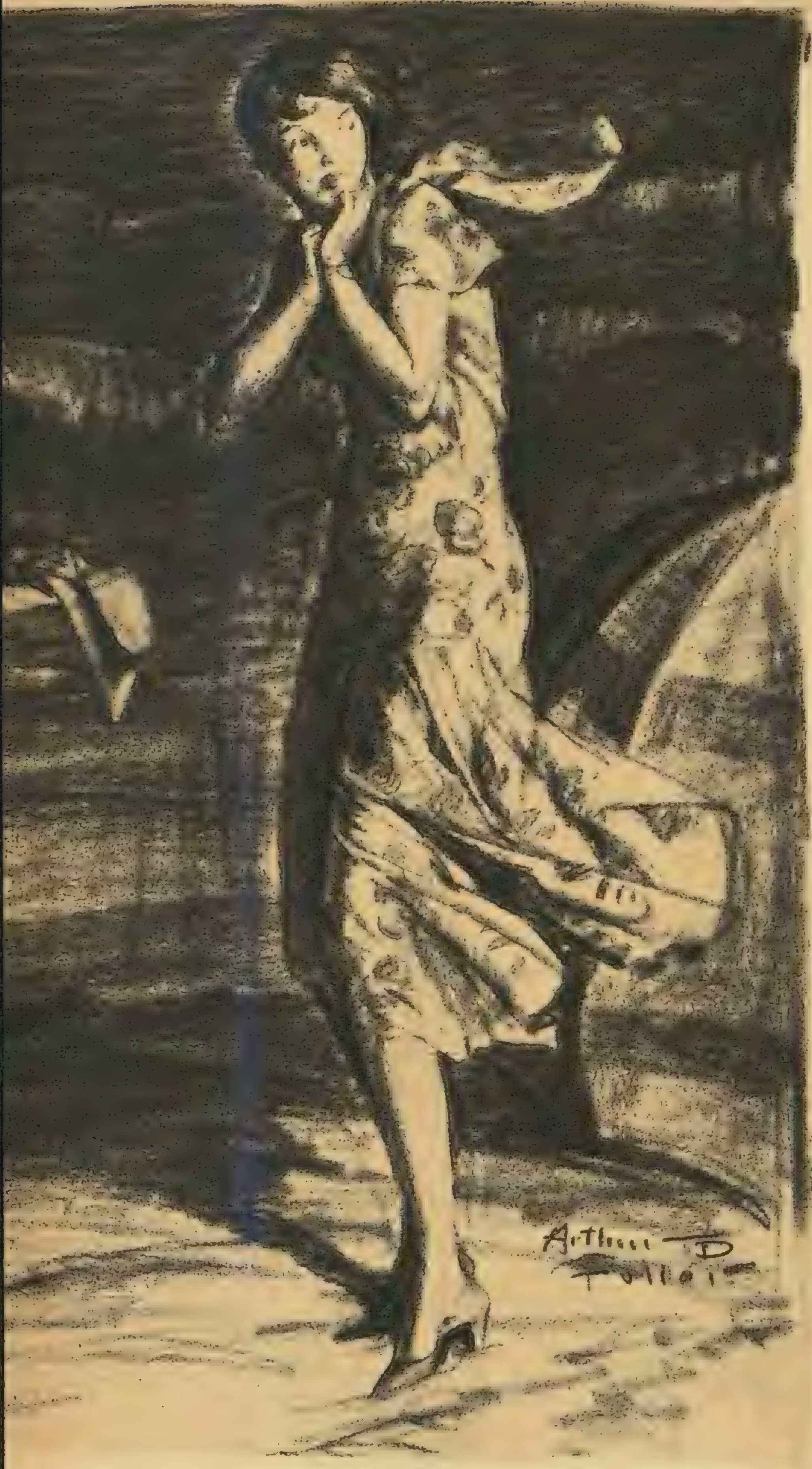
"Been over to the store getting a little aspirin. Got a rotten headache—all this excitement today, I guess." He said it as casually and convincingly as if it had been the truth. We went inside together. If he had shot Harmon Welles—he certainly hadn't been to the store—he had disposed of the gun. It wasn't on him now. I decided to pull him up short on one point while the pulling was good.

"If you could spare 'em I could use a couple of those aspirins," I said.

He looked at me sort of funny, reached in his pants pocket, pulled out a fifteen-cent box, and handed it to me. "Help yourself," he said. "There's water on the table."

I swallowed ten grains as a preventive measure. I didn't have a headache then, but it was a mortal cinch I'd get one before this mix-up was straightened out.

Blondy was still sitting by the gate. Nothing had hap-



*and parked him under a green-and-white umbrella.*

pened. Nobody had appeared. Harmon Welles was still dead—at least she hadn't seen him get up and walk away. I flopped down on the sand beside her.

"Well, Hawkshaw?" she asked.

"The plot thickens. Tell me just exactly what happened to you and Harmon Welles."

"In the first place, he had a mad passion for blondes," she started out.

I said, "He shoulda been shot. Who told you that?"

"Herb Corning. He said little Harmon had no conscience or scruples when blondes were concerned."

I FOUND that quite interesting in view of the fact that Dorothy Corning was a blonde.

She went on to say that after Harmon Welles had bawled me out for frisking his coat he suggested she go walking on the beach with him. Apparently he thought it would be cute to take my girl friend away from me. They strolled down the sand. He suggested they drop in at a Pat Erdman's house. He intimated maybe Pat wasn't there, but it didn't make any difference anyway—he had a key and he guessed they could entertain themselves without Pat's help. Blondy told him that was okey doke with her. She was willing to take a chance just to see what he would do—or that's what she told me.

They were almost at the end of the beach—down where the wire fence is—when bang! bang!—and the late Mr. Harmon Welles bit the dust.

"Where'd the shots come from?" I asked.

"Back of us—not very close. When he fell I screamed and started to run. Then I stopped and looked back. He was lying there. The wind and waves must have drowned the sound of the shots."

"See anybody?"

"Not a soul."

I assaulted a new stick of spearmint.

"It's becoming a trifle confusing," I admitted.

"If you ask me, big boy, I think you better call a policeman before somebody really gets hurt. This is the unhealthiest beach I was ever on."

I'd been thinking the same thing. Her suggesting it made me contrary.

"Not quite yet," I said. "I got a couple of ideas."

"Not two at the same time?"

I told her about Herb Corning. He was the only person I knew who could have killed them both. He was certainly the only person out of the house when Harmon Welles was shot and he wasn't at the store buying aspirin. Very possibly both Branner and Welles had taken liberties with his blonde wife—which I didn't imagine would be difficult to do.

"My Gawd!" said Blondy. "If Herb Corning starts gunning for all the gigolos who made goo-goo eyes at that trollop this place'll sound like the Battle of the Marne."

THE only thing I could think of to do was put it up to Corning cold turkey. I went back to the house and coaxed him from the middle of a game out on the porch.

He was annoyed. "Well, what's the matter now?" he asked peevishly.

"Hold on to your false teeth," I told him. "I'm gonna give you a jolt."

He looked puzzled—but that was all. He waited, so I continued:

"Somebody killed Harmon Welles a few minutes ago."

"You're kidding."

"I am not."

He whistled and said he'd be a something or other, slumped down in his chair, and looked idiotic.

"Listen, Mr. Corning," I said, fixing him with what I hoped would be a hypnotic eye. "He was shot in the back and I think you did it."

"Me!" he exploded. "Me! Why—why—" His voice petered out and he appeared perfectly amazed. I tried to decide whether he was just a swell actor or really felt that way.

"You were the only person out of the house when he was shot and you *weren't* over at the store buying aspirin. I checked up on that."

He was silent for several seconds. If I'd had a pair of handcuffs I'd have dramatically snapped them on his wrists and said, "Sorry, old boy; the game's up"—or something like that. I could see the shadow of the noose creeping toward his neck.

Finally he said, "I guess I'll have to come clean; but promise me, unless you have to, not to tell my wife."

I promised—wondering how you could keep a wife from knowing her husband was charged with a double murder.

"I wasn't at the store," he said.

"I know it."

"I was down at Evelyn Anders' house."

"Yeah?" I said, lifting my eyebrows and my inflection. "Who is Evelyn Anders and where does she tend bar?"

He became plainly embarrassed. "For God's sake, don't let Dorothy know! She'd raise the roof. You see, Evelyn 'n' I are pretty good friends—better'n that, if you know what I mean." He blushed and looked foolish. "I told Dorothy I was going for aspirin just as an excuse to get out."

"Where'd you get the aspirin?"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MURDER AT MALIBU
Continued from page thirteen

He chuckled. "Oh, I always carry a box with me. That's the alibi, see? I've worked it a lot of times before."

"Where does sweet Evelyn live?" I was convinced it was a stall.

"Next to the last house up the beach."

"How'd you get up there?"

"Trotted."

I took him down to where Blondy was chattering her fillings loose on the sand.

"You stay right here till I get back," I ordered Herbert.

He promised he would.

I went out to the back road, looked at my watch, and started off at a dog trot. It took me exactly five minutes to reach the next to the last house. A colored maid answered the door. I told her I was a Federal officer, asked for Miss Anders, and insisted it was important. She showed me in a minute later. After one look at little Evelyn I couldn't understand why Herb Corning had come back at all. She was a magnificent mama. There was another pippin with her.

I scowled ferociously and said, "Miss Anders, I'm going to ask you a couple of questions and I don't want any trick answers. Incidentally, this is none of Dorothy Corning's business."

She said, "I can tell the truth if I have to. What do you want to know?"

"Was Herb Corning here tonight?"

She opened her mouth, looked me over appraisingly, and said, "Yes."

"How long ago?"

"About twenty minutes."

"How long was he here?"

"I'd say about twenty minutes."

"Do you know the aspirin gag?"

She smiled. "I ought to—I taught it to him."

I glowered at the other girl—she was awfully hard to glower at—and asked her if that was true. She said it was.

I said, "Thanks. I hope I see you again some time." And, believe me, I hoped I would, too.

On the way out I asked the menial the same questions.

"Yassah. Mistuh Co'nin' was heah 'bout twenty minutes ago."

Five minutes up, five minutes back, twenty minutes there. Corning hadn't been away from the house more than half an hour at the most. That seemed to acquit Mr. Corning.

He and Blondy were still sitting on the sand when I got back, but he was doing the shivering now—she had talked him out of his coat.

I said, "I guess you're in the clear. Now go back in the house and pretend you don't even know Harmon Welles is dead. If you can put that part over you're a better actor'n Barrymore."

Blondy, real sarcastically, said, "Well, Sherlock, don't you think you'd better call a cop?"

WHILE I was wondering whether it would be gentlemanly to sock her in the eye the whole simple answer jumped out of somewhere and punched me in the nose.

"When I check up one more little item I'll tell you who did it," I said. "C'm'on, we're gettin' out of here."

We hit the highway and headed back toward town. The whole thing seemed so simple to me I couldn't understand how I'd been stupid enough to miss it. I concluded it was like looking all over the table for the sugar bowl when it's right in front of your nose.

We were nearly to town when Blondy asked, "Where the dickens are you going?"

"I'm going to stop at Jack Brown's. I want him to look at that chute."

Jack was home. I lugged the chute into his apartment and dumped it on the floor. He was apparently alone.

"Where's the wife?" I asked him.

He hesitated. "She's away. That Harmon Welles' chute?" He knelt down and started to open it.

I said, "Wait a minute, Jack."

He looked up. His body was tense like he expected me to hit him and was ready to jump out of the way.

"Sit down. Let's talk this thing over."

He flopped on the divan and said, "What's the trouble?" He was a rotten actor.

"I don't know what the trouble is, Jack, but I know you killed Charlie Branner and Harmon Welles."

"Me!" He overdid his astonishment.

"Yes, you, Jack." He started to speak. "Now wait a minute. I'm no cop and I've always thought you were a pretty regular guy. Shoot the piece with me and I'll give you all the breaks I can."

Pretty soon he said, "I think you will." He drew a deep breath. "I'll make it short. Branner was a mistake—I didn't even know him. I cooked up the job for Welles. It never occurred to me anyone else might fly the ship. Nobody else ever flew it before."

"From what I gather, the world will roll on without Branner," I said; "but what was the complaint against Welles?"

He waved his hand to indicate the apartment. "I'm a bachelor," he said.

I didn't get him.

"My wife," he explained. "She's gone. Welles sent her to New York. He was going to join her there next week. She just said she was tired of me. Neither one of them thought I knew."

"And he really—"

"You bet he really. I promised myself I'd get the dirty swine and I did."

"Hm-m-m." I thought it over. "Got any defense?"

He shrugged his big shoulders. "Unwritten law, if that's worth anything. My uncle's the best defense lawyer in the country."

"Then if it wasn't for Branner you might have a chance?"

"Might."

I COULDN'T help but feel sorry for the big ox. He sat there and looked so forlorn.

"I can't forget all about it, Jack—"

"I don't expect you to."

"But I'll do the best I can."

I went to the phone, called the sheriff's office, and asked for Rosy Calhoun.

"Hey, Rosy, this is Bill Magoon. Rosy—would a good murder brighten your Saturday night?"

He assured me it would.

"Okay. Know where Malibu Beach is? All right, you trot down there and in front of the fifth house from the south end of the beach, under a green-and-white umbrella, you'll find the deceased. His name's Harmon Welles. Then come up to"—I gave him the address—"and ask for a fellow named Jack Brown. He did it and he'll tell you all about it. He's a good gunner, Rosy, so keep those number twelves you wear out of his face. What? Oh, that crack-up. I investigated it this afternoon. Just an accident, Rosy—damn' fool stunting, wing came off, and his chute failed to open. Drop in Monday 'n' I'll give you a copy of my official report."

I hung up and turned to Jack. "That okay?"

"Swell," he said.

I started to go. He said, "Stick around for a while?"

I said, "No, thanks. I got important business with a first-class blonde."

Blondy looked frayed at the edges and was still trying to get warm.

"Well?" she inquired wearily.

"All fixed," I said. "Jack Brown did it—Harmon Welles ran off with his wife."

"Humph!" she said. "Humph! Why, I thought they quit shootin' 'em for that years ago."

"Now that that's over," I suggested, "how about goin' out in search of a little excitement?"

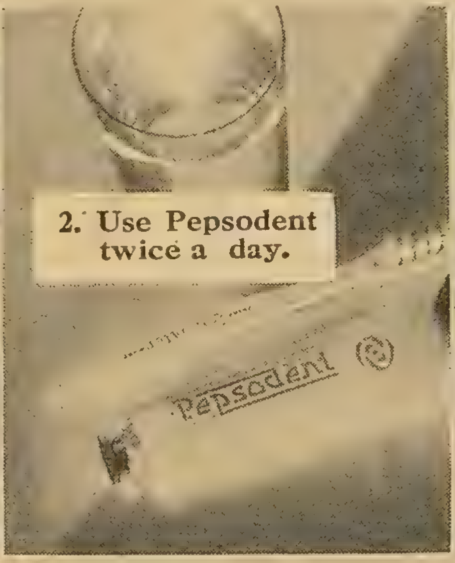
Would you believe it? She insisted she was too all in and I had to take her home and leave her at the front door. I never can figure girls out—they're so funny sometimes.

THE END

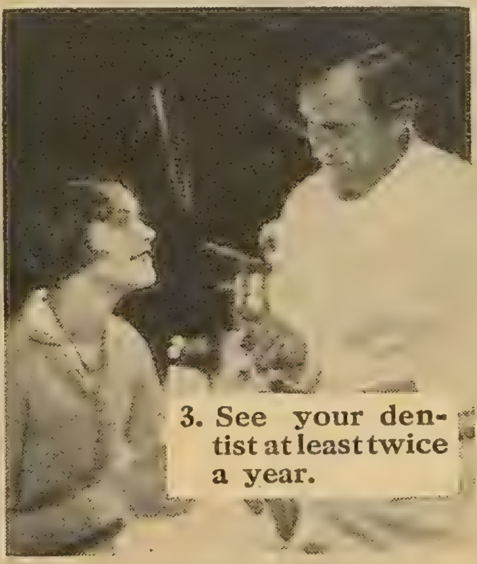
## Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth

**1. Include these in your daily diet:**

*One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.*



**2. Use Pepsodent twice a day.**



**3. See your dentist at least twice a year.**

# Teeth neglected today may inflict a costly penalty

## this is no time to economize with health

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Pepsodent
Antiseptic
Mouth Wash
NOW at your
nearest druggist's

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

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## Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

# The New RELIGION of RUSSIA

## *An Observer's Impressions of How the Soviets Fight Despair with Fanaticism*

*By*

**M. R. WERNER**

*whose biographies of Phineas T. Barnum and William Jennings Bryan, the latter published in Liberty, have taken their places in the gallery of American portraits. He also wrote for Liberty the story of Richmond Pearson Hobson and is the author of a history of Tammany Hall. Twenty-six when his first book made its mark, he is now thirty-four and lives in New York, his native city.*

*(Reading time: 15 minutes 52 seconds.)*

THESE are some reflections after a month spent in Moscow and a few days in Leningrad last year. It is difficult to write anything concerning Russia without generalizing, and one's generalizations are frequently invalid by the time they are printed and easily denied afterwards by other people's experiences and impressions, which is one reason why Moscow is the greatest place in the world today for a journalist, and the worst for a writer.

Before I went to Russia I had read a great deal about the country and had listened to a great many people who had been there in recent years. I found it impossible to believe much of what I read or heard. Now I am prepared to believe almost anything, with the possible exception of tales of physical violence, committed upon foreigners, unprovoked. But it is impossible to generalize about that, for one gets the impression that the Russian people have a combination of gentleness and potentialities of cruelty unsurpassed by almost any other nation on earth. One does, however, feel physically safer in Moscow than in any other city it has ever been my privilege to visit. The police force and the army, to which the government owes its continued existence almost as much, perhaps, as to its political philosophy, are necessarily efficient and incorruptible. The Russian people's pockets are safe, though they have not much in them, and their spirit, though it has great potentialities, is confined in one huge jail, filled with enthusiasm and depression. As soon as one crosses the border one feels as if an iron door, carefully guarded with fixed bayonets, had closed on the rest of the world, and foreigners in Moscow speak of " coming out," as they would of a return from the jungle.

The most striking thing, to my mind, about the application of communism is its religious fanaticism, and it seems to me of enormous psychological significance that the Soviet government has found it necessary to destroy its competitors in religious enterprise. Because I happen to believe that the deflection of the religious impulse would be a great advance in the development of mankind, I could only regard with horror the fanaticism with which the propagation of communism is carried on in Russia today. The parallel between the development of Soviet communism and the development of the early Christian church is almost physically obvious as one wanders about Moscow. Everywhere one is confronted in picture and sculpture with Karl Marx, an old man with bushy whiskers, viz., God. And to visit Soviet Russia today without a copy of Das Kapital is as much a social error as it would be to visit the Holy Land without a Bible. Everywhere one is confronted with the gentle portrait, in lithograph, bronze, and plaster, of Lenin, i. e., Jesus. And everywhere one is confronted with the dark countenance of Stalin. I remember working out the hierarchy one night with one of the leading foreign correspondents in Moscow, and it was his opinion that the Russian people have not yet come to the conclusion whether Stalin is St. Peter or St. Paul.

*Muscovites en masse hailing*

THERE is one striking disadvantage which communism has in its religious appeal to the human mind, and which other religions do not suffer from: its paradise is too immediate. Other religions appeal for support on the ground that the rewards will be eternal in heaven, after death; but communism must demonstrate its advantages soon enough after the sixth year of the five-year plan to keep its population from starvation, wretchedness, and revolt. That accounts for both the vigor and the desperation of the Russian economic fanatics.

Communism is a praiseworthy attempt to create a heaven on earth, but the means being used for the con-

*Lenin, at the left; Karl Marx, whose bust appears in the center, and Stalin, at the right, confront one everywhere in picture and sculpture as one wanders about Moscow.*

International photo

*he downfall of Communism's chief rival, the Church.*

summation of this desire sometimes produce all the horrors of hell. Rather than admit that capitalism might also eventually produce a heaven on earth, if carefully enough controlled so that the pigs are kept out of the trough, Communists would die in a series of bloody religious wars, fighting for their idea, right or wrong. It is a paradox that the country which Soviet Russia admires most and uses as its model is the United States of America, an example of the most highly developed industrial-capitalist nation in the history of the modern world. Many Communists maintain that the man who wears the mantle of modern royalty is Henry Ford. In their naïve emulation of American large-scale production Russians are reverential, though they look eagerly and hope fervently for signs and portents of the break-up of the system which makes that production possible. A lecture, with lantern slides, on the phases of management of the main Ford plant would be very popular in Russia, and an announcement of a strike in that plant would bring cheers from the same audience. Americans, on the other hand, are interested in the opportunity to distribute their products in Russia and to sell their accumulated industrial knowledge to that country, which needs it so badly, and they would be very glad of the announcement of the success of a counter-revolution which would open that vast area to capitalist exploitation.

The sad, ancient, human trick of confusing the means with the end is operating all over Russia today. An ardent Communist would probably agree with me that there are only three objects of human endeavor: self-preservation, reproduction of one's kind, and the expression of the vanity. The last seems to cause all the trouble and most of the good in the world, and it was in the course of his endeavor to express his vanity that man gave birth to the most heinous of his sins, competition. We compete unnecessarily in ideas and in raw materials, and in the course of that competition we are apt to confuse the means with the end. Just as some American men of business regard Service as a divinely inspired religious principle, so many Russian Communists believe that the Brotherhood of Man is worth dying for. Both of them refuse to admit that these words are fairy clothing for the ugly facts of the process of keeping alive as long as possible under the best possible circumstances.

ONE does feel, however, that without the glue of a sentimental religious idea to bind fast the facts of life, the intellectual weaklings of the nation would despair and die faster than is their wont. Without fanaticism in Russia among the masses of the people there might be despair, and despair at this stage of the enterprise in which the nation is engaged—keeping alive—would result in starvation, worse than the present shortage; disease, worse than the present insanitary conditions; and civil war, worse than the present oppression. I sometimes wonder what those who pray so fervently for a counter-revolution in Russia imagine would happen there if their prayers were granted. It is clear that most of the *émigrés* imagine that they could then rush back to their empty fleshpots and fill them again, that the French imagine that they would immediately receive the principal and the accumulated interest on the huge loans they were so eager for the corrupt czarist régime to accept. But very few of these predatory parasites seem to realize that probably for twenty-five years Russia would be plunged in bloodshed, that famine would follow as it did during the last civil wars in Russia, that plague would not be very far distant and might spread to their own protected homes. If anyone believes that Russia can be conquered easily, he is not taking into account that several millions of people believe fanatically in the divinity

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of Communism. A new Napoleon could not turn the trick, for Russia is not so compact as France and its neighbors, no matter how many potential Napoleons may be kicking their heels and swallowing their swords in Paris cabarets.

At present Russians are working and living under the worst conditions I have ever seen, except those under which Chinese coolies were living when I saw them ten years ago. But the difference is that the Chinese despaired many generations ago and are still suffering from the effect of that attitude, while the Russians are filled with vigor, hope, ingenuity, and faith in their future.

International photo

*Soviet soldiers carrying icons and ornaments from the Seminova Monastery in Moscow preparatory to the razing of the religious house to make way for a "House of Culture."*

Russia is today in the industrial condition of America about the time of the gold rush in California. Perhaps America was slightly more developed at that time proportionately. As everyone knows, in the times of the czars Russia fed Europe and received in return everything from cotton goods to the empress' perfume. The number of factories was negligible. Today Russia must not only feed itself and export food but must build everything from cotton goods to apartment houses and knock down a great accumulation of dead and decaying material. At the same time it must reorganize the mentality of its people and destroy many prejudices of the past. All of this must be done with such foreign assistance as Russia can afford to pay for with wheat and lumber, and without the aid of foreign capital, which it refuses to receive except in the form of credits. The result is that Moscow looks somewhat as one imagines San Francisco must have looked in 1850, except that Moscow has the beauty of decay, with more ruins and less virgin fertility. Prices of scarce products are also as fantastic as those charged during the gold rush. For, after all, the Piatletka, or five-year plan, is the Russian gold rush.

AMERICA went about its industrial construction differently from the way Russia is doing. We permitted our industrial buccaneers unlimited opportunity for personal aggrandizement. We permitted them to steal from the government large tracts of land in the west. We allowed enormous profits for daring enterprise. We let them cut each other's throats financially. And the railroads were built and the factories rose. When slavery and agriculture got in the way of the march of industry, we fought with each other for four long years and destroyed slavery and then made agriculture subordinate to industry. When Spain got in the way of our expansion, we fought with Spain. When Germany told us that we must not take our products beyond the seas, we helped to defeat Germany. It all took many years and was very wasteful, but it developed a surplus, and there was comparatively little starvation in the course of it. The result is a certain industrial and financial flexibility, and now, when we have unemployed, we at least have apples for them to sell and millionaires who at least think it the better part of discretion to contribute large sums to funds for their care and at best are tenderly concerned with the problems of the maladjustment of their system. Moscow has no apples—and no millionaires.

The lack of a surplus in Russia is no fault of the present régime. The ancient régime stole its living from the peasants and squandered the proceeds instead of working with the accumulated capital to develop the land, for at that time there was no governmental machinery in Russia for the slaughter of human hogs, and a succession of cruel or weak czars' words were laws. The result is that the Communist régime is faced with the stark necessity of starting from scratch without any accumulation to aid it, and with a vast population which needs education in everything except the art of theatrical representation, which is superbly developed both off and on the stage of Russia.

One of the great assets of the present régime is the resistance of the people. One feels that if Americans were living today as Russians are living, Americans would collapse, die, or fight with each other. Karl Radek told me that as he was riding in a Russian railroad train one winter, he was reading two books on the economic depression in the United States which followed the boom times of war profits. Lenin had argued with Radek that the after-the-war depression was the beginning of the end of capitalist civilization. Radek did not agree with him, for he believed that the American people had a tremendous resistance economically. The books he was reading gave him the facts for this impression.

WHILE he was reading them, the train was stuck in a blizzard. For two days and two nights nobody on this Russian train had anything to eat, for they had not expected to be stuck in the snow. Even tea gave out, and the passengers were drinking hot water and not complaining. "I thought to myself," Radek told me, "we Russians also have a resistance." And if several millions of people should happen to die because trains are stuck in the snow, because crops fail, or because peasants burn their cattle and grain in protest against collectivization, or because typhoid and typhus spread throughout the land, it does not matter, except personally, for there are one hundred and fifty millions of people in Russia.

The most dangerous feature of life in Russia today, and the one most likely to hamper the successful development of Communism, is the premium the government finds it necessary to place upon the oppression of talent. A Communist economist who believes that a plan of production or consumption is faulty is likely to be accused of counter-revolution by a thousand Communists who believe in the Brotherhood of Man, and he is thereupon very likely to be put in jail, and even to be executed. If a playwright does not happen to believe that the tractor is a superb dramatic property, he is very likely to find himself facing starvation. There is plenty of unprejudiced evidence that some of the directors of Soviet enterprises are loath to take responsibility. When the penalty for what might be a mistake in judgment, which can always be called a deliberate attempt at sabotage by the ardent politicians of the Communist Party, is jail or death, one does not wonder at their timidity. Where the individuality which develops the talent to run economic, artistic, political, agricultural, and other enterprises is coming from, under these conditions, does not seem to have been given enough attention by the leaders of the secret police. Of slaves there will be plenty—there are always plenty of slaves in any kind of civilization. But the growth of intellect necessary to direct the activity of slaves is

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Clean inside-well outside!

They look it

*and so can You!*

★

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SMILING through the rain! They supply their own sunshine, these two, because they feel well and full of pep all the time. What is their secret?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of human disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face.

It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and happy—all the time?

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

If you want health's sunshine to brighten your whole life, why not give the sensible Nujol treatment a trial? Begin this easy way to health today!

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Keeps Hair Neat

*Rich-looking — Orderly*

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

being deliberately suppressed in Russia. To think differently from everybody else is there a more dangerous crime than to live better than somebody else.

Art will suffer only temporarily, although some Russians advocate the eventual elimination of art on the grounds that it is merely an escape and that it will no longer be needed when golden apples grow on silver trees and men can look up from the swards of their own sweat and admire their reflections. But art thrives on everything that attempts to suppress it, so that it will survive this ordeal. But economics will suffer—and the aim is economic—for scientific and administrative talents are the essentials of the success of the vast projects being undertaken by the Soviet government. When it is necessary for an expert to explain and defend his plans and ideas to suspicious fanatics, who wish at every turn to make certain that he is not being disloyal, there is great waste and corroding sycophancy.

Oppression breeds the twin devils, fear and suspicion. Perhaps this is true only among the intelligentsia, to my mind a most important part of any population, and to the Communist mind a part of the population which must be eliminated before the dictatorship of the proletariat becomes complete.

All members of the intelligentsia do not go about Moscow fearful and suspicious of each other; they get drunk together, even as we do. But unless a man is willing to play the game of the party in power without the slightest deviation from the program proclaimed from the Kremlin, he may as well knock on the door of the jail and request his part of a cell. This attitude destroys an invaluable party of opposition and hampers the development of talent. Trotsky's autobiography, one of the most important books published in our time, gives a perfect picture of what happened in Russia under the Stalin régime to a man who had ideas of his own, even Communist ideas.

THERE are still many people in Russia who believe Trotsky's ideas to be correct, but they do not enjoy much opportunity for study of them, for to be caught bringing a copy of Trotsky's book into Russia is more serious than to be caught bringing a bottle of whisky into America.

Those who still believe Trotsky to be a great man are keeping their mouths shut, meditating in prison, or stagnating in exile, while their leader remains without visés on an island in the sea.

Within the limits imposed by intellectual oppression, remarkable achievements are being made, and for the visiting foreigner these are more easily grasped at the theater. If a Russian is an artist and finds it possible to accept the whole faith of Communism, he can sometimes accomplish extraordinary feats. Witness the remarkable motion pictures which have been made by Sergei Eisenstein.

I saw in Moscow a fascinating melodrama about collective farming, and a charming bedroom farce concerning the housing problem.

Both were superbly acted. In the melodrama the conventional tractor came marching through fields of golden wheat at the last curtain, with the inevitability of the Greek chorus or the three unities. The hero had been shot by repentant peasant dissenters because the tractor had not arrived on time and they were beginning to doubt if it ever would arrive. It sounds dull, but it was far from dull.

One thing that makes the modern Russian theater so interesting is that, however conventional the economics and politics of the dramas, they are never sicklied o'er with the sticky cast of sentimentality, and they are usually full of humor.

Russia sometimes criticizes itself, but never seriously enough.

ANOTHER leftover from the old régime which the Communists have inherited and adapted to their own uses without much change, as they have the machinery for physical and intellectual oppression, is the machinery of bureaucracy. A modern version of Gogol's Revizor would probably land the author in jail, but the conditions are there to describe, as anyone knows who has ever tried to get even so simple a thing as a visé for a passport. The government clerk, so dear to the satiric hearts of the great Russian writers, is flourishing in Russia today.

It takes more than patience to live in Russia under such a bureaucracy—it takes resignation.

There is one superb spiritual accomplishment which Communism has brought with it, and the importance of which, to my mind, cannot be overestimated. Any man or woman in Russia, no matter what his or her clothes, occupation, looks, or previous condition of servitude, feels free to appear anywhere without constraint. In all the theaters and at the horse races one sees all kinds of people, dressed in all kinds of ways, behaving naturally and with remarkable consideration for each other's rights and freedom. Nobody is ashamed to be poor, where everybody has so little materially. This gives life a pleasing variety and ease. It does not, however, compensate for the feeling of ever-present fear and suspicion. However exasperated a foreigner may be in Russia, he is never bored, except if he happens to know enough of the language to understand the political speeches.

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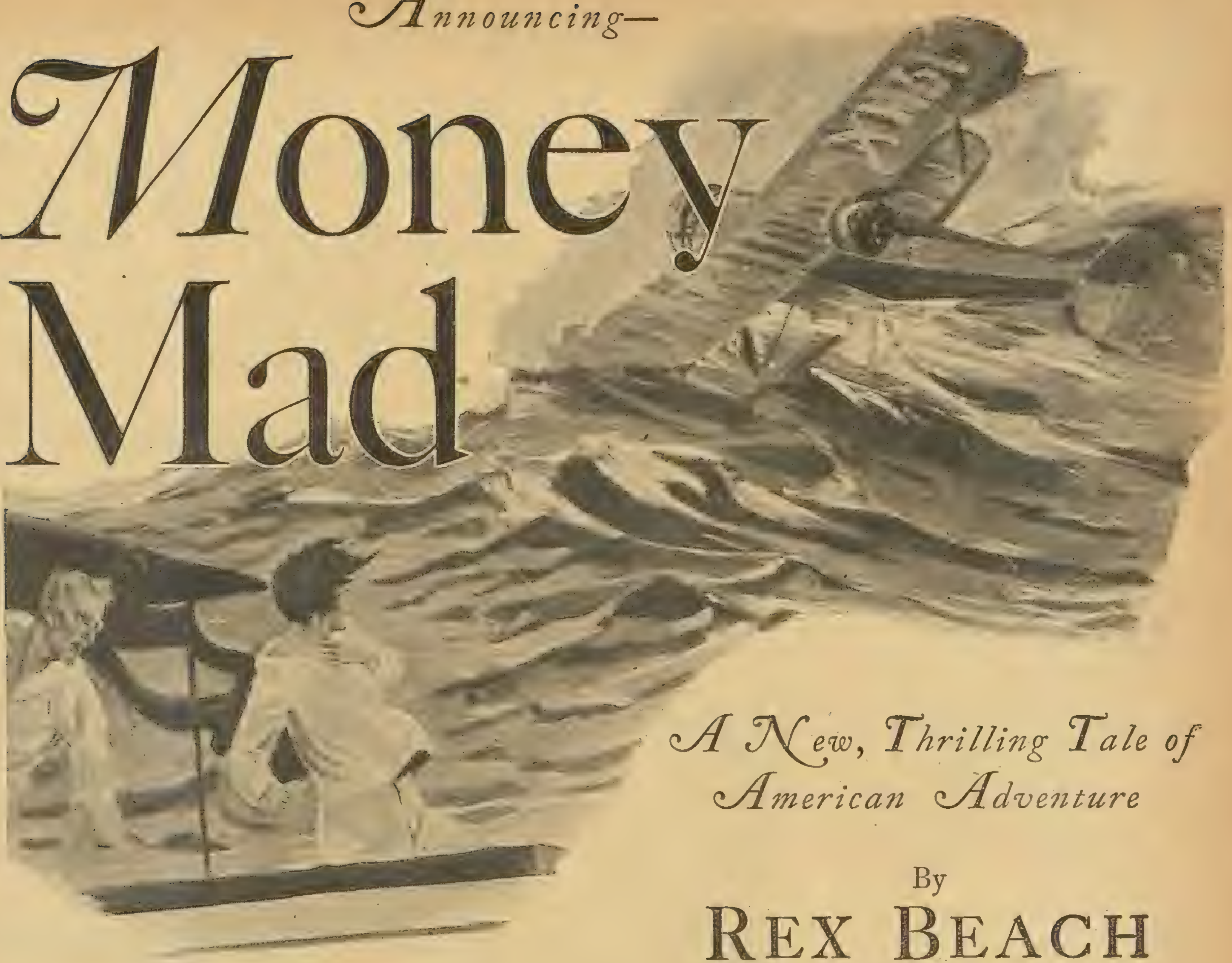
*Another side of the Russian picture will be presented next week by E. Alexander Powell, experienced political and military observer, in the concluding article of the series he has been writing for Liberty under the title, "Is Another War Coming Soon?"*

*Announcing—*

# Money Mad



*A New, Thrilling Tale of American Adventure*

By

## REX BEACH

*who wrote "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," etc.*

IT was February. The sun was hot, the sky was faultless, a salty breeze frolicked with the waters of the Gulf Stream. A little trunk-cabin cruiser, with a bit of awning aft, bobbed about as if crippled. In reality it was neither helpless nor was it as white as the sunshine painted it. Closer investigation would have shown it to be an exceedingly dingy craft which was running with its motor throttled down to the last notch.

There are many weather-beaten power boats furtively plying the waters of the Florida Straits, and for the most part they are manned by disreputable crews. This one was of a size to carry, say, five hundred cases; its two occupants were as ragged and dirty as could be found between the Bahamas and Key West.

The helmsman was a lean, gray, leathery person in a soiled shirt and a pair of rusty duck pants so bagged that even when he stood erect he seemed to be poised for jumping. His companion, a girl, was clad much as he except that her clothing was a trifle cleaner.

Father and daughter, that being their relation, were at first sight as ill-favored as their battered boat, but a second look at the girl would have provoked a third and a fourth. She was pretty. She was animated. She had all the charm of youth and strength and perfect health and she was burned as evenly as the prize confection of some fancy chef.

The launch was several miles on its homeward course when the first squall struck. The waters grew dark and began to churn. The boat plunged and shivered. Morgan was cursing his luck when his daughter cocked her head and inquired: "What's that?"

In the murk above she made out a shape that seemed to hover almost motionless.

"Look! Yonder's a plane!" she screamed. "Pappy! . . . He's in trouble! He's trying to come down."

Violently she waved her arms and directed the pilot shoreward. She could see the round knob of his head now. He gesticulated back to her, nevertheless his plane continued to slant lower. Briefly it skimmed above the waves—then it touched the crest of one and there was an explosion of spray. The plane leaped high, it swerved crazily, then it sheared off the surface of another swell.

Strangely enough its framework and its fabric held together during those first few horrifying leaps; it slowed, wallowed, came to rest finally and floated half submerged.

"Take the wheel and I'll go after him," the father said.

But Florida shook her head. She knotted an end of the rope about her waist and cried, "Hurry! It's sinking."

Overboard she plunged and after a few strokes she laid hold of a strut, pulled herself forward, and clambered up on the fuselage. It was easy to throw the buckle of the safety belt, but it was a task to lift the inert flyer, for he was a long-limbed, well-built fellow. While so engaged Florida noticed something which struck her as odd: the man wore a dinner jacket. There was no mistake, he was clad in semi-formal evening dress, except for his leather helmet, and the broad expanse of his white shirt bosom, now limp and bedraggled, was incredibly fantastic.

"Make haste!" Morgan shouted. "I can't hold this position."

Florida answered him shrilly, "Haul away. He's too heavy to lift." Swiftly she slipped the loop from her shoulders and set it around the aviator's body.

The launch fell off before the wind, the line grew taut. Florida tugged; together she and the unconscious man were dragged into the sea. In such angry waters she could do

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***Continued in next week's Liberty—Don't miss the complete first installment of this fine serial.***

# Words Without Music

## *Five Plays, Serious and Otherwise, Find Their Way Into the Films*

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

*(Reading time: 8 min. 25 sec.)*

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★ ★ ★ ILLICIT

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Anne Vincent | Barbara Stanwyck |
| Dick Ives | James Rennie |
| Georgie | Charles Butterworth |
| Dukie | Joan Blondell |
| Margie True | Natalie Moorhead |
| Price Baines | Ricardo Cortez |
| Ives, Sr. | Claude Gillingwater |

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Archie Mayo.

ILLICIT has all the earmarks of a box-office success. The story has its slightly silly moments, but on the whole it is interesting, and impressively acted in its principal rôle by Barbara Stanwyck, who made such a favorable impression by her acting in Ladies of Leisure when it was released last spring.

Illicit comes by its title honestly. The picture is based on a play (not yet produced on the stage) of the same name and it is about a girl who prefers to carry on an illicit affair with her lover rather than take a chance of having her love snuffed out by the conventions and fast-binding intimacies of marriage. When gossips' tongues wag, however, the conventions win and her lover, in the person of James Rennie, insists on making her an honest woman. They don't live just happily ever after, either. It's as Anne Vincent surmised. Something always happens to love when it is weighted down with marriage ties, and the Ives' love droops with the burden. But it is revived in time for a satisfactory fadeout.

James Rennie is better suited to his rôle as Anne's husband than to any of his other screen characterizations.

There are a number of amusing interludes furnished by Charles Butterworth.

*Reducing puts the laugh-getting Marie Dressler before you.*

*Constance Bennett and Marjorie*

*Out where men are men: J. Farrell MacDonald, Clark Gable, and Helen Twelvetrees in The Painted Desert.*

### ★ ★ THE EASIEST WAY

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Laura Murdock | Constance Bennett |
| Willard Brockton | Adolphe Menjou |
| Jack Madison | Robert Montgomery |
| Peg | Anita Page |
| Elfie | Marjorie Rambeau |
| Ben | J. Farrell MacDonald |
| Agnes | Clara Blandick |
| Nick | Clark Gable |

Produced by
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Jack Conway.

This is another surefire box-office attraction, its title and cast being the magnets. It takes itself rather more seriously as dramatic entertainment than Illicit and dares to retain the so-called unhappy ending of Eugene Walter's play from which the picture was made.

Perhaps Will Hays wouldn't have it otherwise, as the story of the girl who takes the short cut to love and luxury would have been highly immoral if she had been allowed to walk off the set with either husband or lover. Our last glimpse

*"Free love" in the films: Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie in Illicit.*

*Rambeau in The Easiest Way.*

of her brings to mind the ending of The Way of All Flesh. As an actress Constance Bennett is improving constantly and she manages to maintain the illusion of Laura Murdock to the rather bitter end.

Adolphe Menjou's characterization of Laura's rich lover is as clever as J. Farrell MacDonald's retired longshoreman, and Robert Montgomery, Marjorie Rambeau, and Anita Page help to make the revival of The Easiest Way an entertaining feature.

*These sophisticated-looking girls are Clara Bow and Dixie Lee. They're in No Limit.*

### ★ ★ THE PAINTED DESERT

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Bill Holbrook | Bill Boyd |
| Mary Ellen | Helen Twelvetrees |
| Cash | William Farnum |
| Jeff | J. Farrell MacDonald |
| Brett | Clark Gable |
| Tonopah | Charles Sellon |

Produced by Pathé.
Directed by Howard Higgin.

An old-fashioned melodrama of love, feuds, and a villain's dirty work is the story silhouetted against the painted desert of the far southwest. Almost all the action takes place out of doors, and with the Grand Cañon and the desert beyond as backgrounds there are some beautiful scenic effects.

The story is interesting and moves along at a fairly good pace, but it is old-fashioned in tone and treatment. Bill Boyd, as the hero, fits into the picture with his soft drawl and hardy physique.

Helen Twelvetrees seems less suitable as a child of the desert. She gives the impression of being untouched by the sun.

### ★ ★ NO LIMIT

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Bunny O'Day | Clara Bow |
| Dorothy Potter | Dixie Lee |
| Ole Olsen | Stuart Erwin |
| Douglas Thayer | Norman Foster |
| Maxie Mindil | Harry Green |

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Frank Tuttle.

Three screen writers concocted this play especially for Clara Bow. It has nothing to do with the gambling escapade at Calineva, but gambling is one of the ingredients of the story. It is a not very credible tale, being designed simply to amuse and to exploit the star's charms, which function it agreeably fulfills.

### ★ ★ REDUCING

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Marie Truffle | Marie Dressler |
| Polly Rochay | Polly Moran |
| Vivian Truffle | Anita Page |
| Johnnie Beasley | William Collier, Jr. |
| Elmer Truffle | Lucien Littlefield |
| Joyce Rochay | Sally Eilers |
| Tommy Haverly | William Bakewell |

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Charles F. Riesner.

A strenuous start is made by Marie Dressler and her screen family to make Reducing a funny film, but the story goes sappy on them and by the time Marie is well established in New York with her sister Polly, in the latter's reducing business, most of the fun has been taken out of the lot of them.

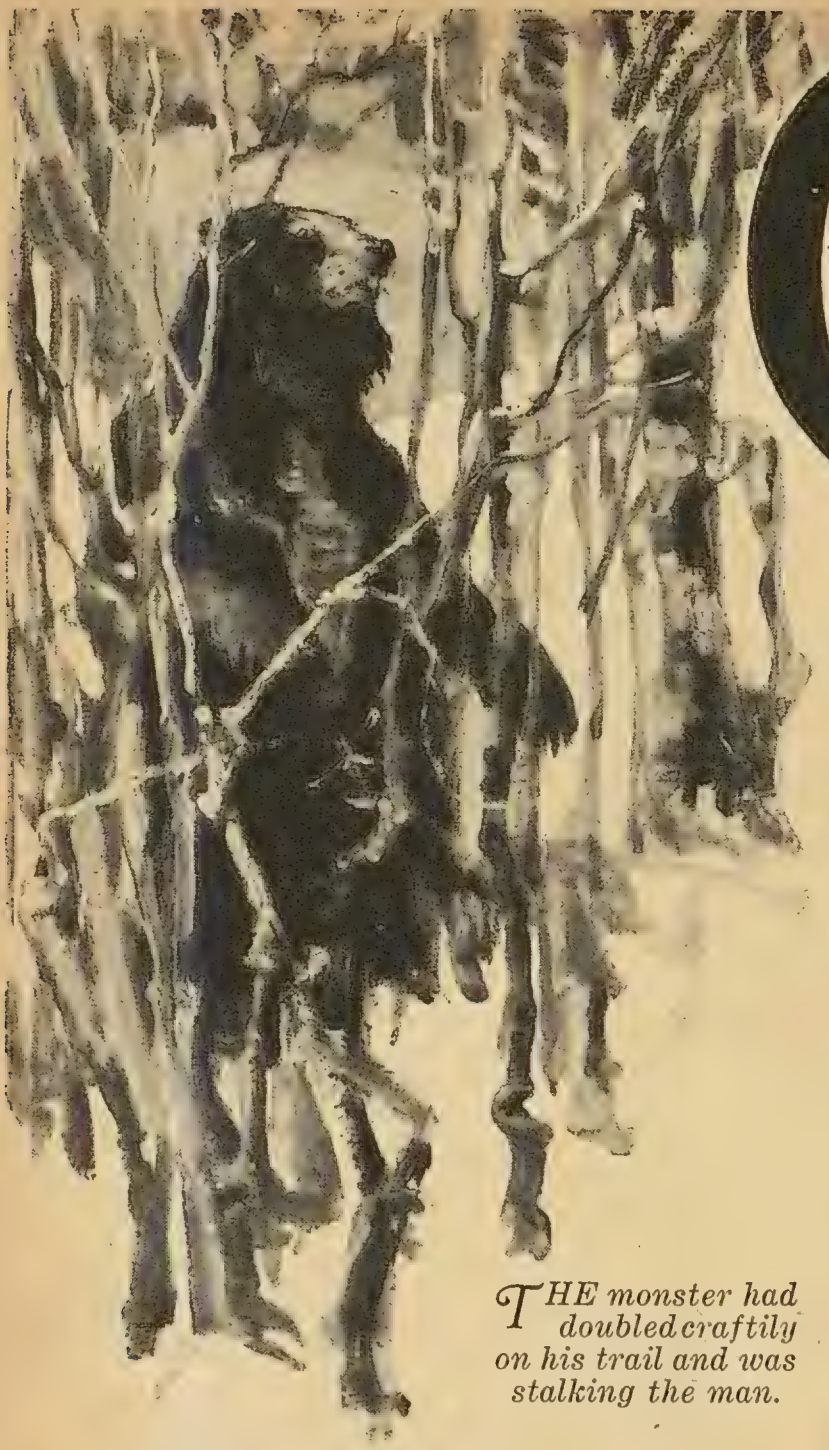
### *Do you know that—*

Mary Pickford, when visiting New York recently, spent about two hours in the Fifty-third Street Night Court as an interested spectator of the police business transacted there?... Thelma Todd not so long ago was a teacher in a grade school at Lowell, Massachusetts?

### *Four- and three-star pictures of the past month*

★★★★—None.

★★★—The Great Meadow, Little Cæsar, New Moon, Reaching for the Moon, The Criminal Code, The Right to Love, The Royal Family of Broadway, Danger Lights, Tom Sawyer, Paid.



THE monster had doubled craftily on his trail and was stalking the man.

# CHIN

## The Story of a Killer's Last Chance

By

**PAUL ANNIXTER**

*who was born in Minnesota, started writing (secretly) at eight, hopped bells to earn his schooling, and quit school for three years of vagabondage. He sold his first story—an animal one—in 1916 and has been writing ever since, mostly about animals.*

*Pictures by* KARL GODWIN

*(Reading time: 28 minutes 3 seconds.)*

THE gray grizzly of Wasatch halted abruptly. For a space the beast's vast head swung ponderously back and forth, mouth agape, as it tested the air currents. The thick blunt muzzle wrinkled into a hideous mask of hate, and low sounds issued from its throat similar to those a dog makes when it yawns.

Along the creek bank before him the trail of a man was plainly marked in the first snow of the season. The old grizzly had no need to nose that trail to know who made it. He had thought the man would depart as other hunters had always done—at the beginning of winter weather. But the man was still here. He had passed since the storm of the night before. And in all the mountain wilderness there was no track the old silver-tip hated as he hated this one. It was the mark and seal of his special and composite enemy.

Shambling forward, he put his nose to the ground and sniffed deeply at the moccasin track as if the better to visualize the object of his hate. The man had passed at midday, probably no more than an hour ago. The great yellowed fangs of the grizzly bared in sullen anger at this persistent interference.

He was an old beast, wise in craft and extraordinary in size; one of the very last bears left in this far western range, and, by that token, one of the worst. A remarkable and appalling killing machine, weighing close to eleven hundred pounds, towering a good ten feet in air when he rose on his hind legs to deliver his smashing sideways swipe, which was just another name for death. Yet, for all his size, he was wily and elusive as the mountain fox; he could drift through tangled thickets without a sound, stalk a strayed sheep with the skill of a panther, and travel from dawn to sundown across rough country at a speed that would tax a running horse. Men knew him as Old Gray throughout the region, for, instead of being the usual tawny brown, his coat was a light silver gray in color.

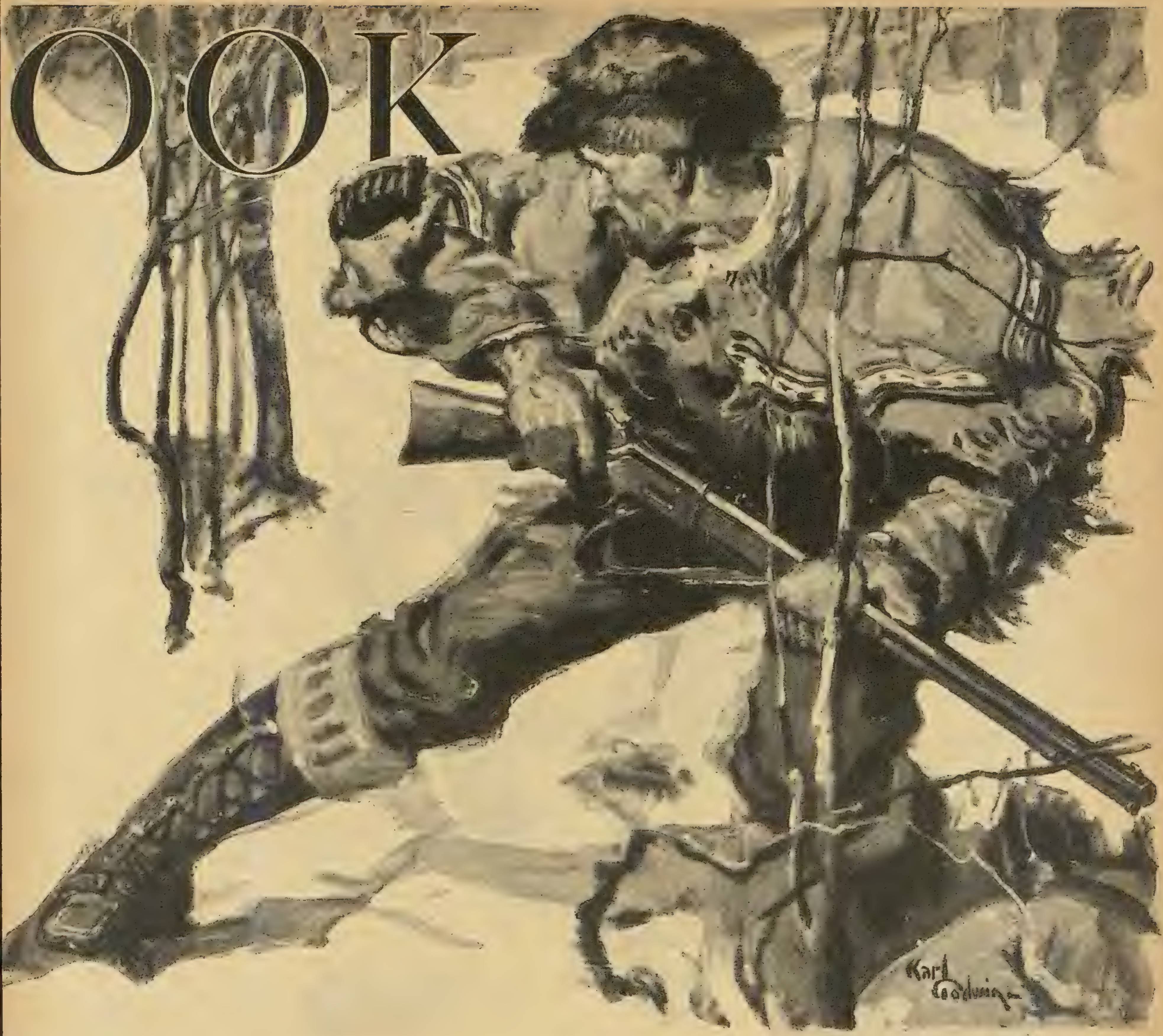
A grizzly knows none of the insufferable conceit that makes the lesser killers, like the lynx or cougar, mere tyrants and petty despots. To know him in and out is to know the North American wilderness as only the Indian knew it. He is like its sign and symbol, typifying as no other beast the vastness of this land, its grotesque and ruthless aspects, its spaciousness and power. The brooding strength of the mountains is his—remorseless, resistless. He is the real monarch of the American wilderness.

For five years now Old Gray had been well content with his hunting range, waxing fat on the easy killing among the upland cattle ranges that bordered his domain. Largely by chance the great beast had turned cattle killer in his prime, and be it known that when a grizzly so turns, he loses by degrees his awe of man and becomes one of the most dangerous and pernicious pests extant.

During his long stay in the Wasatch country Old Gray had averaged a steer or a sheep a week in his depredations. For all that, however, he had been guardian as well as monarch of the region, his killings only sufficing for his needs, and he had kept other four-footed poachers far from his preserves. No beast, however, may war upon man for long without paying the price. Men were always tracking Old Gray now.

His second year in the Wasatch the Ranchers' Association had placed a thousand-dollar bounty on his head. All that year the trails of men and dogs had laced the foothills. His feeding places had been sown thick with traps, and strange chunks of fat with the man smell bedded deeply in them had been buried in the carcasses of sheep and deer left in the most unexpected spots. But Old Gray was not to be had. Long ago he had learned to know the strychnine taint. Once, however, he had almost died in a cleverly placed deadfall. Since then he had become supernormally wary. He made it a point never to return to a kill a second time for fear of poisoned

# OOK



*The rifle had leaped to Old Nat's arms, but there was no time for the keen blue eyes to lower to the sights.*

bait; and he had learned to smell iron even through a covering of earth or snow.

Other marauders of the district had suffered in his stead. He had come upon wildcats and wolves snarling and fighting in the grip of heavy bear traps set for him, and had swung off the trail and gone round them. He had seen others lying stiff and stark near the poisoned carcasses and had sensed the deathly fear that stalked abroad in the high country.

THE past year, however, all play had gone from the situation and it was the maker of that moccasin trail along the creek bed who was the cause. All other hunters had been negligible to this one. For nearly six months Old Gray had been harried from one end of his range to the other by this new enemy, who seemed able to think as a grizzly thought, only more so, who foresaw his very actions beforehand. Again that summer he had almost met his end in the teeth of a savage bear pack, and only some sublimated sixth sense of those who live outside the law, and the fact that the Wasatch included some of the wildest and most inaccessible country in the northwest, had saved his pelt. Instinct now warned him that unless this enemy withdrew or could be shaken off his craft would soon be outmatched. But now, with winter weather come, the detested trail of the hunter still invaded the high country.

Rage smoldered in the grizzly's small phlegmatic eyes and there was now a double reason for that wrath. Some weeks back, at the beginning of the first frosts, the old grizzly had become sluggish, his appetite gradually falling away—for, contrary to general belief, bears go empty-stomached to their winter sleep. Each day he was feeling less and less inclined to travel, as the hibernating time of his kind drew on. He craved oblivion in some remote and well hidden den until the warm winds of spring came again. Already it was well past the time when he would have holed up for the winter. But the man had clung more doggedly than ever to his trail of late. To den before the heavy snows meant certain death, and Old Gray knew it.

Now, as he had done many times before, he began tracking the man in turn. Head low and swinging, he followed along the stream bed, mingling his own tracks insolently with those of the man. There was a strange and startling resemblance to the two trails. It looked as if a man were being pursued by some huge, barefooted giant out

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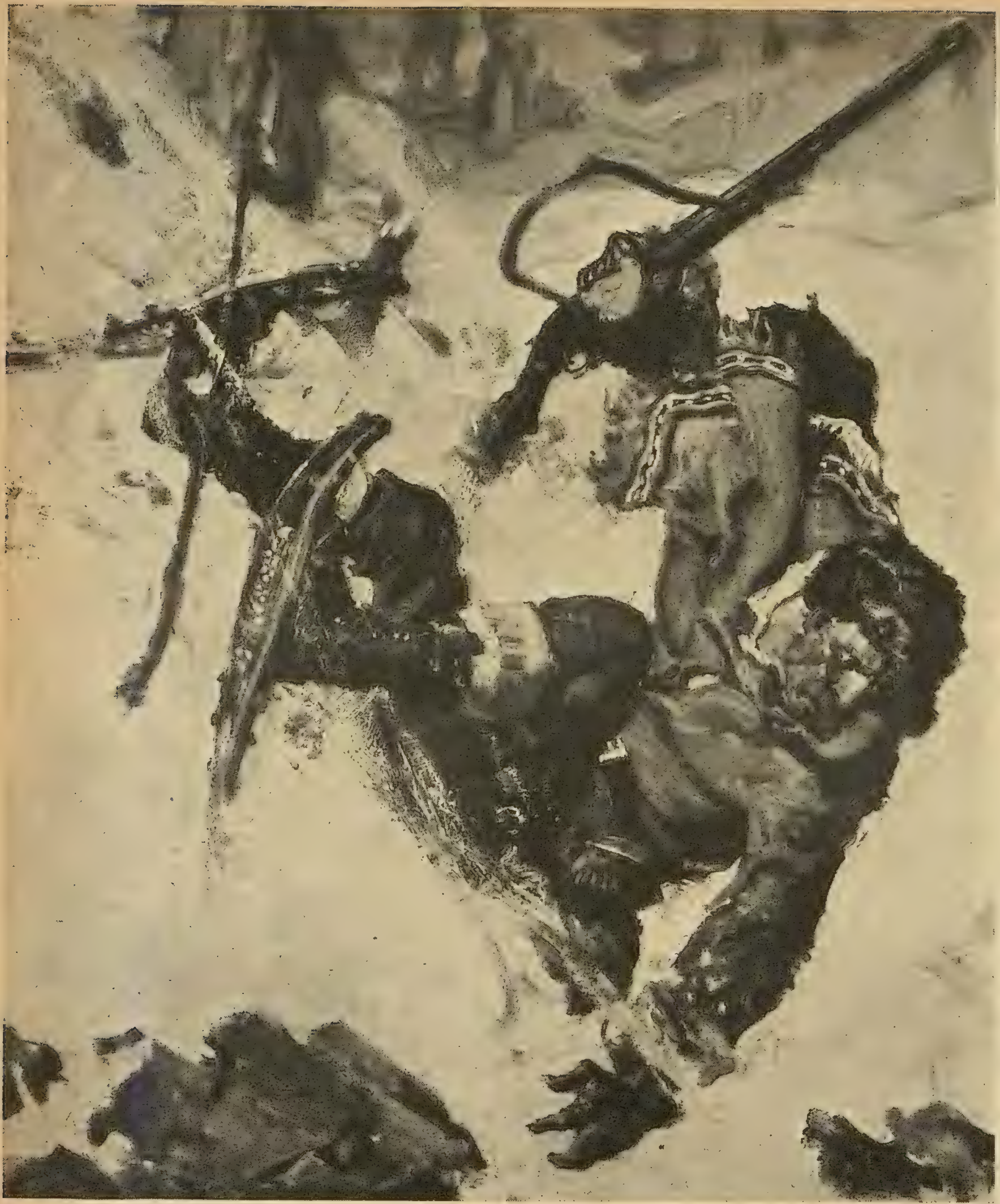

*The old man went hurtling down the valley amid a roar of sound that echoed like thunder.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

of the realm of nightmare, for the track of a grizzly, with its invariable narrow-pointed heel and the tapering, long-clawed toes, is startlingly like that of a broad, bare, human foot with a wrinkled fold of skin showing in the middle of the sole.

THE trail led upcountry toward the old log cabin that had stood for years at the head of Lidle Creek, where in all likelihood the man was making winter camp. Old Gray's instinct was correct. Yellow squares of light showed in the windows of the long-deserted cabin as he approached in the early dusk. Noiseless as a shadow he circled the clearing as the night deepened, studying the cabin and its surroundings with a malign curiosity. Hate showed in his effigylike mask as he moved through the blackness that lived beneath the spruce. Had the hunter encountered him then, he would have had to shoot fast and well indeed.

For nearly an hour, until the woodsman's light went out for the night, the grim monster prowled and prowled about the clearing's edge, imprinting upon his consciousness every detail of the cabin and its possible approaches. In his crude intelligence the man was an interloper on his range who had driven him too far and was no longer to be tolerated; the hunted had at last turned hunter, and that, in the case of a grizzly, is a situation not coveted by any hunter, no matter how seasoned. For an aroused grizzly is one of the most terrible propositions in the world. His ferocity is subject to no fluctuation; his cunning is little short of devilish, and no man can tell what he may do next. He cannot even be relied upon to do the opposite.

HOW matters might have terminated can only be conjectured, for a wind had risen with the darkness. On its wings rode a stinging sleet which turned to snow. Its icy lash brought on a renewal of the old grizzly's lethargy, and before morning, numbed by cold and growing drowsiness, he enlarged a cavity beneath the roots of a fallen tree and crawled within it. The storm, he knew, could be relied upon to cover up all trace of his whereabouts. Curling up, he fell into a deep and heavy coma, letting the swirling snow cover him as it would.

All night the storm drove steadily out of the north and west, banking across the opening to the den, and by morning Old Gray was sleeping in a cave beneath a foot-thick blanket of snow.

In the ancient snow-banked cabin on Lidle Creek Nat Stemline stirred from his bunk several times that night to replenish the wood fire or chink the ancient windows against the driving storm. Stemline had come into the Wasatch country that summer expressly to trap Old Gray, the single survivor of his kind in the region. For more than five months he had been constantly on the trail of the silver-tip, driving him back and forth in great eighty-mile circles from one end of his range to the other in one of the most absorbing and protracted duels he had ever waged against a wild creature.

Old Nat was a star trapper of the United States Biological Survey. For some time tales of the gray grizzly had been filtering in to the predatory animal department through wandering timber cruisers and irate

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Spud
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THE HIGH-ALTITUDE SMOKER* SAID,

**"Sure, it's the Clean Taste!"**

"When they switched me to the mountain route," he went on, "I switched to Spuds. Flying high altitudes, I found my regular brand left me sort of nauseated. Spud's cooler, cleaner taste kept my mouth sort of moist-cool and comfortable, if you get me. That's my Spud story."

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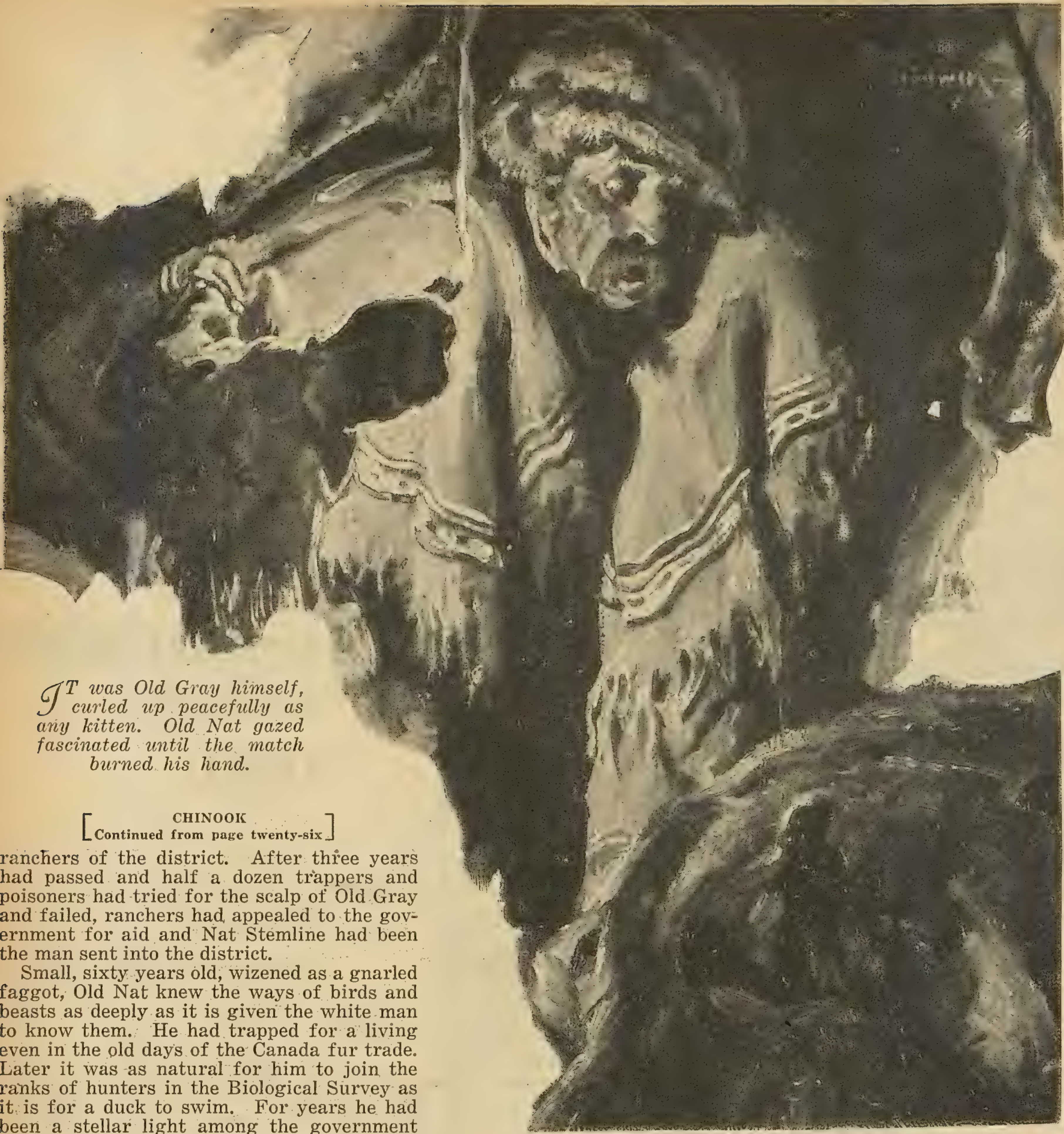

*IT was Old Gray himself, curled up peacefully as any kitten. Old Nat gazed fascinated until the match burned his hand.*

[CHINOOK
Continued from page twenty-six]

ranchers of the district. After three years had passed and half a dozen trappers and poisoners had tried for the scalp of Old Gray and failed, ranchers had appealed to the government for aid and Nat Stemline had been the man sent into the district.

Small, sixty years old, wizened as a gnarled faggot, Old Nat knew the ways of birds and beasts as deeply as it is given the white man to know them. He had trapped for a living even in the old days of the Canada fur trade. Later it was as natural for him to join the ranks of hunters in the Biological Survey as it is for a duck to swim. For years he had been a stellar light among the government wolvers, which means more than may be apparent to the layman, for the exterminator of range varmints must be a trapper plus. It was said around headquarters that Old Nat actually thought like an animal, planning his campaigns as if he were a beast himself, going where he thought the beast would likely go.

RIPE in experience, Stemline discredited much of what he had heard about Old Gray on coming into the Wasatch. He knew how rumor magnifies as it travels. But he had not been in the district a week before he saw that he was dealing with no ordinary grizzly. Old Gray avoided his cleverest traps and deadfalls as systematically as if he had left warning signals along the trails. And sheep and calves continued to disappear along the outlying ranges, now on the eastern slopes of the mountains, later at some far-flung ranch, seventy or eighty miles away.

For a time the old trapper could not believe that a single grizzly was back of all these depredations, but the fact was soon proven beyond question by tracks and careful measurements. Ample reason in that why the ill fame of this killer had reached clear to the Canada line.

Two months at the outside, Old Nat figured, and the pelt of Old Gray would be his. But when the third month dragged by with the vantage still mounting in favor of the grizzly, the old man's ire began to rise. But, likewise, his interest was whetted. There was challenge and a degree of satisfaction in the uncanny sagacity the beast evinced, for Nat Stemline had the zest of an artist in the difficulties of his craft. All that rumor had told of the grizzly he had proven true, and more.

By the fourth month he had made a solemn pact with himself to stretch the giant hide of the grizzly before he left the Wasatch country, no matter how long it took. Never before had he waged so long a war on any beast. When headquarters suggested that he come in, he was filled with wrathful indignation. He was earning his pay and more, for he had caught cougar, wildcats, and coyotes in his traps. But in all this time he had not once glimpsed the form of the old grizzly in the thickets. He had never yet given up on the trail of any beast, however, and did not intend to do so now.

The hunt had become very literally a feud now between man and beast, and Old Nat brought every wile he knew to bear in the planting of traps and deadfalls for the honor of his name. For weeks he had burned his traps in fire and handled them with gloves which had been treated with a solution of lye and water to destroy all human scent, to no avail. Old Gray no longer followed the old trails, but broke his own, keeping to the well nigh impenetrable thickets.

Finally, with a tinge of something like shame, the old trapper had brought in a pack of four bear dogs. That would have ended the feud had not the grizzly had the wile or the good fortune to face the pack in a deep wild gorge choked by a jungle of windfalls and rock rubble from the cliffs above. There the vantage w s all with the grizzly, and when Nat Stemline arrived on the scene he found two of the dogs dead, and the other two frightfully mauled and lacerated.

TO Old Nat that was the last straw, and he began to despair of ever outwitting the grizzly. After more than thirty years of trapping for a living, he could scarce credit the fact that any creature not human could checkmate his every move for five whole months. His pride—the inordinate pride of the hunter and woodsman—was stung, and not for an offer of five times the bounty price would he have left the region empty-handed.

He stayed on through the brief sharp fall weather, removing his camp to the deserted cabin at the head of Lidle Creek. He was banking everything now on the first snows of the year which would enable him to hang steadily to the trail and wear his enemy down by sheer persistence, if the grizzly did not den too soon. There was a possibility that Old Gray would not den at all, but spend a sleepless winter stalking game among the hills, as is the habit with many old and weathered males. In that case his death would be a certainty.

Early in the fall, however, Nat saw that this was not to be the case. The signs of the trail showed that the grizzly was nosing more and more about windfalls and boulder piles in search of some snug cave. Likewise his killings all but ceased along the upland ranges. Old Nat swore beneath his breath. "He'll den now; sure to," he told himself.

It was about this time that the hunt took a queer turn; the growing ill-temper of the grizzly overcoming his caution until he began to stalk the man. They made a queer pair then, each hunting the other by turn. The wrath of Old Gray had reached the killing point, and upon a day as Old Nat sat upon a brush-grown hillside above a steep glen he got his first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beware of fads where your health is concerned

IT'S all right to follow the fads in style. But beware of fads where your health is concerned.

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Many laxatives have come and gone since Ex-Lax was offered to the public twenty-four years ago.

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

CHINOOK
Continued from page twenty-nine

good look at the enemy. The glen was a favorite feeding place of the grizzly and the old hunter had been watching from a screen of brush, hoping for a chance shot. Suddenly a sharp but indefinable warning had impressed his superacute senses and, turning, he beheld the vast form of the grizzly upreared like some fierce heathen effigy amid the bushes not twenty yards behind him. In the beast's reddish burning orbs was a hate and ferocity beyond expression. The monster had doubled craftily on his trail and was stalking the man. The rifle had leaped to Old Nat's arms, gleaming steel itself, but there was no time for the keen blue eyes to lower to the sights. The bear had dropped from sight and only the rustling of the thickets far down the slope showed where he had gone. . . .

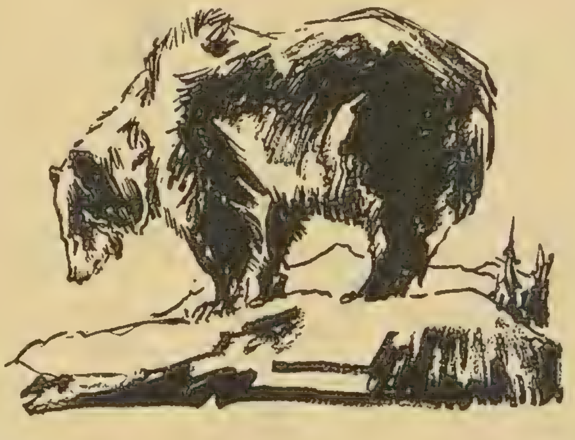
The storm which had snowed in Old Gray continued unabated for thirty-six hours. During that time Nat Stemline chafed in his snowbound cabin. He had hoped against hope that the winter storms would hold off. Now it was almost certain that Old Gray would have denned.

On the third day he floundered forth on snowshoes, but it was nearly a week before he satisfied himself that the grizzly was no longer abroad. Certain it was that wherever Old Gray slept his den was safe now until spring.

Signs of small game were plentiful now throughout the country. There were the tracks of many coyotes and a few wildcats in the lower valleys, and in the high hills he crossed the trail of six timber wolves. Nat still had a good supply of provisions, and, as he was given practically free rein at headquarters, he decided to stay on and trap a few weeks longer. For some reason he was still most reluctant to leave the country.

ACCORDINGLY January came and found Nat still in the Wasatch. The weather had played into his hands for trapping. He had the advantage of snowshoes in tracking through the heavy snow and took many coyotes and mink in the wooded valleys. He got a pair of marauding lynx in spring traps and got three wolves with poison before the pack became man shy. But all this was mere makeshift to Nat. His slow-moving brain continued to pivot upon that fruitless campaign of his against the old grizzly, and his ponderings upon this usurped almost every waking thought. It was the first time in his life he had failed, and he brooded upon it as Napoleon might have brooded upon his march to Moscow.

To Nat the grizzly had taken on a malign and perverse entity, hypernormal, almost human, in the past months. In his crude half-mystical imagination his defeat held grave significance. He felt unseen powers of perversity at work, as if the very wilderness to which he had always been attuned had allied itself against him. And constantly the feeling persisted that there was still more to come of the affair.



There came a day at last which proved his thoughts were no mere fancy, a day which saw the wind-up of that prolonged feud through a happening strange beyond belief.

Mid-January had come and with it a break in the cold. One of those mysterious lapses in the heart of winter that come on the wings of the warm chinook winds along the western slopes of the Rockies. Soft breezes puffing through the passes to the south penetrated the brittle snow crust until the forest seemed to breathe again, though the true spring was many weeks off.

Always these midwinter chinooks are fraught with peril in the mountains, for with the softening of the snow hunting must practically cease. Also the thaw brings the threat of avalanche, the gravest danger of the high country.

OLD NAT knew the menace of chinooks. In fact, he had been thinking of it in general and in particular this day, as he dipped down toward his cabin from the head of the creek with a brace of partridge for his noon meal. He knew that once the moorings of the deep snow on the upper ridges are made insecure by a rise in temperature, the great masses lie in wait like gigantic monsters, ton upon ton of weight, ready to go hurtling down the mountain sides in an orgy of destruction at the first vibration.

It was then, even as the thought was in his head, that the grim thing itself happened, the vibration in this case being no less than his own weight upon the snow. For an instant he wondered if he were experiencing a touch of vertigo, so silently and imperceptibly did the slide begin. It was as if the whole mountain were going, so vast was the snowfield. Another instant and the avalanche had achieved the speed of an elevated train. With a yell Old Nat flung himself desperately backward. His puny effort was as ineffectual as that of a beetle on the surface of a snatched blanket.

Helpless and inconsiderable as a flea on the back of the monster mass, the old man went hurtling down the valley amid a rising roar of sound that echoed like thunder through the silent hills. His limbs were momentarily jerked and twisted as in a powerful rip tide, for the slide was like a living fluid thing, churning in and sideways upon itself. In its van it flung on high a wild white mane of snowlike foam. The force of it mounted as it rushed—inestimable, seismic. Boulders and bushes and great, hundred-year-old trees were sheared away and swallowed up in its mighty maw. Momentarily great logs were upended and tossed aloft like jackstraws, ramming, interlocking. From underneath came hollow reports as boulders were wrenched from their settings and clapped together like castanets.

Two minutes from its start—it seemed æons to Old Nat—the avalanche came to rest, inert and silent, in the bottom of a rocky cañon eight hundred yards below. Like a bit of débris the old man lay upon the breast of the slide, amid a jumble of broken branches, splintered wood, fangs of shattered rock, and uptorn trees whose roots pointed grotesquely heavenward, still by some miracle alive, and, as it seemed at first, unscathed. Then he essayed to move and the truth came home to him like a knife thrust. A fiery anguish had shot up his side that for the moment numbed the very roots of will. His right leg was broken below the knee. For a space the white world went black for him.

When mastery once more returned to him he lay back to collect his forces for what was to be done, and received another blighting shock. The cabin—the cabin, too, was gone! Where it had stood was nothing but a smudgy scar near the creek bed. Old Nat knew just where he stood then—no illusions about it. He knew he had never been taken at a more hopeless disadvantage. His shelter was gone, and the food it had contained lost beyond finding. He was a good twenty miles from the nearest settlement, with a wild and pathless country stretching between. For a space it seemed to him that this was the end, that it would be better to lie where he was and let the wilderness work its will of him.

THEN his brain cleared again. His outstretched hand had contacted his rifle which he had somehow maintained through all that frantic ride, and his hunter's nerve was restored by the touch. If he could find some sort of shelter he might still win out. So far as hunger was concerned he could last out for days. His great fear was that if his broken limb were not speedily set he would be unable to move, and, even in case of rescue, be a cripple the rest of his life. The one alternative was to furnish first aid to himself, and grimly he set about it.

With his knife he cut some thongs from his leather-lined coat, and with two strips of heavy bark that lay near by he fashioned a set of rude splints. With an effort that almost made him faint he dragged himself to a tree branch that stuck up out of the snow and tied the foot of his broken limb to it. Then he began to pull back slowly. He dipped into his very soul for strength and the agony of the thing made the sweat start out and his breath come in gasps. Finally, with a nauseating click, the bones snapped into place. Groaning aloud he set the splints in place about the limb and tied them tight so there could be no slipping. Then for a time he lay back and consciousness waned again.

It was the bite of growing cold in the air that pulled him back from stupor. He raised his head. A break had come in the chinook as he lay there; snow was beginning to fall again, softly and silently, and night was but an hour off. If the storm was the beginning of another blizzard it meant the end. In any case he must have shelter soon and a good one, for the cold was already eating up his small reserve of strength. His rifle trailing in one hand he began dragging himself doggedly in the direction of the settlement.

His progress was overwhelmingly tortuous; the audacity of it colossal in the midst of that infinite loneliness. He could not go directly, but had to crawl far out of his way, seeking the easiest path. It was a battle every inch, and the effort lined his face with the rack of pain, but he would not give in. Whatever came he would not meet fate lying down.

Within the first forty feet, like a reward of valor, he came upon a smudge of feathers in the snow. It was one of the partridges he had been carrying. Meat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GOOD FOR DIGESTION

for digestion

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

CHINOOK
Continued from page thirty-one

—salvation for a number of days!

After a bit he lost all sense of time and place, of the growing darkness and gathering storm. He banished thought, concentrating grimly upon the task at hand. How much later it was he never knew, when the abrupt and unbelievable thing occurred. He was rounding the bulk of a great fallen tree that blocked his path, when the snow suddenly gave way beneath his arms. With a muffled yell and clutching wildly, he slid head foremost into a yawning black hole that had opened up beneath the roots. . . .

It was dark when Nat next opened his eyes. He imagined dimly that he was in his cabin bunk, but at the first movement a sharp pain stabbed his memory awake. He remembered the hole in the snow and knew that he had fainted in the pain following his fall. His leg throbbed horribly.

He reached out an investigating hand, then jerked it back with a start. It had touched a living, breathing body in the blackness. The shock of the thing was short-lived, however, for at once his woods-wise ears and nostrils brought enlightenment. The sound of slow breathing and a warm pungent odor that filled the air made the situation quickly clear to him. The creature beside him was a sleeping bear.

Automatically the old hunter was electrified throughout. There was not another bear in the whole of the Wasatch region, so far as Nat knew, but his enemy the gray grizzly. But nothing would do until he proved it. First he located his rifle in the dark, knowing what a terrible antagonist an awakened grizzly would be in such cramped quarters. Then his exploring fingers found four matches in his pockets. He risked one of the precious sticks as well as the chance of swift annihilation for one close scrutiny of the beast which was the objective of a summer's hunting.

IT was Old Gray himself, no mistaking that. The huge beast was curled up peacefully as any kitten, sunk in the deathlike stupor of the hibernation sleep. The air was filled with the low, slow sound of his breathing. Old Nat lay marveling at the size and evident power of him. His fingers itched upon the barrel of his rifle and he gazed fascinated until the match burned his other hand and fell in the snow.

Here was the chance for which he had plotted and waited for half a year. His instant impulse was to put a bullet through the sleeper's brain and thus end the long feud of the summer. But hard upon that, sane logic began to function. In his ear was the chill keening of the wind without, reminding him sharply of the world of death and cold outside. That cold would be deadlier than ever after the thaw. Snow rode on the wind, for its faint cold sifting touched his face and neck from time to time. Had he fallen anywhere else than in this place of warmth he would have been dead by now. A night in the forest, even in a hollow tree, would have spelled the end for him. He must have rest and healing sleep at once if he were to survive. And here, he knew, was the only shelter and security in all the forest roundabout. A sanctuary in the den of his enemy!

In his weakened state the realization had a half maudlin and mystical effect on the old trapper. Suddenly he laughed, weakly and uncontrolled, while hot tears welled up in his eyes. Within him the stored-up enmity of a summer was melting like snow before a chinook. It was funny—how a sardonic fate had led him to Old Gray in this bottom hour, too beaten even to kill. In a strange flash he sensed the hand of a watchful Providence in the far-flung chance, and his gratitude to the sleeping beast was bottomless. But for the present he was too weary even to think; a very drunkenness of exhaustion and reaction was upon him. Hitching cautiously up to the great furry form of the bear, he lay down within the curve of the vast bowed legs of his enemy and presently slept, his face against the softly heaving side.

FOR four whole days and nights thereafter Old Nat was never wholly conscious; he lay tossing and babbling, half delirious in the fever brought on by exertion and the swelling of his leg. Through all that time the warmth radiating from the huge bulk of his bedfellow was the one thing that kept him alive. Old Gray was a cozy base-burner, one, moreover, which needed no fuel or watching. The heat of him kept an air hole automatically open at the top of the cave, and likewise had a healing effect upon the man. Old Nat recalled later a grim nightmare that had haunted his sleep. He did not dream that on two occasions the man smell permeating the den had impressed the dulled senses of the grizzly until he almost woke up. The hibernating sluggishness of midwinter had been too heavy upon him, however, and what might have been swift tragedy was averted.

When finally Old Nat struggled back through fever mists from the borderland of death, there was a long and terrible time before his wits could fill in the grim and haunted blanks where memory lapsed. The hairy bulk of the bear beside him was like a figment of nightmare at first. When finally he tallied all that had passed, he wept for a long time like a little child, his fingers buried in the shaggy coat of the grizzly. He had wasted away to a shell of his former self, with scarcely the will left to continue the fight for life. His mouth was dry as an old shoe and for a long time he ate snow.

Much later he awoke again. A blue-white filter of light came through the roof of the cave, telling of a bright clear day in the world outside. His fever had gone and he recalled the partridge he had been carrying.

Soon he would have to eat or succumb. For a long time he pawed fruitlessly for the bird in the drifted snow. When he tried to stand erect on his one good leg he fell twice from sheer weakness, but finally stood upright, supported by the cave wall, and with infinite pain and labor succeeded in breaking a hole into the open air and dragging himself forth. He discovered the partridge where the snow had drifted over it.

It remained, however, to roast the bird. Groaning aloud with the effort, the old man gathered a few bits of bark and branches from the fallen tree and finally got them alight. But long before the blaze was ready for roasting the cold had struck into his very bones, his fingers became numb and useless, and sobbing in his weakness and futility he dragged himself back to the life-giving warmth within the cave.

It was some three hours later when a loud hail reached Nat from outside. The old man roused himself to halloo feebly in return.

" Well, I'm damned! " came a voice. " You, Stemline? " A man's head and shoulders appeared at the mouth of the hole above. Old Nat recognized Joe Daniels, one of the Survey trappers with whom he had often worked, and his heart gave a great surge of silent thanksgiving.

Nat smiled grimly. " Yep, it's me, all right," he said feebly.

" Why, man, you look like a dead one! " Joe Daniels wiped his brow.

Nat gave a broken account of his adventure. With twenty years' experience as woodsman and trapper, the other man could appreciate the whole grim experience. Already he was arranging a sling to lift Nat out.

" BUT what in time fetched you away up here? " Nat questioned weakly.

" Well, they hadn't had word of you in over two months at headquarters," the other explained. " I had to pass through your country, bein' detailed for a job down along the Coldwater, so the boss wanted I should run up here and look in on you. Sorta been wonderin' if somethin' wasn't wrong up here, I guess. I covered fifty mile of country without findin' sign or track of you, and was givin' up the job when I see the smoke of your fire about an hour back. . . . And you mean to tell me the bear you been trailin' all fall is in that hole? "

" He's there," said Nat, " and he's the one thing that's kept life in me all this time. Why, that bear's done me a better turn than any friend I ever had, and—"

" Sure, sure," Joe Daniels humored.

A few minutes later Old Nat lay in the warmth of a roaring fire, drinking a tin of fresh-brewed tea, while Joe Daniels fashioned a rough pole sledge on which to haul the other to the settlement. When he had finished, Daniels took up his rifle.

" I'LL just go collect that bounty money for you now," he remarked, moving toward the cave opening.

" No, you won't! " Old Nat's peremptory tone stopped the other in his tracks. " That bear saved my life, Joe, and I reckon I can forget a little thing like a bounty price. Why, any cuss that'd kill him in his sleep after a thing like that'd be meaner'n a shote and not worth his shoe leather. I got another idea." Old Nat had been taking careful bearings as he lay. " You see that old dead pine down the slope? "

Daniels nodded.

" There's a lynx set right beneath her. Fetch it up for me, will you? We'll fasten the chain of that around one of Old Gray's legs an' leave it there together with my shirt. I'll make out without it till we hit the settlement. When Old Gray wakes up and finds I been in his cave and gone and fastened a trap on him, it'll work the same as a row of time explosives tied to his tail. Bein' a bear, he'll think about that for a week or two and he'll travel steady all that time—out o' the country. This range'll be rid of him for all time, and that's all my job called for, anyhow."

Joe Daniels nodded briefly. What a story this would make to retail of an evening! " A good notion, that," he approved sententiously, setting down his gun. " She'll work too, if I know bear. . . . And I reckon you're right at that," he added. " Right as rain."

THE END

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is the monetary unit of Italy?
2—What Biblical character was renowned for his wisdom?
3—What is the wife of a sultan called?
4—What is a misogynist?
5—What form of government has Albania?
6—What is Sinology?
7—What is a Singhalese?
8—What is a ghetto?
9—What are pediculi?
10—What is a temblor?
11—What are natives of Naples called?
12—What is Whitsunday?
13—What is the source of " For the apparel oft proclaims the man "?
14—What is *carte blanche?*
15—Which extends farther north, New Hampshire or South Dakota?
16—What is a bumboat?
17—What is a littoral?
18—What are the young of geese called?
19—On what river is Dublin, Ireland, situated?
20—What is the plural of the word genus?

*(Answers will be found on page forty-six)*

*Famous Anachronisms No. 1*

"ANTONY hits the line for 10 YARDS"

When Mark Antony went forth to battle

*Cleo was* there *with* a CROSLEY

MARK was too great a showman to allow the girl friend to forget him when he left town on a speaking tour. So he bought Cleopatra a radio so that she and all the neighbors could hear about him even if they couldn't see him. Mark was the original broadcaster and Cleo . . . well you know Cleo was *there* (among other things) . . . *with a Crosley.*

The Crosley WIGIT

Now comes the sensational CROSLEY WIGIT —a small-sized, low-priced, super-performing radio receiver readily adaptable as a personal radio set for every member of the family and as a second set in the household. It incorporates THREE Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, electro power speaker and Mershon condenser. The one-piece cabinet is of Crosley Repwood "B". The sensationally low price is especially enticing. Sold with a Crosley kit of tubes for only $39.75.

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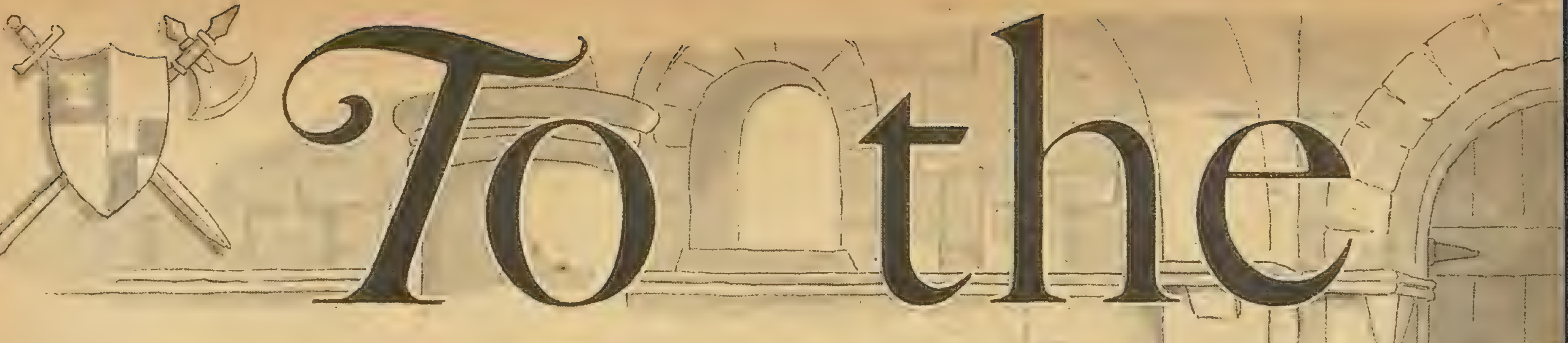


# To the

By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*once a Russian princess, now an American citizen; an accomplished linguist and style authority.*

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 22 seconds.)*

**BLONDE as Greta Garbo, husky-voiced as was** Jeanne Eagels, Tallulah Bankhead of Alabama is back in New York after eight years of twinkling stardom on the London stage. Daughter of Congressman William B. Bankhead, she is here to make talkies for Paramount. And she had some interesting things to say when I talked with her.

"I'd almost forgotten what my own country is like," she told me. "I'd forgotten how efficient and kind Americans really are. It's not always easy to be kind and efficient at the same time."

Her husky voice has won her many admirers. She attributes it to the fact that she had the croup very severely when she was a child.

"It's just part of me now," she said. "I don't assume it on purpose, for dramatic effect. It's a freak of nature, like the broad shoulders which make American girls the best-dressed girls in the world."

According to Miss Bankhead (who has them herself), the unusual breadth and squareness of feminine shoulders in this country give American women a smarter, more tailored appearance than any of the narrower-shouldered European women can hope to achieve.

Tallulah Bankhead wears no jewelry, and no make-up whatever when she is off the stage. With simplicity as the keynote, she dresses very cleverly, very individually. And she has a definite philosophy about clothes.

"Being well dressed is largely a state of mind, I think," she said. If you're bored you are almost sure to look untidy. That's why American girls are so neat and up to the minute, as a rule. They're seldom bored. They're a smart, live crowd over here."

Miss Bankhead is attempting her first talkie. She made some entertaining observations on the subject of her new experience.

"You never *see yourself* on the stage," she said. "Occasionally a close friend will tell you what you really look like from the audience, but not often. On the screen it's different. I can see myself—see everything I do—and it made me feel like a rank amateur when I beheld my first trial shots. I have come to the conclusion that anyone who can even *walk* well in the pictures is a clever actress."

**AN old lady who had crossed the Atlantic sixty-**eight times embarked recently upon the ultimate voyage. Reading about her made me think of the many charming old ladies I have met in various corners of the world. Not so long ago I encountered a foursome of American women tourists in Europe. The gayest and most entertaining was an old lady of seventy-six. Her humorous, slightly sardonic observations of people and places were the delightful privilege of her years—a privilege of which she was fully aware.

I often wonder why young folks don't cultivate old people more than they do. Old people are fun. The very fact that the turmoil of life is less important to them gives them a perspective all their own. Most of my old lady friends dare say things that none of my younger acquaintances could utter with impunity.

And daring is the very life of conversation, isn't it?

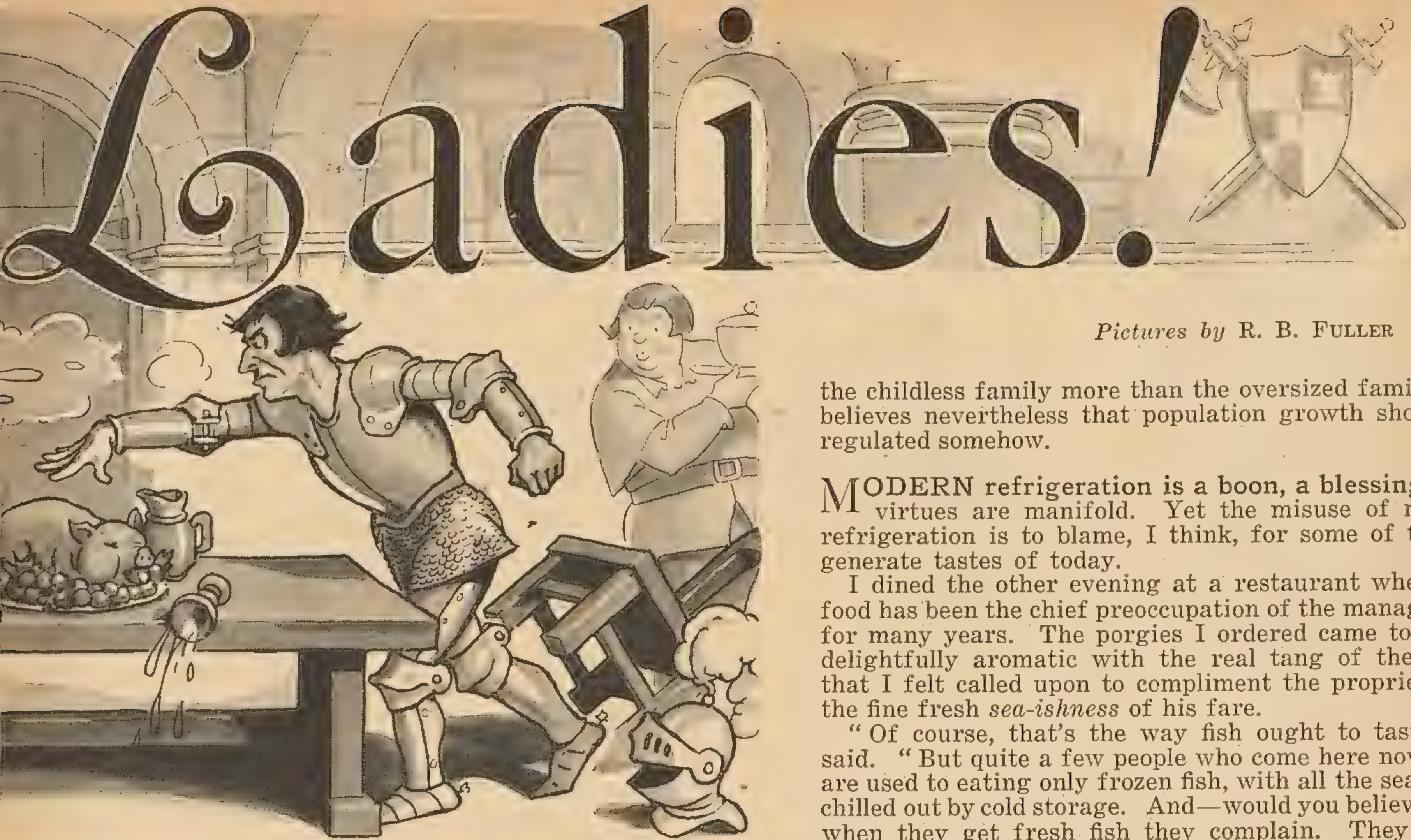
*Old people are fun.*

**FAIRLY well known are the** reasons why "Lawrence of Arabia" renounced fame, name, and military title to become "Aircraftsman Shaw," a plain mechanic in the ranks of the British Air Force. The romantic Colonel T. E. Lawrence disliked publicity. Furthermore, he felt obliged to protest against England's postwar attitude toward the Arabs, whom he had led to fight for the Allies and Arab independence in the World War. So Colonel Lawrence resigned his commission, changed his name to Shaw, and enlisted as a private.

Less well known is the circumstance under which he picked Shaw for his new name. In London last summer, George Bernard Shaw told me how and why this happened.

Lawrence went to a recruiting bureau to enlist. "What's your name?" asked the recruiting officer—and that seems to have been a question for which the adventurous colonel was totally unprepared. He having just talked over his plans with "G. B.," the name of the celebrated Irish playwright was fresh in his mind. Therefore:

# Ladies!



Pictures by R. B. Fuller

“My name,” Lawrence told the recruiting officer, “is Shaw.”

And Shaw it has been ever since.

In George Bernard Shaw's London home I saw a drawing of Lawrence by Augustus John. To anyone unaware of the subject's amazing history, the face in the picture would appear to be that of any average young Englishman. As “G. B.” pointed out, there was nothing about it to denote the extraordinary personality of this soldier-scholar who has left his mark on the modern history of Asia. You might easily take it for a drawing of any Tommy Atkins out of the ranks.

At Plymouth, where he is now stationed, Aircraftsman Shaw looks and behaves exactly like a typical British Tommy in every way except the way he spends his spare time. During his leisure hours there he has completed a translation of Homer's Odyssey into English from the original Greek, and has printed the book himself on a hand press.

A LEAGUE of Nations conference on population has been predicted by the talented scientist, Professor Julian Huxley, brother of Aldous Huxley, the novelist.

“In the long run we will have the number of children in each family regulated by some central control board,” says Professor Huxley.

The whole difficult question of birth control is coming more and more to the fore. Some see it chiefly as it concerns the problem of eugenic breeding—of eliminating stock that is mentally or physically unfit. To others the overpopulation angle appears of paramount importance.

The pros and cons of legalizing birth control are now being discussed quite openly in the press, even by church dignitaries, such as England's Dean Inge, who deplores the childless family more than the oversized family, but believes nevertheless that population growth should be regulated somehow.

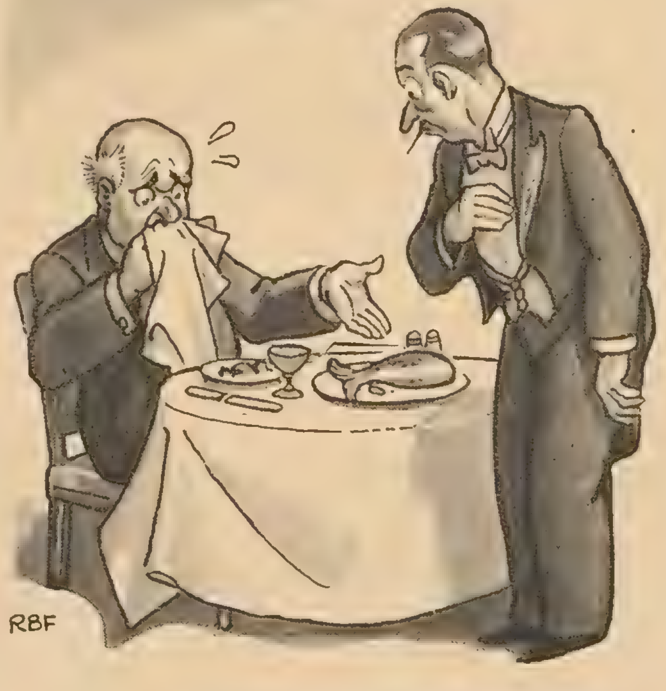
MODERN refrigeration is a boon, a blessing. Its virtues are manifold. Yet the misuse of modern refrigeration is to blame, I think, for some of the degenerate tastes of today.

I dined the other evening at a restaurant where sea food has been the chief preoccupation of the management for many years. The porgies I ordered came to me so delightfully aromatic with the real tang of the ocean that I felt called upon to compliment the proprietor on the fine fresh *sea-ishness* of his fare.

“Of course, that's the way fish ought to taste,” he said. “But quite a few people who come here nowadays are used to eating only frozen fish, with all the sea flavor chilled out by cold storage. And—would you believe it?—when they get fresh fish they complain. They say it tastes too much like fish.”

A good many cooks spoil fish, I believe, by the way they prepare it. The fish flavor is something to preserve for its own sake, not to mask.

I have found that fish such as sea bass should be baked in a moderate oven; keep it covered with well greased paper for twenty or twenty-five minutes, then uncover for five minutes. The flavor is brought out nicely by stuffing the fish with a mixture of celery and onion chopped fine (two-thirds celery, one-third onion). Dab your fish plentifully with fresh butter. Raise the paper and baste well at least three times during the period of baking.



“When they get fresh fish, they complain.”

THE fact that I am of Russian parentage makes everyone I know think that I must love the cold. I don't. I detest it. On one of the coldest days we've had this winter I became so annoyed by people saying to me, “You ought to love this weather,” that I went off and indulged in an orgy of buying summery things. I picked out thin cotton goods for half a dozen summer frocks.

And never has there been such a season for anyone who likes cotton dresses. Dozens of new cotton fabrics are to be had. There are tweedlike cottons for suits, there are lacy-looking cottons, and the loveliest old-fashioned gingham-check muslins in little-girl colors.

Lace edgings and trimmings of all kinds will decorate our summer frocks this year, and will certainly add a charmingly dainty touch. Among the things I like particularly are the plaid linen shoes to be worn with plain-colored dresses—best of all, with white. A plaid scarf to match these is smarter than a bag.

Another new trick may be played with one of those large floppy hats of rough straw. Wear a band of plaid linen or cotton around it and carry a plaid bag to match.

# German Spi

## The 1914 Invasion—Von Bernstorff Receiv

A wartime portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

*(Reading time: 21 min. 18 sec.)*

*In Liberty last week Mr. Sutherland sketched the background of this story of German agents' campaign of destruction and the manner of its revelation before the German-American Mixed Claims Commission. Now he shows the official character of the attacks and names the leaders of the secret organization operating in this country.*

By SIDNEY S

### Part Two—Berlin in Charge

When word reached the United States that the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife had been murdered in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States, was having a spot of tea in the Spanish embassy in Washington, D. C.

Nobody ever has harbored the delusion that von Bernstorff was tardy in any crisis he faced. It will be seen how generously nature had equipped him with that chiefest of a diplomat's weapons—duplicity. Indeed, his arsenal contained all the weapons with which a successful diplomat is armed: charm, culture, good looks, devotion to his country, wide experience, a fair sense of humor, and an utter lack of reluctance when it came to furthering the Fatherland's interests and deceiving the trustful Woodrow Wilson and such mental Goliaths as Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan.

Certain cablegrams that I shall quote herein, and many confessions that I shall tell about, prove beyond all question that von Bernstorff for nearly three years systematically and constantly prevaricated about such violations of American neutrality and American statutes as passport forgeries, raids on Canada, plots and armed expeditions against India, supplying German vessels at sea, inciting strikes in American industries, conspiracies against other neutral nations, abuse of his diplomatic privileges in transmitting sabotage orders, and, principally, the reign of destruction being conducted in this country by German agents and spies. And yet, it is only fair to set forth this fact: that if von Bernstorff was zealous in his country's behalf, he was no more astute and alert than was Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador. For, while Germany's violations of our neutral rights were costly and ruthless and sometimes fatal to human life, certainly England's contempt for our rights at sea was equally bold and reprehensible.

American shipping was halted at sea and detained in English harbors. American cargoes for friendly European consignees were searched and seized by the British if England even thought their ultimate destination might be Germany. Our mails were brazenly opened and our messages intercepted. Our trade secrets were appropriated for Britain's benefit. American firms were put on England's Black List. In short, all of America's neutral rights were ignored and violated as i we were a German ally. The British ambassador, consequently, was kept busy explaining and placating and soothing the indignation of a docile people, as Northcliffe called us.

Keystone photo

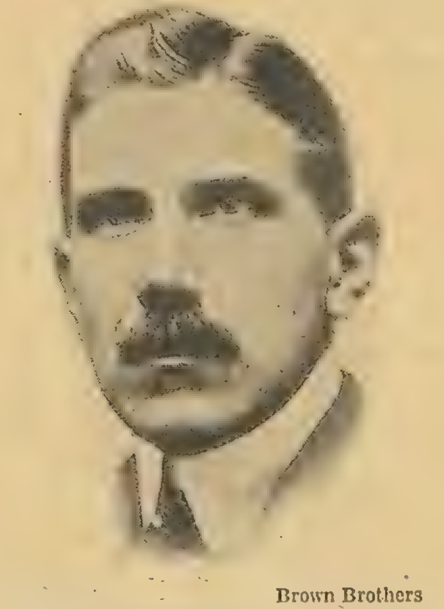
Dr. Heinrich Albert, who handled millions for spy activities.

Von Bernstorff comprehended fully the explosions that would follow the Serbian assassin's marksmanship. He at onc arranged for his summer leave, and on July 7 hastened t Berlin.

By August 2 the world was in flames and on that day vo Bernstorff left Germany for America. Simultaneously, the legions of German reservists, military and naval, in America and other parts of the world, became as iron filings suddenly galvanized by a magnet in Berlin: they sped Rhinewards from all points of the compass. And the German agents and spies then resident in the United States girded for the fray, while other secret service agents working for the Kaiser in the western hemisphere either got busy in their respective territories or hurried to the United States, where they knew they woul

© Harris & Ewing

Captain Karl Boy-Ed, embassy naval attaché.



Brown Brothers

Captain Franz von Papen, the military attaché.

International News

Captain Franz von Rintelen, efficient agent.

International News

Lieutenant Robert Fay, a General Staff agent.

# es *in* America

## *His Orders—Money, Bombs, and Strikes*

THERLAND

Underwood & Underwood
*Dr. Arthur Zimmermann, the German Foreign Secretary.*

Brown Brothers
*Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador.*

be needed if the war were not finished quickly.

At this place I should emphasize one point, which I urge you to remember clearly throughout your reading of these chapters: I shall name the agents who broke our laws and trod upon our neutrality, and in a subsequent chapter I shall put down in chronological order every ascertainable detail of the sabotage they committed. It will not be possible, in the running story, to specify each crime perpetrated by each individual as I expose him, but the crimes as well as the criminals will all be described in full.

Though von Bernstorff had gone alone to Berlin in July, when he started back to Washington he was accompanied by an interesting group. The principal newcomer was Dr. Heinrich F. Albert, an important cog in the Foreign Office, who was to become commer-ial attaché and privy councilor of the embassy here.

Dr. Dernberg, Secretary of State for Colonies, also came along. Among his duties was to be dissemination of propaganda to the American press and from the American rostrum; and one or two widely read magazines to this day, sixteen years after Dr. Dernberg arrived, will blush readily at the mention of his name and his subtle contributions to their pages! Meyer Gerhardt and Captain Hecker also came, and they were to aid materially and without delay in the activities of the embassy.

THERE was an interesting item in von Bernstorff's luggage: $150,000,000 in German treasury notes which, when turned into American money, was to be used for "buying munitions for Germany, stopping munitions for the Allies, necessary propaganda, forwarding reservists—and other things," according to Albert's admissions.

This treasure, it was feared, might fall into the hands of cruising British warships, von Bernstorff later said, so the packet of notes was always kept close at hand, and if the party had been searched one of them was to be very sure that the fabulous amount was tossed overboard.

Von Bernstorff and his friends arrived in Hoboken on August 26.

That very afternoon Dr. Albert began to arrange credits with New York banks and with G. Amsinck & Company, the firm which handled most of the German financial deals until America entered the war.

Now, before I proceed to the revelations concerning the German agents in neutral America, I ought to explain somewhat fully whose orders it was that they were obeying—the official organization behind them.

The two busiest officials in active charge of sabotage were Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché of the embassy, and Karl Boy-Ed, naval attaché. Their immediate superior was von Bernstorff, but even he was sometimes left in the dark as to the progress of the sabotage, because the General Staff and Admiralty in Berlin, impatient with the political consequences of their destructiveness here, frequently neglected to inform the Foreign Office of the instructions they sent directly to the two attachés.

Von Bernstorff, though he knew about most of the conspiracy, would occasionally find himself confronted by an outcry in the American press and a turmoil among our politicians following some particularly heinous breach of our neutrality.

Superior to von Bernstorff was the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg. The chancellor was always in touch with the ambassador and Dr. Albert, who reported the development of sabotage and of American public opinion at frequent intervals. It was the chancellor who, personally, after relations

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New York World photo
*Horst von der Goltz, an aid of von Papen.*

New York World photo
*Wolf von Igel, who succeeded von Papen.*

*Kurt Jahnke, an agent of the General Staff.*

Brown Brothers
*Lothar Witzke, a most dangerous spy.*

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page thirty-seven

were broken, ordered the "destruction of all compromising documents," in the embassy, the attachés' bureau in New York City, and in all consulates.

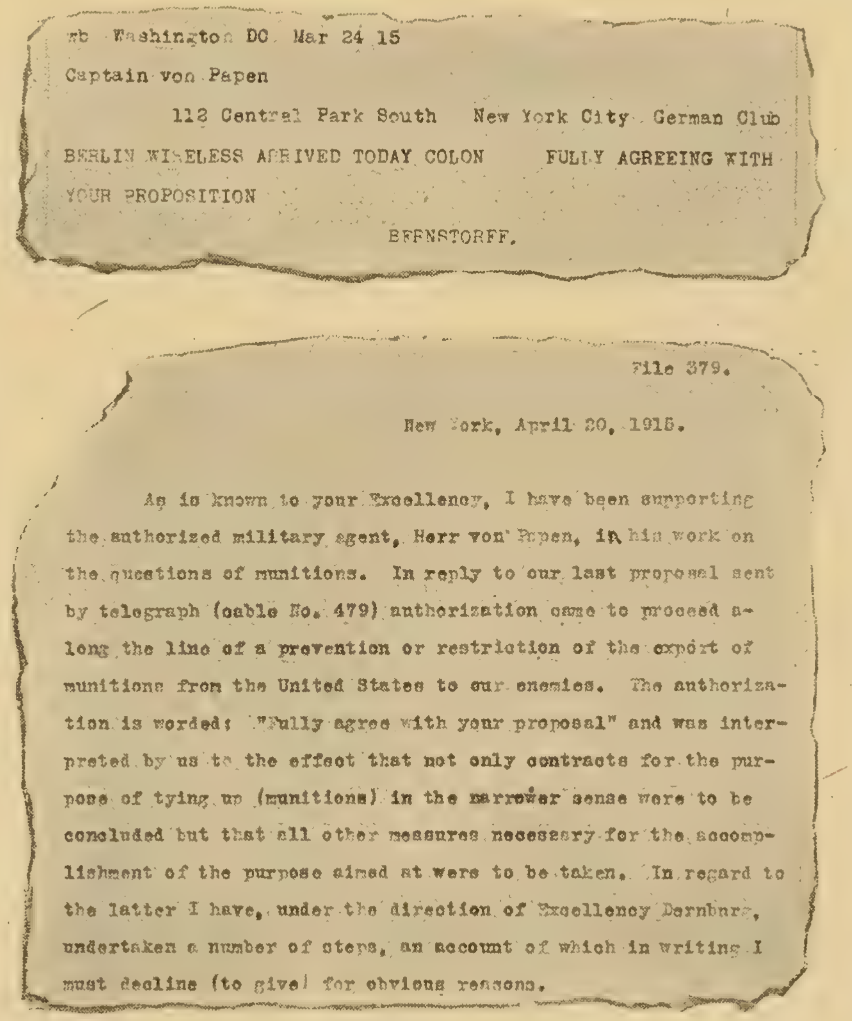
Even more important than the chancellor—for all other authority diminishes before the wishes of the military in time of war—was General von Falkenhayn, chief of staff, and his council or general, Dr. E. Fischer, who declared war on neutral America by specifically extending to "the territory of the United States" the General Staff's sabotage order of November 2, 1914.

It was von Falkenhayn's staff that sent to America the dangerous and very efficient agents, Captain Franz von Rintelen, Robert Fay, Horst von der Goltz, Kurt Jahnke, Wolf von Igel, and others to be named herein, many of whom wound up in our penitentiaries. Von Papen usually reported direct to von Falkenhayn and received from him his orders, though Dr. Albert financed him.

Of equal authority was Admiral von Tirpitz, who sent out the sabotage order of November 28, 1914, and to whom Boy-Ed reported. It was the Admiralty which sent to America Lothar Witzke, young naval lieutenant and the most dangerous agent of them all. Von Tirpitz also added to von Bernstorff's embarrassment by sometimes forgetting to inform him of what the naval saboteurs had been ordered to do.

Herr von Jagow, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his successor, Zimmermann, were not at all averse to abusing their diplomatic privileges and immunities by using them to transmit sabotage orders from the military and naval chieftains. They had supervision over the embassy and the consulates; and the archives of the latter, when not successfully destroyed, literally reek with proofs of sabotage commands and accomplishments and payments therefor.

AND while none of the foregoing officials in Berlin can be shown to have specifically ordered the destruction of Black Tom and Kingsland, because it is doubtful if they had ever even heard of such places, it is hardly likely that these plants, by far the largest and most important in America, would be excluded from the general and explicit order to destroy by every means available all factories and warehouses and shipping by which the Allies were receiving supplies and munitions.



wb Washington DC Mar 24 15

Captain von Papen

112 Central Park South New York City German Club

BERLIN WIRELESS ARRIVED TODAY COLON FULLY AGREEING WITH YOUR PROPOSITION

BERNSTORFF.

File 379.

New York, April 20, 1915.

As is known to your Excellency, I have been supporting the authorized military agent, Herr von Papen, in his work on the questions of munitions. In reply to our last proposal sent by telegraph (cable No. 479) authorization came to proceed along the line of a prevention or restriction of the export of munitions from the United States to our enemies. The authorization is worded; "Fully agree with your proposal" and was interpreted by us to the effect that not only contracts for the purpose of tying up (munitions) in the narrower sense were to be concluded but that all other measures necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose aimed at were to be taken. In regard to the latter I have, under the direction of Excellency Dernburg, undertaken a number of steps, an account of which in writing I must decline (to give) for obvious reasons.

*A copy of the British decoding of one of Dr. Albert's cablegrams and, above it, the von Bernstorff telegram to which it refers.*

Indeed, if Germany was willing to pay for the destruction of small plants, as she did on many occasions, according to the agents who confessed such destructions, it is not logical to believe that she would be infuriated by the successful destruction of the two most menacing establishments in the whole neutral world.

After his arrival in America, Dr. Albert wasted no time in attending to another of his duties: before he finished he had raised more than $30,000,000 from Germans and German sympathizers in the United States. Some of his enormous resources were legitimately employed in what became known as "tying-up contracts," that is, the purchase of an American factory's entire production of munitions to keep the Allies from buying them.

For this purpose the Bridgeport Projectile Company was presently formed, and these sums were disbursed through that firm. Manifestly it would have required fifty times the amount of the treasury notes and the donations Albert got to tie up effectively the whole output of American munitions, so the Bridgeport company soon became merely a blind, and when the press and pro-British Americans complained about the sabotage soon in full swing, the German officials here would simply point to the "tying-up" activities of the Bridgeport firm.

Between August, 1914, and February, 1917, when America and Germany sundered relations and the ambassador and his suite departed, Dr. Albert spent more than $35,000,000 for sabotage, propaganda, incitement of strikes, and other grave invasions of American neutrality. That is, we know of that much being spent; nobody knows what other money was spent that we find no record of.

VON PAPEN, Boy-Ed, von Rintelen, George von Skal, Wolf von Igel, Albert Kaltschmidt, Hans Tauscher, Walther Sauerback, and many others got huge sums from Albert, who reported often to Berlin, reports which were intercepted and decoded by the British secret service. Nobody ever will know what sums were disbursed by von Bernstorff, von Rintelen, Paul Hilken, and other paymasters, whose activities will be told.

Albert's fidelity and energy were surpassed only by his contempt for Americans, according to his reports and the letters he rashly wrote to his wife, which also fell into the hands of the British and were forwarded to her after their contents had been read and communicated to Washington.

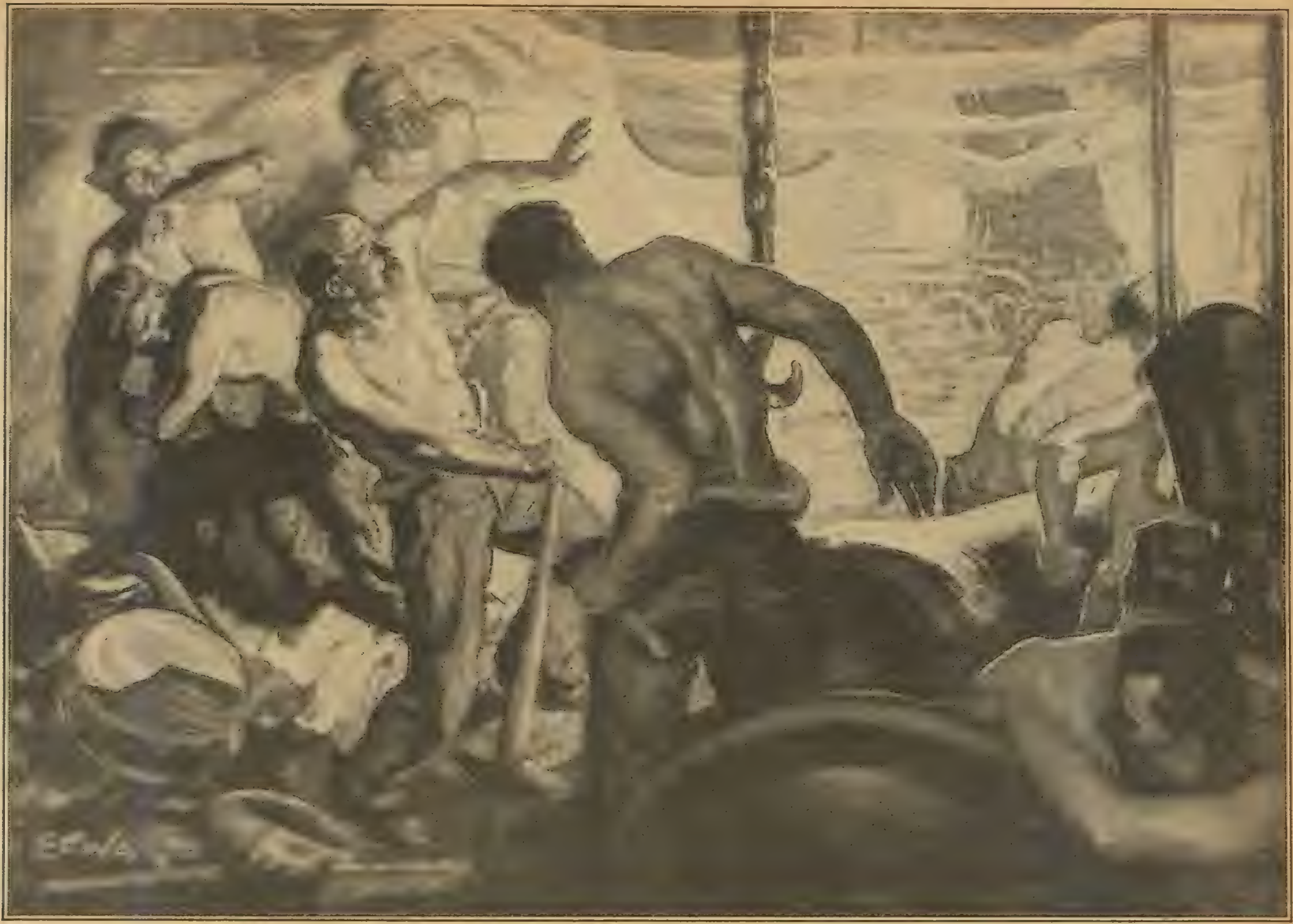
For example, on April 20, 1915, Albert cabled at vast length to the State Secretary of Interior in Berlin, and the first paragraph of that report is significant and illuminating:

> As is known to your Excellency, I have been supporting the authorized military agent, Herr von Papen, in his work on the questions of munitions. In reply to our last proposal sent by telegraph (Cable No. 479) authorization came to proceed along the line of a prevention or restriction of the export of munitions from the United States to our enemies. The authorization is worded: "Fully agree with your proposal," and was interpreted by us to the effect that not only contracts for the purpose of tying up (munitions) in the narrower sense were to be concluded but that all other measures necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose aimed at were to be taken. In regard to the latter I have, under the direction of Excellency Dernberg, undertaken a number of steps, an account of which in writing I must decline (to give) for obvious reasons.

In this connection, von Bernstorff had, on March 24, 1915, already wired von Papen:

> Berlin wireless arrived today colon fully agreeing with your proposition.

By September 25, 1915, Dr. Albert has moved into a suite at the Hotel Astor in New York City, and on that date he writes his wife that he is very comfortable, and that his comfort has been heightened by hanging on the walls the "pictures of the Kaiser, Bismarck, and Hindenburg." He adds that "for reasons easy to understand" he cannot write her too freely, but insists his work "is valuable."



Picture by E. F. Ward

*Germany was willing to pay for destruction of plants, and did, according to agents who confessed.*

"Why our friend von Papen has written so fully to his wife is incomprehensible to me," the letter goes on, referring to a letter the military attaché had written which was exposed by the British. "The effect, after his letter had been intercepted, has been quite devastating. Still I do not believe they will demand his recall, as in the case of Dumba, although the idiotic Yankees are not particularly friendly."

In another letter to Frau Albert he says: ". . . Uncle Sam, a great strong lout suffering from shriveling of the brain, to whom you ought to talk in high language about fine principles, and then deny everything, especially if you are in the wrong."

So active and efficient was Dr. Albert in his mission among us that when the Sixty-sixth Congress investigated that activity and efficiency long after, he was referred to in Senate Document No. 62 as "the Machiavelli of the whole thing . . . the mildest mannered man who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

AND Albert was especially active in furthering von Bernstorff's policy of sending reservist officers to Germany on fraudulent passports. Among the documents showing part of this illegal system were the following instructions sent to von Papen by the German consul general at Naples, Italy:

To be observed in sending reservists from New York on SS Rotterdam, Dec. 3, 1914:

1. Reservists must be tested in advance as to knowledge of language, country, and readiness to adapt themselves to sudden crises.

2. Their physical characteristics must agree exactly with passports they are using.

3. They must be able to tell a suitable story of their life which will tally with their passport, trunk, clothing, etc.

4. Swiss passports are the least adapted to this purpose.

5. North American passports must conform to the latest regulations.

6. Paid spies travel on every steamer in each class; must be guarded against.

7. New York rules are to be observed. Simulated seasickness is safest.

AMONG the New York rules drawn up by the military attaché and referred to above are these:

Hints for Travelers to Germany During the War:

3. Full information about names, ages, etc., of family necessary.

5. Official papers (passport, birth certificate, baptism) and private papers (family and business letters), also some of older date, must be obtained.

7. Books with dedications or inscriptions, rings and other articles with initials. Linen marks are not only to be cut out, but right ones are to be sewed in, clothing firm labels and tailors' labels to be removed from inside coat and vest.

11. Don't arouse suspicion on board by restrained behavior.

12. When examined, above all keep cool. The spy will run across material proving you innocent, so do not play into his hands, but protest earnestly.

13. If, in spite of everything, you are taken ashore, under no circumstances admit anything.

It seems that the German consul general in New York City was somewhat dismayed by von Papen's callous contempt for American neutrality, for he protested against the falsification of passports on such a wholesale scale, and von Bernstorff was moved to send the following cable to Berlin, an enlightening commentary on his solemn pledges to the State Department and our press reporters that the embassy knew nothing about any fake passports:

Jan. 7, 1915. Washington, D. C., to Berlin.

In consequence of the instructions sent to me by private letter and officially to von Papen to send home the largest possible number of German officers, it was necessary to fur-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page thirty-nine

nish the latter with false passports, in regard to which I had no sort of objection.

Details have unfortunately become known to public opinion and the American government started an investigation. But there is no reason to fear the embassy will be compromised. The State Department informed me definitely it attached no importance to rumors that the embassy had been concerned.

But a strong difference of opinion has arisen between Consul General Falcke and me. He considered himself bound to raise some pedantic objections, while I gave weight to the point of view that it was incumbent on von Papen to see that as many officers as possible were provided.

Press Illustrating Service

*Admiral Sir W. Reginald Hall, who tore the veil from Germany's secrets.*

Falcke continued to provoke von Bernstorff and von Papen by "raising pedantic objections" to the continued and boundless violations of American rights, and there ensued a determined effort on the part of the less pedantic von Bernstorff to get Falcke transferred, or be ordered to forget his pedantry.

March 2, 1915. Von Bernstorff to Berlin:

> German Ste(? ine)r with whom the naval attaché had relations has been arrested in connection with passport forgeries. He mentioned the military attaché, who was thus compromised. Most of the press attacked the whole department, but issue is being quietly awaited and will probably be satisfactory.

March 6, 1915. Zimmermann to von Bernstorff:

> If there is any practical advantage, eminent legal assistance should be obtained out of Imperial funds to defend the Germans implicated in the forged passports affair.

Dr. Albert, as all efficient and stolidly methodical gentlemen do, kept a diary. He was to wish he hadn't! One night in February, 1916, he was riding uptown on the elevated railroad in New York City. Fatigued from care and responsibility, he dozed off for a moment. When he snapped out of his little nap he was thunderstruck to find that somebody had stolen his brief case. He became frantic when, a few days later, the New York World began a series of sensational articles based on Dr. Albert's diary and other documents the leather case contained.

For a month thereafter the cables carried numerous and frenzied excuses and apologies to Berlin from the doctor, and Berlin was polite but somewhat chagrined in answers rebuking Albert's alibis.

NOW, since I have quoted several cables and intend to quote a good many others, it is important that I relate how these cables came into my possession.

When August, 1914, dawned on a world gone mad with war and hatreds, the British realized that it was vital to their existence to learn the contents of Berlin's communications to and from the outside world. For years the secret service and Scotland Yard had prepared for Der Tag by confiscating German code books, by shadowing every spy in England, and by taking other steps in counter-espionage.

But of course there would be newer codes, and England set about to discover them. A bureau was organized, and Admiral Sir W. Reginald Hall, M.P., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., head of the Intelligence Department of the British Admiralty, was made chief. He took charge in October, 1914, and relinquished office November 11, 1918.

So extraordinary were Admiral Hall's capacities and qualifications that he found it necessary to employ fewer than a dozen picked assistants in the new bureau. It was their duty to intercept and decipher cables, wireless and other communications, and from the time they began work until the end of the war few indeed were the messages that entered or left Berlin via those media that England failed to read and profit by.

Cables from neutral countries were tapped, radiograms were picked out of the air, and letters on persons and in the mails were captured, pouring an endless stream of information into Britain's ears. A German consul in Sheraz tried to blow up a British oil-pipe line and was imprisoned: among his effects was an important new code book. U-boats yielded their cryptic keys; German raiders on the high seas gave up their ciphers; traitors to Germany were bribed for crucial information.

And even if Germany tried to inaugurate the use of a new code, say, between Rio de Janeiro and Berlin, Admiral Hall, baffled by the first message, had only to wait until a second in that new cipher was intercepted to unravel both of them! It was one of the most romantic and thrilling phases of the war, one about which a great volume might be engrossingly written.

In 1925, Amos J. Peaslee, in charge of the Black Tom and Kingsland suits against Germany, called on Admiral Sims and told him his troubles in hunting for clues to fasten those two gigantic crimes on the suspected German agents.

SIMS laughed and gave Peaslee a letter to his friend Admiral Hall. The lawyer hastened to London and found Sir Reginald just leaving for some grouse shooting in Scotland. He presented the letter, and the admiral found it so commendatory that he said:

"I am about to do something I have never done and never intended to do. In my cellar here are certain steel boxes which I have sealed with instructions that they remain unopened for the next twenty years.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'm going up to Scotland, and I want you to be my guest here in my home while I'm away. My servants will look after you. You may open those boxes and read their contents to your heart's content."

In the steel cabinets Mr. Peaslee found more than ten thousand cables and radio messages and letters which Sir Reginald had intercepted, the translations affixed to the originals. From this mass the American copied nearly three hundred messages which would at once substantiate his charges that German agents destroyed Black Tom and Kingsland and prove that the entire sabotage campaign against neutral America and other neutral countries was ordered and paid for by the authorities in Berlin.

Also they would expose the falsehoods spun so lightly and constantly by von Bernstorff and the military chieftains he obeyed.

Peaslee returned with the decoded messages and introduced them into the hearings before the Mixed Claims Commission. They were so damning that wholesale confessions by German agents and their superiors in Berlin followed.

The names of spies and agents never before known or even suspected thus came into the hands of the American lawyers—and in that way came into my hands.

The famous cable of January 26, 1915, given at the close of the preceding installment of this series, went from Berlin to von Bernstorff via the Swedish Foreign Office. Admiral Hall caught it en route to Washington, decoded it, and gave it to Walter Hines Page, United States ambassador in London.

The cipher Zimmermann used had been discovered in the files of the German consul captured in Persia! The addresses of the three men Sir Roger Casement recommended were garbled somewhere along the line, but their identity was not confusing to the recipient of the message.

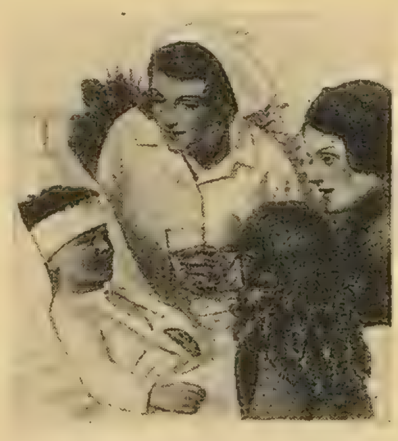
With this background of the German officialdom which authorized, ordered, and paid for sabotage by German agents in neutral America established, and with the source of the exposure explained in the story of Sir Reginald Hall, we are now ready to begin the recitation of the activities of individual spies and saboteurs Germany hired to scatter terror and destruction in the United States.

*Activities of Franz von Papen, Karl Boy-Ed, and other daring workers for the Fatherland will be told by Mr. Sutherland next week.*

# The HERO

## A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"HOW is little Red Hancock?" a deep-voiced man asked over the telephone. "I'm his Uncle Pete in Cleveland. Tell him I'm shipping him an ice boat for the mill pond and he must get well in a hurry so he can use it. How did you say he was?"



This week's cover picture.

"I haven't said yet." Miss Fox, the nurse, laughed as she reached for a chart. "But he's getting on nicely. Woke up three times last night and asked for candy. Temperature normal. No pain in the head. Appetite ravenous. Feet warm."

"How are his feet?" Uncle Pete wanted to know all the way from Cleveland. He had a lot of money, but he had an empty feeling in his heart because his little redheaded nephew had been struck by a car and taken to the hospital.

Miss Fox tried three times to explain about Red's feet and then she hung up. But only for a moment. *Tring-tring-tring!*

"How is little Red Hancock?" a high-pitched voice asked. "I'm his Aunt Emma in Pittsburgh and I'm very worried. Tell him to hurry up and get well. I'm sending him a bicycle to the hospital."

"No bicycles are allowed in our corridors," Miss Fox told her. "And, besides, he has to use a crutch—"

"*Crutch?*" Aunt Emma shrieked all the way from Pittsburgh. "Is it as bad as that? Tell him I'm coming to see him. I'm leaving tonight. My husband works for the railroad and I can go free."

Poor Miss Fox began to think that Red's relatives were as numerous as the sisters and the cousins and the aunts in Pinafore. She took a pill to Miss Montgomery in Room No. 534, and an eggnog to Red Hancock in No. 543.

"Your Uncle Pete just called from Cleveland," she said, propping him with pillows so that he could drink his eggnog. "And your Aunt Emma called from Pittsburgh. You're getting an ice boat and a bicycle and everybody wants you to hurry up and get well."

"The longer I keep from getting well," he told her, wiping the egg foam from his mouth, "the more presents I'll get. But I guess after the scare I got—"

"Now, don't think about your accident," she said. "Just be thankful you weren't killed."

There was a tap on the door and Mrs. Hancock appeared, smiling sweetly but worried. Her little boy had been in the hospital only three days, but it seemed like three years to her, and she felt very lonesome.

"How are you?" she asked, walking across to the bed and kissing the bandage on his forehead.

"Dr. Reback's going to dismiss him on Saturday," Miss Fox said, "so you'll have your soldier at home again."

"Soldier?" a voice whispered at the door. It was Gwendolyn Smithers with frightened blue eyes. "He's the biggest, bravest Lieutenant Captain Major Brigadier General Sergeant in any army of any country from Africa to Greenland! And I'd like to make a big speech over the radio, and tell all about his accident, and how we went hitchin', and how he fell off—and how he was knocked down by a mean old hit-and-run driver."

"Gimme some water!" the hero begged.

*(Next week's cover adventure: The Veteran)*

1.
—MARJORIE, GET UP THIS INSTANT! YOU ARE GETTING YOUR CLOTHES ALL DIRTY
—OH, LET THE CHILD PLAY
2.
—BUT THINK OF THE WORK ON WASHDAY—HOW I HATE TO SCRUB
—DO YOU SCRUB? HOW FOOLISH! USE RINSO—IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT
AND
3.
NEXT WASHDAY
—I TRIED RINSO TODAY, JIM—MY SISTER TOLD ME ABOUT IT. IT WASHES CLOTHES SNOWY WITHOUT HARD WORK
—THAT'S FINE YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT TIRED—LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
C. A. Voight

Everyone cheers for these richer suds!

CUP FOR CUP, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. *No softener needed.* These creamy suds soak out dirt. Clothes last longer—they don't need to be scrubbed or boiled.

Great in washers, too; the makers of 39 leading washers recommend Rinso because it safely washes white clothes whiter—colored clothes brighter.

If you don't use Rinso, send your name and address and we will send you FREE a full-sized package. Write to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 82, Cambridge, Mass.

MILLIONS USE IT IN TUB, WASHER AND DISHPAN

THE GRANULATED SOAP

Rinso

# *Problems of Conduct*

# What Would You Do?

## $100 Each Week for the Best Question

## $200 Each Week for the Best Answers

### *Here Is This Week's Question*

for which $100 has been paid to

ROBERT E. MASON
1137 North Thirteenth Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Suppose you were a young married man, devoted to your wife and baby. The concern which employs you has formed an export division, with headquarters in South America, and has offered to place you in charge of it, with a three-year contract and semiannual increase in salary.

Your wife is devoted to her parents, refuses to leave them for three years, and says you must choose between her and a career. Reasoning does not change her attitude.

Love for your wife and baby is strong. Your employer intimates that he has no use for a man who lets his wife retard his progress.

Would you give up your loved ones or pass up the chance of a lifetime?

*Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, March 7. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.*

## THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing five answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for January 24, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

**You are a young man, engaged to a young woman whom you love deeply. Your parents, who have reared you in comparative comfort all your life, have recently suffered financial reverses that will cause them to live in meager circumstances—almost in poverty—for the remainder of their lives. At your present salary, which can increase but slowly for several years to come, you can either support the girl you wish to marry, or help support your parents.**

**Would you consider that you owe it to your parents to destroy your happiness for at least ten years—perhaps forever, since you feel you have no right to ask the girl to wait—or would you marry the girl and let your parents struggle along until you are able to support your wife and also contribute to their subsistence?**

## *The Winning Answers*

By HARRIET FEBIGER MARRACK
439 Lucas Street, Los Angeles, California

KNOWING full well that whichever decision I made there would be moments when I would regret it, I would marry the girl. It is a question of choosing between the happiness of two young people with life before them and the right to all that a happy marriage means, and that of two old people, who have spent their best years in comparative comfort, and have had love and children.

It is the law of nature and of progress for the parent to sacrifice and for the child, in repaying his debt, to contribute to the future rather than to the past.

By ROBERT T. GIDLEY
72 Beech Avenue, Melrose, Massachusetts

A SON'S first duty is to his parents, regardless of the sacrifice it entails. If they really need his support to live comfortably, he should give it freely, even though it means putting off his marriage for some time.

Probably the parents would fight against being in the way of their son's happiness. Parents are often like that. But, having been used to comfortable circumstances, they would find poverty a particularly bitter pill to swallow.

I cannot see how any young man could be happy in his married life knowing that his parents are in want and that he has considered his own happiness first. When his parents had plenty the son was glad to share in the comforts and opportunities their money could provide. Now that reverses have come he should be equally willing to put his shoulder to the wheel and do his share in keeping his parents from want. Less than that would be nothing at all in my estimation.

By MRS. J. A. MARKELL
144 West Eighty-sixth Street
New York City

THERE'S an old saying that two parents can make room for twenty children but twenty children can't make room for two parents. How true this is! How much parents sacrifice for children and how little children of today want to sacrifice for them!

If I were placed in this young man's predicament, I would ask the girl to wait a few years until I had done something for my poor old parents. If she really loved me, she would wait without question. In the meantime she could be working and we could both save toward our future. Possibly conditions would change sooner than we expected.

The ways of old folks are hard to change. To be accustomed to comfort all their young lives and then to find, in their old age, that they are deprived of everything they once enjoyed, is too severe a cross for them to bear. If I were their only son, naturally they'd look to me for their salvation.

I would put off my marriage for a while. I'd try to do something for my dear old parents. I'd remember the commandment that says: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long."

By W. JAY BAILEY
R. F. D. Box 232, Deland, Florida

MY daughter is always answering these things, so I thought I'd chime in too. After living 74 years a fellow gets a pretty fair slant on life and I would like to advise that young man to go ahead and get married.

We all did, and if Mandy and I had stood back on account of the old folks the world would have lacked five mighty fine young men now and a couple of good women.

We parents don't expect to be paid for raising you. We are happy in your happiness even if we do have to skimp a little to get along. You do as the Lord intended you to and He will add his blessing to mine.

By MRS. H. E. GROENWOLD
1712 Estes Street, Chicago, Illinois

WHY a choice? If the young woman were already your wife, would you resignedly allow your parents to be in want, and do nothing? Not if you're white and over twenty-one.

What's preventing the girl from marrying you and putting her shoulder to the wheel for a few years? It's done every day, for much less reason.

Of course it means a bit of sacrifice, and living, for all of you, on probably an economical scale. But if you two are in love, and haven't just mistaken a wishy-washy affection for the real thing, is it in the least fair either to ask her to wait through what would necessarily seem an endless eternity, doing nothing, or to break both your hearts, and deprive yourselves of the dearest companionship in the world?

Sure it'll take a heap of love and patience and understanding, but therein lies the road of happiness, for you, the girl, and the folks.

*Answers to the question in Liberty for January 31 will be published next week.*

EVEN A HUSBAND
will praise this quick
Cup-Made Coffee

G. Washington's
INSTANT
COFFEE

"Jack's too plain spoken to pay many compliments, but even so he can't help congratulating me on the fine coffee I make with G. Washington's. And I can't help congratulating myself on the way G. Washington's speeds up our ten-minute breakfast!"

Today every woman can be free from percolator drudgery—and free from the disappointment of bitter or half-made coffee! Put a teaspoonful of G. Washington's in a cup—add hot water—and your coffee is done! No waiting—no worry over results. Every cup is perfect because every cup is fresh-made in the same easy way.

G. Washington's is real coffee scientifically and painstakingly brewed for you by experts. It comes to you in the form of tiny brown crystals that are as easy to use as granulated sugar. It is economical because it contains no grounds—because even the tiny can makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee!

Begin now to solve your coffee problem this easy new way. Get G. Washington's with your next grocery order—test it on your own table. Or write for FREE SAMPLE to G. Washington, 212 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, New Jersey.

G. Washington's
COFFEE
*the* coffee *part of the coffee bean*

# I Hate Wai

## *In Which an Author Fixes Things so He'll Probably Be Poisoned the Next Time He Eats*

By

**FRANKLIN P. ADAMS**

*best known, perhaps, as F. P. A., newspaper columnist of the New York World since 1922 and on other New York and Chicago papers before that. He was born in Chicago in 1881 and attended the University of Michigan. He is the author of several books and a musical comedy on which he collaborated with O. Henry.*

*Pictures by* RALPH BARTON

*(Reading time: 10 minutes 10 seconds.)*

IN the list of that anonymous angel who ranked Abou ben Adhem No. 1 among those who loved his fellow men (Adhem Tops Androphiles) I would be nowhere. Worse than nowhere. I wouldn't be mentioned.

I have data; data which might cause an anonymous devil to put me way up on the list of Androphobes, which, for all I know, there may be no such word as. I am an inexpert bush-beater, I am sorry—and so are my wife and family, for literary bush-beaters get paid by the word—to say. And so by Androphobe I mean that a lot of my fellow dwellers on a crowded solar system cause me to suffer acutely; they give me a pain; I hate many of them.

Take waiters. Take them, for all of me, and tie anchors to them, chuck them full fathom five, and don't bother to drag any body of water.

Waiters are too solicitous and obsequious, or too arrogant and stupid. Sometimes a single waiter combines the worst features of all waiters. Whenever a waiter particularly infuriates me, somebody always says, "Well, if he were brighter, he wouldn't be a waiter." The next time anybody says that to me I am going to say, "If you were any brighter, you wouldn't say that." For it isn't true. If he were brighter, he would be a good waiter, and, as long as he is being a waiter, why ain't he a good one?

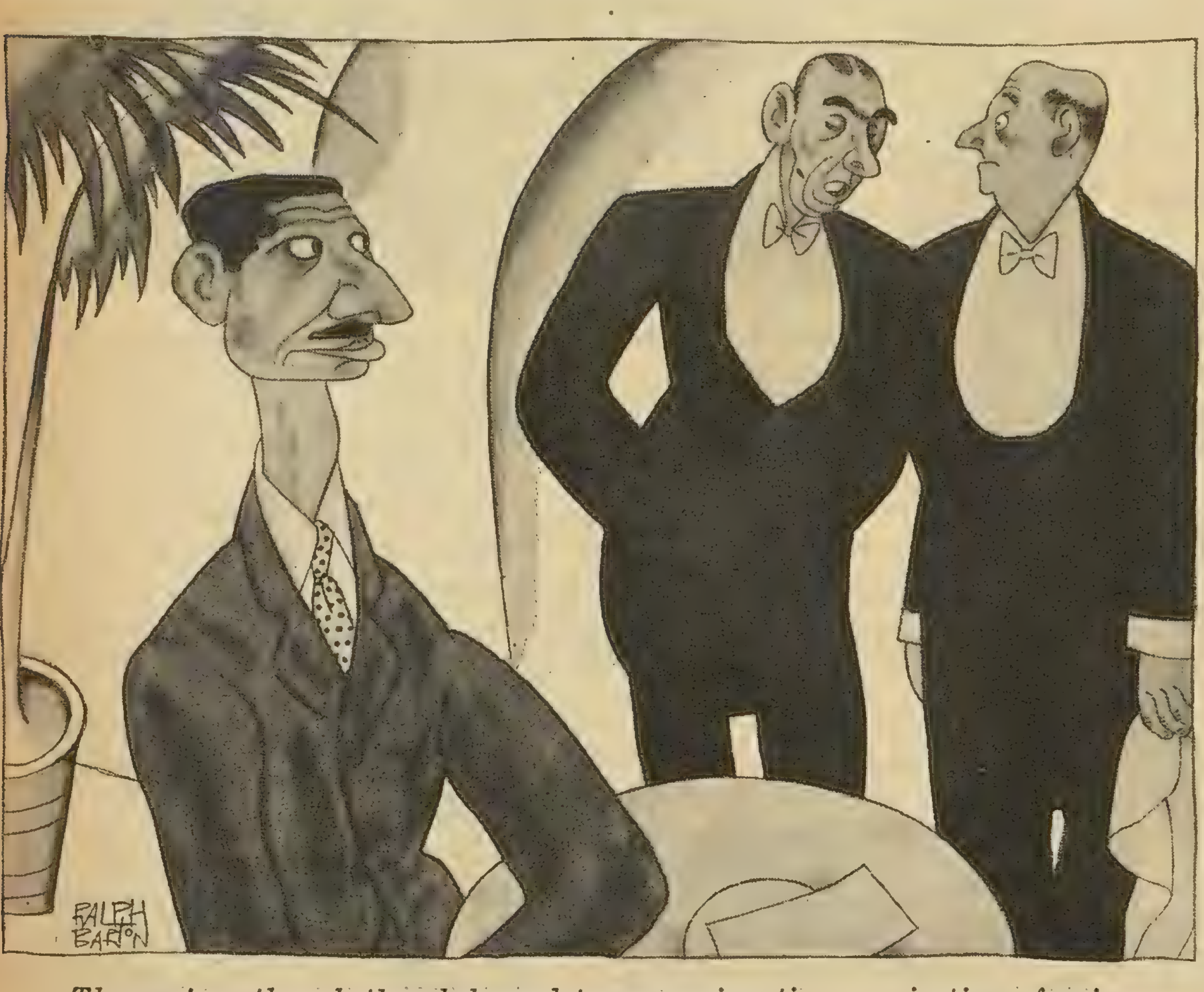
Well, sometimes he is. Dining-car waiters are almost all good waiters; they bring you what you ask for. They do it cheerfully and with celerity, as do all the Negro waiters I ever saw, from the boys who used to stand behind Kohlsaat's lunch counter in Chicago in 1893—maybe they still do—to the boys at the Pennsylvania Station in New York. And there were the excellent and friendly Irish waiters at Jack's, when Paul Armstrong and Frank O'Malley were kings in Babylon, and I was—technically—a Christian slave. The same brand of waiter is at Dinty Moore's—the Irish waiter who would say, "I wouldn't order the cantaloupe today; they've got no taste."

WHICH reminds me of a play called About Town, in which Lew Fields, a waiter, used to instruct other waiters—one of whom, by the way, was Vernon Castle—who never had waited on table before. "When the customer makes this way with his knife on the glass, don't notice him. And when you say to him"—here Fields was the obsequious waiter, uriah-heeping his hands—"'The soft-shell crabs iss bee-youtyful today,' you can bet your life they're rotten."

I hate waiters for many reasons.

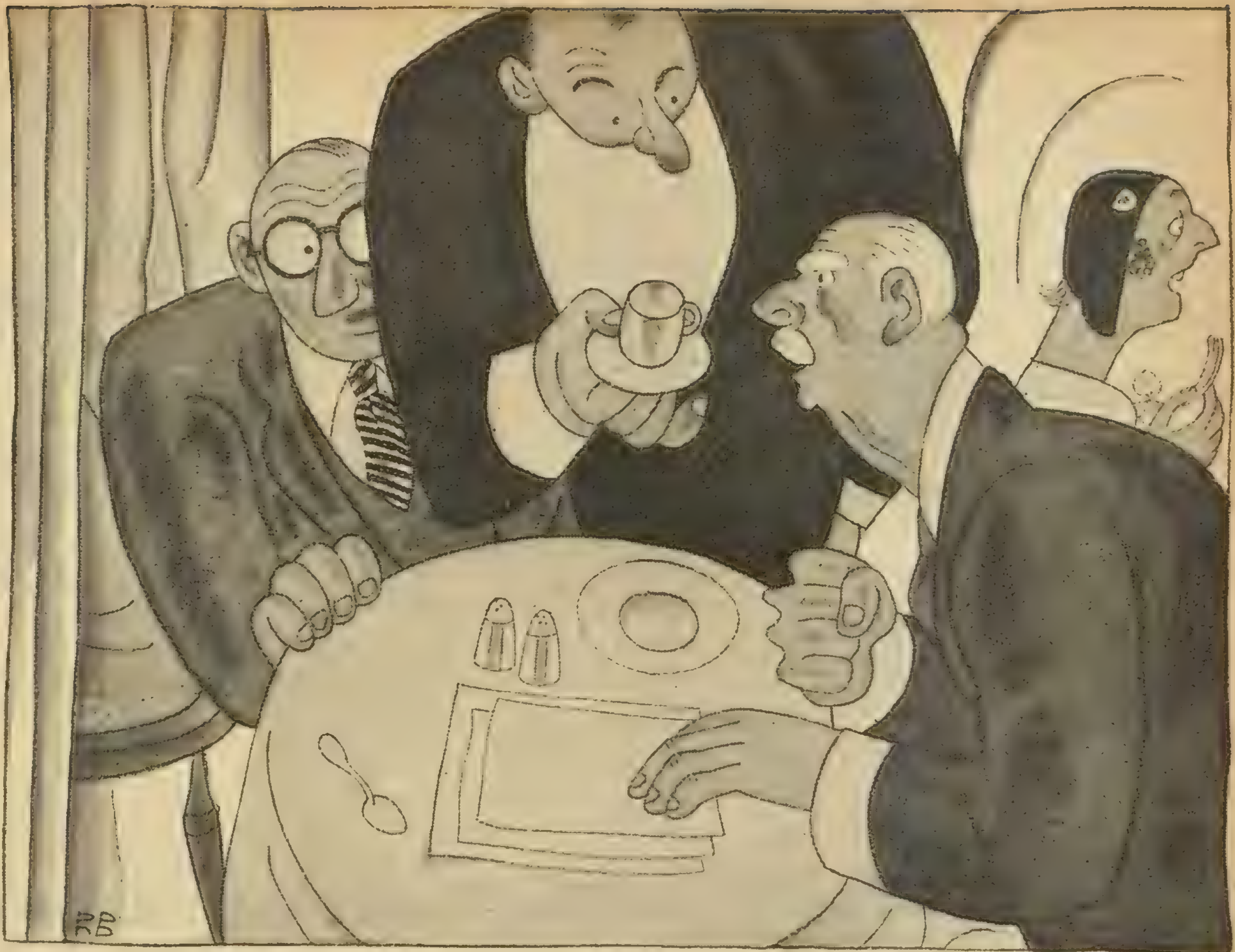
All waiters, when a man at table is telling a story, or about to say, "All right, I'll buy 30,000 tons of copper," or, "Yes, I'll take that $100,000 policy; send the medical examiner over this afternoon"—all waiters derail the entire thought-train by interrupting with "Coffee for you, sir?" Maybe waiters are responsible for the recent slump, depression, or declivity. Maybe just as things were going to get good again, some waiter interrupted the man who was going to place a gigantic order for something that would have shot everything so high I could have my 1923 car painted next summer.

George Kaufman, whose hatred of waiters is more virulent and uncompromising than mine, and I sometimes try the experiment of seeming to be engrossed in an important and confidential conversation. It never



*They act as though they belonged to some gigantic organization of spies.*

# ters



*All waiters derail the entire thought-train by interrupting with "Coffee for you, sir?"*

fails to make the waiter approach the table with "Coffee?" or "More coffee?"

During the war there was the widespread rumor that every waiter was a member of a great Swiss espionage association.

Certainly they all act as though they belonged to some gigantic organization of spies who would have to listen to a secret report that night to the effect that George Kaufman had told me that he thought it would rain, or that Robert Benchley had told Floyd Gibbons—and this probably would be interpreted as having political significance concerning the navies of the world—what the girl said to the sailor.

All waiters, head waiters, and busboys remove the *carte-du-jour*, the menu, the bill of fare (still merrily called in small towns the bill of lading) from the table immediately after the meat order is given. If you want to order a salad or a dessert after that, you have to catch the waiter's always-roving-elsewhere eye. When you do catch it, you find that it belongs to a waiter who will tell you that he isn't your waiter, that your waiter is in the kitchen, but that he'll tell him, which he does or doesn't, as the case may be and most of the time is.

Few waiters believe you. They don't believe that you mean what you say; they don't believe that you want the steak rare simply because you say that you want it rare. If one person at the table says, "I want mine rare," and another says, "I want mine medium, or well done," I defy you, as I often have defied the waiter, to tell me which is the rare one. Oh, he'll tell me quick enough, but I defy him or anybody else to tell any difference between the rare and the well done. So now I say, "I want it rare." "Yes, sir, rare," says the waiter, not listening. "It can't be too rare," I say. "Yes, sir, I know," says the waiter. "Wery, wery rare." "And if it isn't as rare as I want it, I won't pay for it until I get one that is."

That, after years of experience with incredulous waiters, gets results. In fact, I often get steaks that have done a fast hundred yards from the kitchen to the table, not tarrying long enough in the kitchen to take the chill off. The waiter puts a raw steak on the table with a nasty look that says, "Well, you big crank, you can't say *that* isn't rare." I have eaten a few raw ones rather than have the waiter say, or even think, "I *thought* you were lying when you said it couldn't be too rare."

ALL right, I'll be fair. This failure to get the steak as ordered isn't always the waiter's fault. He goes to the kitchen and orders a rare steak; he goes back to the dining room, and it takes longer to get the order from his other table or tables than he thought it would. Or he doesn't get the steak when his number goes up to signify that his order is ready for serving.

Not one waiter in five, even in the 30¢-per-egg restaurants, will bring you one-minute boiled eggs. Waiters don't believe that you want soft-boiled eggs. So now I say, "I want 'em almost raw, so I can drink 'em." Nor does that happen only in hotels and restaurants. It happens in my costly—to put it mildly—home during the first ten breakfasts of a new cook's régime. There was a time when the turnover in cooks at our house was so heavy that by the time a cook finally believed me about the eggs, it was her last day, and I had to begin all over again.

Everything I say about eggs goes for bacon. No cook or waiter believes that you want it as crisp as you want it.

AND coffee. You can't do anything about restaurant coffee. Usually it is stale and weak, except in the 60¢-a-cup places. (The Colony's price is 75¢ a cup; at any rate, I know those who have been charged that price for it. It is good coffee.) But in most homes the coffee is terrible. That is because the cook, who usually is in the kitchen from one to four hours before breakfast is served to the occupant of what architects' plans mischievously call a master's bedroom, likes fresh coffee, so she makes the breakfast coffee the minute she enters the kitchen. When she has had a cup or two, she takes it off the stove, or turns off the heat, and then reheats it for the master's breakfast. And so, even if it was good at 6:45, it is not any good at 8:30—or at 10:45.

But that has little to do with waiters. (Note: Remember to write a piece about Cooks-in-the-Home.)

No waiter believes you about cocktail sauce with oysters. "Cocktail sauce?" he asks. "No," you say. You get the sauce anyway. You don't complain, because it's only 10¢. After the tenth time of getting it when you say that you don't want it, you complain, because, after all, 10¢ is 10¢. (On the bleak December day that I am writing this, 10¢ looks like about $2.85.) Only when you refuse to pay for it and threaten not to pay for anything, do you get results. What often happens is that you get the sauce anyway, but don't have to pay for it. And the waiter sets you down as an unnecessarily emphatic, niggardly fool, which opinion can't do you much harm unless you brood about it.

All waiters at breakfast bring the coffee not until the rest of the breakfast has been consumed. Now there are those who want the coffee first, and there are others, like me, who find the coffee too hot when its serving is delayed until a second before the time of consumption. But few are the servitors who believe you when you say that you

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you . . .

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment *once every hour for five hours* and you'll be astonished at the relief.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

*To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.*

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

want the coffee with the fruit or the cereal or the eggs. Waiters have told me that most people want it served last, and scalding hot. They don't. Most people don't complain, especially in restaurants, for American patrons are a good-natured, long-suffering crowd without any capacity for indignation. They are the stuff of which the average voter is composed, whose theory is that it is useless to Do Anything About It, because the country is in the hands of politicians. . . . The dinner is in the power of the waiters, they appear to think, and complaint would be futile.

Of course, the waiter has great scorn and contempt for the customer. To the waiter—or so it seems to most customers — the customer is a wealthy person with unlimited leisure who knows nothing about food. The waiter is envious of the customer, who apparently makes hundreds of times as much money in one-tenth the time, with one-tenth the effort.

OFTEN as not it is the other way around. The salary of a waiter, except in clubs where tips are forbidden, is from $1 to $3 a day; the income of a waiter runs from about $30 a week to more than $200 a week. At some of the smart restaurants it is hard for a waiter to make less than $100 a week if there is any business at all. At Childs' in Coney Island a waiter serves, they tell me, 250 orders a day. No tip is less than 5¢; some are 25¢. That runs into money, and the work, while hard, calls for no great feats of memory. Certainly many waiters earn more money than a large number of the patrons they serve and envy.

I hate waiters, and so do most of us. Waiters hate me, and hate most of us. I think that it is the tipping system that does it. There is something degrading in being dependent upon gratuities or whims. And there is something degrading about giving tips, especially when, as in most instances, they are grudgingly, or at least ungraciously, given. If it is too small, or just about right, the acceptor is resentful, and often shows it; if it is too large, he is contemptuous and thinks that you are a sap, a sucker, and a mark—a man who craves approbation and is so unconfident of getting it legitimately, and from himself, that he is in the habit of buying it.

IT is he who takes the too costly hotel room because he fears the hotel clerk's disapproval if he asks for a less expensive room. Two hotel clerks tell me that not one person in ten coming to the hotel for the first time ever asks the price of the room he is assigned to.

It is she, the approbation craver, who buys the too costly dress because she prefers the present and certain approbation of the salesgirl to the possible disapproval, or even the first-of-the-month rage, of her husband.

But there I am, going on about what is the matter with the human race. What I started to say was that I don't like waiters. Well, I don't. I hate 'em. And as to the human race, I don't believe that most waiters are even members of it.

THE END

*Liberty is offering*

**$100 Apiece**

*for* **Short Short Stories**

**THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.**

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**And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

*Authors and Authoresses!*

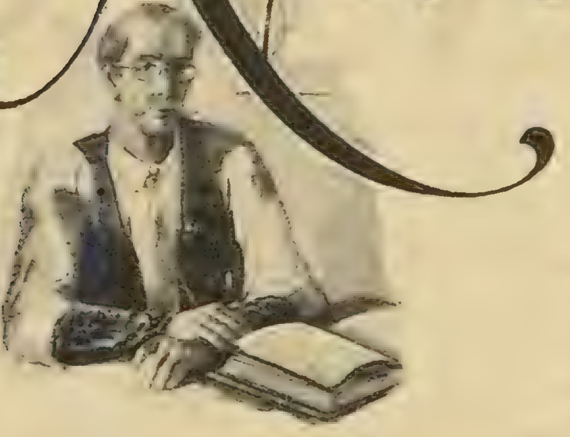
**Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.**

***We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.***

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 33

1—The lira.
2—King Solomon.
3—Sultana.
4—A woman hater.
5—Monarchy.
6—That branch of knowledge which treats of things Chinese.
7—One of the principal native race of Ceylon.
8—The Jewish quarter of a city.
9—Lice.
10—An earthquake.
11—Neapolitans.
12—The seventh Sunday after Easter.
13—Hamlet, Act i. Scene 3.
14—Unconditional terms; unlimited authority.
15—South Dakota.
16—A boat from which provisions are sold to ships in a harbor.
17—A coastal region.
18—Goslings.
19—The Liffey River.
20—Genera.

# Nor All Your Piety



## A Short Short Story

By

**DONALD LINDSAY**

*who lists traveling at the head of things he'd rather do than work. He was born in New York City, went to school there, saw war service in the hospital corps of the navy, and has spent the time since then as an advertising writer.*

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 7 seconds.)*

THE clock will soon point to noon, the hour at which Monsieur Duval invariably goes home to lunch.

Those who remember Monsieur Duval when he was twenty-one can see that he has changed much. His hair is white. The stoop of his shoulders is pronounced. The lenses of his spectacles are thicker. The hand that writes the official records of his town is slower. But the office of the clerk of records is unchanged.

In the thirty-five years of Monsieur Duval's clerkship the map of the railways of France on the east wall has faded, but it is the same map. The iron safe is the same, and it holds the same kind of books: records of the same local statistics. All of the same size and color. All smelling alike of crumbling leather.

Monsieur Duval is privy to the histories of all his fellow townsfolk. They are all in the books: the young people who loved and saved their sous to marry; the children who came and lived and those who came and died; the accidents and illnesses that ended older lives; and all exchange of property won or lost in greed and generosity, victory and defeat.

Monsieur Duval spreads the epic before him every day—inky echoes of life—and for thirty-five years they have bored him to insensibility.

Now he never looks at the record of his own birth. What use? It can no longer convince him that he is alive.

Some other entries in these books also relate to Monsieur Duval. It is of these that he thinks as the clock's hands slide nearer to twelve. One records the marriage of his mother; another, the death of his father in the same year—1870. Now his mind slips again to the book of deaths, where the official notation states in the fine script of the gaunt clerk of records that Duval, Eugènie, née Boniface, died in 1920.

Before that entry was made there was always a warm luncheon on the Duval table promptly at 12:15. . . . Still Monsieur Duval reaches his house at ten minutes past twelve. He leans his bicycle against the grape arbor, washes his hands, and draws up a chair to the table, as always, precisely at 12:15.

When one lives alone, cheese and bread and a little wine of the country are enough. They need no preparation.

THE hour, says the office clock, lacks three minutes of twelve. Monsieur Duval straightens the penholder and coughs slightly; his official cough, his immemorial prelude to action.

Today the thought that his chair will squeak again precisely at noon is annoying to Monsieur Duval. He is disturbed by the unofficial thought that for ten years there has been no need to be home punctually at a quarter past twelve. There are no more omelets that must be eaten on the instant.

At three minutes past twelve Monsieur Duval is still at his desk. For the first time in his life he is resisting a habit. His hand trembles, for he is resisting life—*his* life. . . . A flush mounts to his cheeks and fades again, leaving them more like parchment than ever. Another unofficial thought disturbs Monsieur Duval—the thought that habits, too, are boring. And still another thought—the one that comes back so often of late. He closes one of the books, to put that thought aside.

In another six years Monsieur Duval will receive his pension, God willing. Another six years with the books of record, the railways of France, the smell of crumbling leather, the rising from his chair at twelve sharp. . . .

Monsieur Duval glances guiltily at the clock. Twenty minutes past twelve! To Monsieur Duval it is evident that by sitting for twenty minutes, he has reached his decision.

Very well, then, there is one more entry to make and the morning is finished. Monsieur Duval closes the book after blotting the entry, and places it with two others in the safe. On the same spot on the same shelf where it always goes.

With everything in twelve-o'clock order he locks the door behind him. Carefully he folds his trousers about his ankles, exposing the customary inch of white sock on each. He mounts his bicycle and rides home. Still there is no sense of victory, no feeling in his heart that he has broken a habit. Habits are so strong, so strong. . . .

"Monsieur Duval is late," observes the Widow Tiers as he pedals by, humped over the handlebar.

MONSIEUR DUVAL leans his wheel against the grape arbor. His shoulders rest against the doorpost. He is breathing more easily now. His eyes rest on the cabinet that holds the bread and cheese and half liter of wine. He shakes his head to say "No!" to another habit.

A habit is so hard to break. Would breaking a hundred habits be a hundred times as hard? No; Monsieur Duval thinks *that* might be the simplest of all things. . . .

One takes a rifle, like that behind the door. One lays it on the table, thus—loaded and cocked. One kneels and holds the muzzle close against the temple. One places the end of a two-meter rule against the trigger, closes one's eyes, and thrusts with the rule.

Sometimes the force of such a shot will hurl the body against a wall, where it lies slack and twisted until found by the living. So it was with the body of Monsieur Duval. . . .

But the affairs of the town must go on. The records must be written, and without delay. The mayor himself said so, two days later, in the musty office occupied so many years by Monsieur Duval. The mayor explained the secrets of the books to the new clerk.

"You comprehend?" said the mayor. "And in this book the deaths are recorded. The name, age, place of birth, date, and cause of death, place of burial—thus. . . . *'Cré Nom!* It is Duval!"

"Pardon! What is Duval?"

"His record—look! Here—*in his own handwriting!* . . . That morning before he went home he must have written this: 'Duval, Jean Victoire, born 1871—death by self-inflicted gunshot.'"

While the new clerk of records examined the entry, the mayor wiped the corners of his mouth with a blue cotton handkerchief.

The new clerk looked up from the book. "This last line, monsieur le maire," he said, "is blank. Should I fill it in now with the place of burial?"

THE END

# Vox

### *Well Gee Whiz, We Had More Than Six Last Year, Didn't We? Or Didn't We?*

St. Louis, Mo.—Permit me to make a plea for more sports articles, particularly more articles about baseball. I don't expect them all the time, but it looks like the baseball fans among your readers should be entitled to five or six a year, most of them in the winter season, when their sport vanishes from the regular sports pages.

Let me anticipate the objection that yours is a magazine of general circulation, and shouldn't cater too much to one reader interest. In almost every issue you have an article about war, or aviation, or both. I dare say there are as many, if not more, of your readers interested in baseball as in war or aviation.

Baseball, during the past year, broke all previous attendance records for the major leagues.

Certainly a sport that can do that justifies five or six articles out of fifty-two issues a year of your magazine.—*A. B. Parks.*

### *Here's Hoping*

Milwaukee, Wis.—I don't care, particularly, whether you print this in Liberty's Vox Pop or not.

I just want to add my own insignificant plea to that of Al Williams, author of "Uncle Sam, Aërial Slowpoke" in your January 31 issue, for the immediate birth of air-speed consciousness in the money-men of this country: the men whose continued financial success is couched, vitally, in the military and, coincidentally, economic supremacy of the United States over the nations of the world.

There are at least twenty men in this country who could give a million dollars each as easily as I could give a nickel, to build three speed planes a year for twenty years for the Schneider Cup races.

Why can't those magnates of steel, stock, and automotive transportation realize that their wealth of industry and finance is succulent, appealing, and sadly unprotected fruit for the European powers to pluck almost at will, but for the insurmountable barricade of military supremacy, which, day by day, is running more and more toward supremacy of the air?

That Liberty has donated $5,000 for the advancement of the cause is very laudable, and I hope and pray that that donation will arouse the right people to the acute necessity of adequate national defense.—*Fritz DuBrucq.*

### *You've a Lot to Learn*

Mitchell, S. D.—In his Liberty story, "Little Sister," Granville Fortescue says, "Margaret threw a mule at her."

Out here in the live-stock country we have strong men who throw the bull, but I never knew the woman who threw a mule.—*Louis Greene.*

### *Thank You, J. A. M. Everybody Has Been Hoping You Would Clear These Matters Up*

Indianapolis, Ind.—In her recent article, "Mother Love," Grace Robinson apparently overemphasizes the beneficial effects of a mother's love on her offspring. Mother love does exist, but, like sex, it has been too extravagantly advertised.

Then, too, it may be good, bad, indifferent, or nonexistent. In any case it is mostly selfish. A mother sees in her child a small image of herself and thinking a great deal of herself (a trait, I am informed, which is quite constant in the sex) she is naturally attached to the child.

The statistics compiled from institutional records are very misleading for the following reasons. The foundling, illegitimate, or unwanted child generally springs from inferior stock. It is very apt to be poorly nourished, if not diseased, on admission. It is a well established fact that institutional mortality is increased by contact infections. Place a healthy baby in close proximity to a sick baby and the former will become ill. The greatest handicap of an institution baby is the result of being deprived of breast feedings. Cow's milk was concocted by nature for a calf's stomach.

Exercise is as necessary for a baby as for any other living thing. A baby gets its quota of exercise by being bounced about and fondled. It is very obvious that the home baby has the advantage on this point.

A baby is nothing more or less than the offspring of a species of animal. Give them good hereditary endowments (which many unfortunately lack), proper food, exercise, and freedom from disease contact and they will thrive in the absence of mother love. The author closes by saying: "But the orphanage death rates show that the baby's foretaste of sex life is amazingly good for him!" Will dismiss that because I know most articles have to be "sexed up" a bit to sell nowadays.—*J. A. M.*

### *Er—Quite So*

Little Rock, Ark.—I am just another little one whose whole being cries out in shuddering shock—to see how popular such rotten stuff as Liberty can come to be. Sometimes, when I am awake and astir at one or two or three o'clock in the morning, I think I "get you." But having had my heyday in a cleaner age, my memory makes me feel that in Them Good (?) Old Bygone Days such a publication as yours could have had but a "haymow" popularity.

I still want to hide the thing under my coat when I tote it home. Like a wicked woman, though, you have your moments and we wonder why. Do you all sit up nights to search for naughty things?

Seems to me that you might quietly slip in some sweetness now and then upon an unsuspecting public. They'll come to like it again by and by, and still buy Liberty, even though you seem to think that we who give you our nickels are degenerate and gloat glamorously upon the sex stuff that this wisecracking age thinks is new territory, unexplored, when all who run know those paths are beaten hard with many feet that passed this way long, long ago.—*W. E. Kirkwood.*

### *Believe It or Not, Our Research Department Has Found One That Smells Very Nice*

Binghamton, N. Y.—I just finished "The Fragrant Worm" in your January 24 issue. I think the title is in keeping with the rest of your magazine, which is nonsensical from cover to cover.

I have fished for forty years and have used all species of worms and have yet to find a fragrant one. If you doubt the veracity of this statement just forget to take the worm can out of your car after a fishing trip and I am sure you will be convinced.—*Fragrant Fisher.*

# Pop

### The "Collusion" Fallacy

SEATTLE, WASH. — Your editorial, "Divorce," was timely. Are you aware that the Scandinavian nations adopted codes on this subject in 1918 which, by agreement, are practically similar in provision?

These laws meet the suggestions you make, and under their operation the rate of divorce has steadily decreased. The "collusion" fallacy no longer obtains there.

It is assumed, not unreasonably, that a man and woman know whether they can live together.

Certainly they might know more about it than a man who happens to be on the bench.

Nothing is more confused in our beloved country than the popular idea of society's right to intervene in domestic relations.—*Charles E. Claypool; Judge, Court of Domestic Relations.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Your editorial on divorce was a hummer. It was high time that someone with courage and a bit of influence spoke up in protest against the inane flapdoodle that has been handed down in our divorce laws.—*A Southern Preacher.*

### But Would You Like Vox Pop if It Weren't Irresistibly Funny?

ST. CLAIR, MICH.—I find Vox Pop irresistibly funny.

It makes me think of a man being patted on the back by one person and banged on the head with a rolling pin by someone else—and all at one and the same time!

Do the strenuous objectors to this and that ever stop to think that the serious or comic story, article, or illustration which causes them to see red may be just the touch needed to keep friend Brown next door from beating his wife or committing suicide? We should be more tolerant.

Of course I run into things in Liberty, and in all magazines, which rile me; but the magazine isn't printed for me but for the entire U. S. A.—*Alice Norton.*

### Prohibition, for—

COLTON, WASH.—Hurrah for prohibition! It's the driving force of modern industry. Politicians, prohibitionists, bootleggers, hijackers, and rumrunners are earning their livelihood on the strength of it.

Newspapers, magazines (wet or dry), manufacturing and business organizations will survive or perish according to how thoroughly they exploit and commercialize it.

PROHIBITI
PROHI-BITI
PRO
PROHIBITI

It's a wonderful thing for those who live on it, for those who pay for it, and for the other 90 per cent who are making home brew.

And just when we are beginning to appreciate it, Liberty, if I interpret your policy correctly, still wants to destroy it!—*E. H.*

### —and Against

CHICAGO, ILL. — After reading A Young Mother's letter to Vox Pop in which she said, "If only for the future generation alone, prohibition has been a success," I sincerely hope that, before her dear children grow up, prohibition will be a thing of the past—otherwise she will be a surprised mother.—*J. D. Ross.*

KENOSHA, WIS.—We have a daughter 14 years old and we hope by the time she's old enough to have a boy friend there won't be such a curse as prohibition.

Prohibition may have done away with old men hanging around saloons on Sunday afternoon, but it is ruining our young boys and girls whether A Young Mother likes to admit it or not.—*Another Young Mother.*

TEMPLE, TEXAS—In both the little towns and the cities I have seen just how much harm is being done to the high school, young college students, and the better classes by prohibition as it is now.

I, too, am a mother with two young sons who will soon have to be out from under my wing and I can only hope and pray conditions will be changed before that time comes. As things are now I am desperately afraid to have them grow up. It takes travel, life in small towns and in cities, to make one realize just how bad conditions really are.—*A Broad-minded Mother.*

DENVER, COLO.—I would like to ask A Young Mother in what way prohibition has been a success where it concerns the future generation.

I did as she suggested—I looked back over many years to my childhood days, to school dances, ice skates, and beefsteak fries, all clean healthful sport with no liquor and darn little necking. And how about today? Who is the life of the party now? The sheik with the largest jug, the girl who can drink the most and show the most and go the farthest.

In the days of her youth did young kids get all ginned up, slip a heater in their hip pocket and go out and heist the corner drug store just for a thrill? Was the Big House full of kids just out of high school? Was there an unlimited demand for Tommy guns and pineapples? What did a ride in the country mean in those days? And what caused the change? Prohibition and nothing else.—*A Young Father.*

### You'll Have to Draw Your Own Conclusions from These

ERIE, PA.—Robert W. Chambers! God's gift to Liberty!

Silver Knees—at last, the kind of story that I have been waiting for for years.

I think everybody will agree with me, and as for you, Liberty, give Bob a regular job.—*A new and forever reader: Rosalie M. Mangin.*

TARBORO, N. C.—I wonder if Mr. Chambers let his pastor read "Silver Knees" before giving it to the readers of Liberty.—*W. A. Lockyer.*

### Oooh! And Atlanta Is Full of Authors!

ATLANTA, GA.—Do you have to print the writers' pictures with their stories? Don't do it and I'll tell you why. One becomes absorbed in a good hot story, and starts thinking "Gosh, this is sumpin! Wonder who wrote it?"—and then he sees a picture of the author.

Somehow, the story isn't as enjoyable after that.

The sensation is something akin to finding a sausage in your ice cream. It destroys the illusion. — "*Six-feet-two and Not Conceited.*"

### "To the Ladies"

PETERSBURG, VA.—A sound, wholesome, refreshing contributor has come to Liberty: Alexandra Kropotkin.—*J. Davis.*

Dandruff did it!

End dandruff before dandruff ends your hair. Remove every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you don't believe you have dandruff, *try the finger-tip test:* gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. It is endorsed by doctors and nurses the world over and is used professionally in thousands of barber shops and beauty parlors.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Buy a retail size at your nearest drug or department store today and tomorrow enjoy the sensation of a really clean and healthy scalp.

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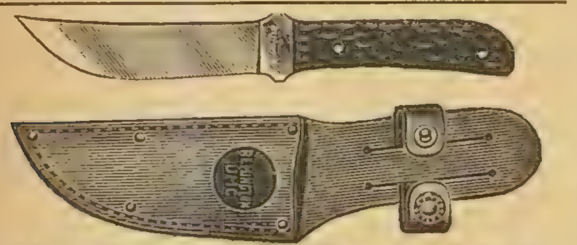

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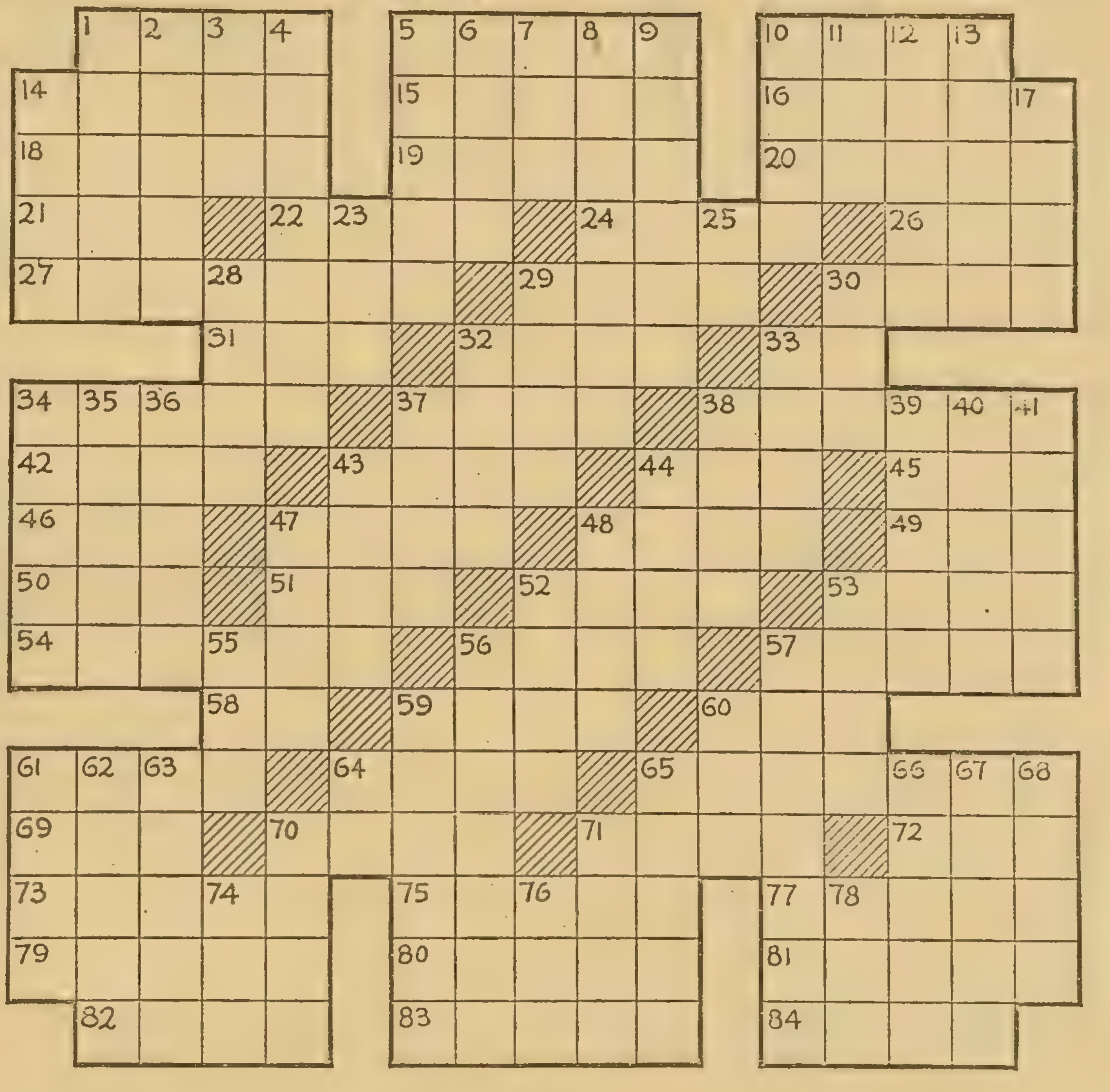
# Two New Puzzles



## HORIZONTAL

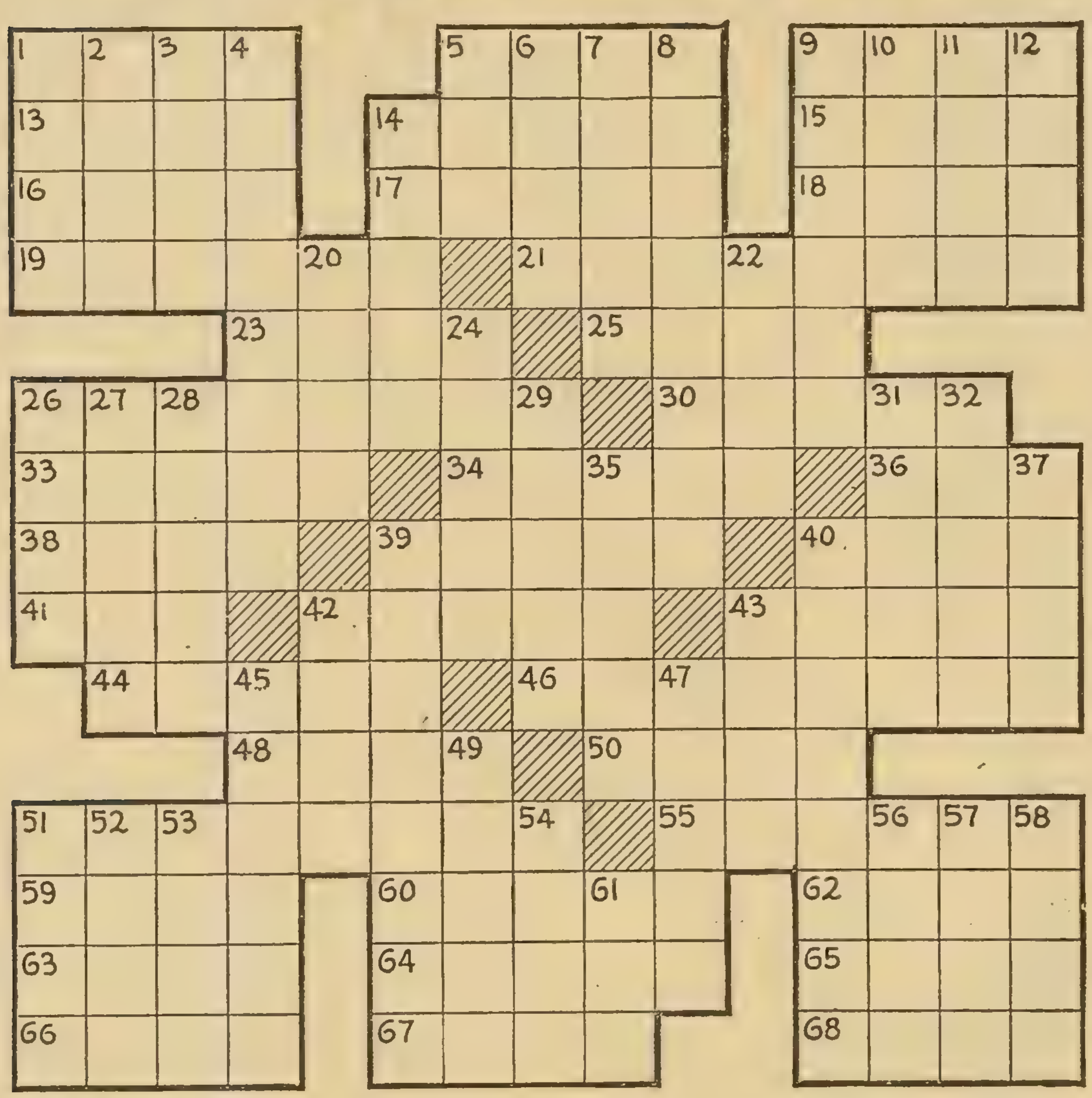
1 To make false pretenses
5 Small nails
10 Deities
14 The part allotted to one of a number
15 To refrain from exacting or inflicting
16 One of the signs of the zodiac
18 Bathes
19 Bury
20 English coins
21 A simian
22 Transmit
24 Measurable aspect of duration
26 Letter of the Greek alphabet
27 Proceeding on one's way
29 Have being
30 Formerly
31 A conjunction
32 Accomplished
33 Partake of reality
34 Musical drama
37 A fish
38 Titular character in a Bizet opera
42 Ornamental jar
43 Propeller blade
44 Regard studiously
45 Ill temper
46 Appropriate; fit
47 To destroy
48 Courageous
49 Statute
50 A mound
51 Utilize
52 Put or set down
53 To pair, as animals, for breeding
54 Wandering
56 Float aloft
57 Import; meaning
58 Pronoun
59 Pellet of lead
60 A fractional coin of Japan
61 Tepid
64 An exclamation
65 A command
69 Duration of existence
70 News paragraph
71 To shape; model
72 A constellation
73 A float (plural)
75 Receded
77 Woman's name
79 Vapor
80 A platter
81 Paper measure (pl.)
82 Commits error
83 Becomes withered
84 Declares

## VERTICAL

1 To mold
2 Harbor
3 A metric measure of area
4 A city in Italy
5 Fetch
6 Tear asunder
7 Territorial division in Norway
8 Following a prescribed course in feeding
9 Endeavor earnestly
10 Yawn
11 Native metal
12 Partaker of a particular meal
13 Denominations
14 A salad
17 Resting-place
23 Terminus
25 Pronoun
28 Defy
29 Single
30 Ever
32 Eat
33 Confederate for some common purpose
34 Elliptical
35 A document
36 Compound ether or etherial salt
37 Act lazily
38 Chilliness
39 A city in Italy
40 One of the Muses
41 Fresher
43 Extensive
44 A spiral or series of rings
47 A dwarf
48 A lure
52 People of a branch of the Tai race
53 Repair
55 Point
56 Walk awkwardly
57 Offers
59 Naps
60 Salt
61 Armed conflicts
62 A size of type
63 Allude
64 By
65 Fashions
66 Alleviate
67 Abounds
68 Eternities
70 Theories
71 Apportion
74 Seafaring man
76 Heavy metal rod
78 Meadow

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

# for Agile Minds



## HORIZONTAL

1 Poet of ancient Persia
5 Small mass, as of butter (plural)
9 Mimic
13 One of the faces of an object
14 An island in the Bay of Naples
15 To load, as a vessel, with freight
16 On the highest part of anything
17 Dish of many ingredients (plural)
18 A bird of prey
19 Reclose tightly and securely
21 Of or pertaining to salvation
23 County in southwestern Australia
25 Indecorously free or presuming
26 Verb form indicating past
30 Flowers
33 One who wanders about on land or sea
34 Maidens
36 Edge or margin of a hollow vessel
38 Mimicked
39 To stop, delay, or hinder, for a time
40 A hill or ridge of sand
41 The monetary unit of Japan
42 An oil can with a long spout
43 Assistants to military officers
44 Self-luminous heavenly bodies
46 Reclothe, as with the insignia of office
48 A tall palm of East India (plural)
50 Ascended
51 Feminine personal name
55 Covered with a certain thick viscous substance
59 So be it!
60 A territory of Japan
62 Narrative
63 Prong
64 Silkworms
65 Greek letter (plural)
66 Inequality
67 A proof reader's term
68 Disagreeably moist or wet

## VERTICAL

1 Ridges of drift
2 Minute object, person, or creature
3 Troublesome business (plural)
4 Caused to occur or appear again
5 Comrade
6 Sacred bull worshiped by Egyptians
7 Division of a cavalry unit
8 Like or becoming a certain relative
9 Warning signal for a guard (plural)
10 Combining form meaning equal
11 Feminine personal name
12 To turn or move round and round
14 Shade; hue
20 Declare in a positive manner
22 The Greek equivalent of Cupid
24 Titular character in a Scott novel
26 Ask earnestly for; supplicate
27 Stout cord made of strands of fiber (pl.)
28 Incident
29 Doorkeeper in a Freemasons' lodge
31 To avoid by artifice or stratagem
32 Trigonometrical ratio (plural)
35 Scarcer
37 That which is troublesome
39 Regards with disapproval
40 Turned off from an intended course
42 Verbal
43 A looplike structure (anatomy)
45 Makes amends for an offense
47 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
49 Noise made by forcing air through nose
51 Philosopher of ancient Rome
52 Surrounded by
53 Tear
54 American Indian
56 New Zealand tree
57 Ardor; dash
58 Unit in the equipment of an office
61 Corrode

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

*Turning* 40;
*feeling* 20

HERE'S NEW VITALITY for the millions run down by *ACIDITY*

If you are losing your old-time dash and fire, if gathering wrinkles threaten age, don't blame the years alone. Blame *acidity*, that excess acid condition affecting millions because of irregular living and eating habits.

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# GENE Then

## A Comparison by One Who Knew Him—Now and Then

By

**PAUL GALLICO**

*who once rowed on the Columbia University crew, from which he was pitched into the swirling currents of metropolitan newspaper work. Shrewd observer of the public spectacles and keen critic of their heroes, he is now sports editor and sports columnist of The News, New York.*

Wide World photo

Underwood & Underwood

*Tunney's training-camp smile before he whipped Dempsey. At the right, road work—a pleasant interlude—in the Adirondacks with Lou Fink (left), trainer, and Johnny Hayes, marathon runner.*

*(Reading time: 18 minutes 12 seconds.)*

THERE was then the pungent odor of liniments and rubbing lotions likely to be present almost any time—it is, as a matter of fact, never absent when you are around a fighter's training quarters—the smell of sweaty clothes, and wet, soggy leather; but above all there was the presence of crawly people, with shifty, mean eyes or cruel mouths, people whose breath always reeked of garlic or onions, whose finger nails were edged with dirt, and whose unique privilege it was to walk in upon him at any hour of the day or night, finger his muscles, breathe in his face, and press their clammy hands in his because they were all in the same racket.

There is now only the odor exuded by pine and maple and birch standing on sloping ridges, the faint tang of salt that rides on the winds that sweep in from the Sound, and the scent of fresh rain on fallen, matted leaves. And it must be considerable comfort to Tunney to know that his home is so far off the main pike, so well hidden, so many miles down winding dirt and rock roads that the mob never could find it if they wanted to, and if they did they probably would be supremely uncomfortable in the presence of so much that was clean, neat, and beautiful.

Then and now. The champion who retired—not when his feet walked jigglety-joggle against his will and when his thoughts suddenly drifted off into dim, swirling fogs and came out jumbled and strange to be spoken huskily through thickened lips, but strong, young, virile, mentally alert, and practically unscarred. Young, strong, in love, a millionaire, happily married, happy. The last is the thing that they will never forgive him. As long as he is happy and out of their reach, that hatred and jealousy will be the only bridge between the then of the young prize fighter who became champion by licking the greatest mauling slugger in the world, and the now of the quiet, stalwart fellow with the gray-blue eyes, the short blond hair, the loose tweed clothing that hangs about his frame, the ex-champion who lives with his wife over back of Stamford way.

Now, when I think of Gene Tunney in the light of the past, of his early fights, of the fellow I used to see training for ring battles and sitting around with the mob, of the struggling pug, the rising champion, the defendant in litigation, I think unavoidably of some magnificent animal trapped in a bog.

AND watching some such animal in his struggles to escape one does not stop to consider how he got there or what fate he deserves; there is only a sense of pity and fascination as the terrible wrenching for freedom takes place. And yet, to your horror, you thrill with some unacknowledged satisfaction as the fighting animal is trapped and retrapped. Yes, indeed, you want to see it get away, but what right has it to be fighting such a glorious fight, to pit its strength so bravely against all nature? And then he's away. Clean out of it! And you're damned glad, and a little proud that you are glad.

These are, however, all elementary emotions and have nothing to do with the merits of the case, the animal, or the bog. And so I think of Gene Tunney today. Boxing pic-

*When Tunney was down*

# TUNNEY- and Now

International Newsreel

*The Tunney of today, a major on the staff of Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut, with Mrs. Tunney, at the governor's inauguration ball.*

tured as slough and mire is conventional, but Tunney's escape is not. It is a pretty marvelous thing. And it gives me the same emotional reaction, because I witnessed the struggle.

THE most physical and brutal thing in the world is the life of a prize fighter. His carcass is of paramount importance to him. He spends weeks, months, years training his muscles to respond and keep responding even when the mind has been slugged into oblivion. He lives with his body and by his body. His arms and legs are his weapons; he builds himself a fortress of meat and fiber over his belly. His chin by the grace and accident of its construction becomes either a symbol in oak or iron or rock of indestructibility, or a newspaper joke wherein it is likened to glass, china, or any of the plaster compositions. There is no part of him that does not likewise belong to the public and about which there may not be public discussion. The public in exchange for its interest at the box office demands to know his temperature, his weight, the success of his eliminations, every single thing connected with his body. The office psychologist will tear off an occasional piece on his mental condition, but what the mob wants to know is whether he is in shape or not.

This necessary physical perfection may be acquired pleasantly enough in the summer tramping country roads, skipping rope and punching the bag on outdoor platforms, but in the winter it is won in stinking gymnasiums, where sanitary conditions are unspeakable, where the air is poisoned by the presence of an unwashed rabble, where the mats are laden with filth and the canvas ring covering a blight.

International Newsreel photo

*—but not out—in his second Dempsey fight, at Chicago.*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GENE TUNNEY—THEN AND NOW
Continued from page fifty-three

Privacy there is none. He is at the beck of news hounds and photographers, drunk or sober, who make their living out of him, and the fight managers, and the promoters, and the seconds and bottlemen, and the rubbers and trainers, and fixers, and politicians, and gamblers. These are all his masters, his guardians, and his constant attendants. They depend upon the fighter to keep them alive the way the component parts of an engine depend in the final analysis upon the fuel to move them. It is, my friends, a swinish existence.

I have been outlining to you a system of which Gene Tunney was once a part. The Gene Tunney of then, the "*high-hat-son-of-a-you-know* who thought he was too good for his racket." And which last one must admit, standing off and viewing the whole business from the perspective of his two years' retirement, he undeniably was.

None of the rats who infest boxing's sewers can see beyond the length of their own gray whiskers, their greedy little noses, their carnal appetites, and their chances of escape when cornered. The leading of an intensely physical life tends to turn one to pleasures as intensely physical in moments of relaxation. The average pug, when he lets down, gets roaring drunk or takes to sitting up all night pounding night-club tables with little wooden mallets, reaching hungrily for the powdered nakedness of the girls who march by, pastimes not in themselves discreditable, or to be entirely scorned, but it is the only relaxation that the average bum knows.

© Brown's Photo Service, Stamford, Conn.
*The white house near the ridge, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tunney.*

*The upstairs library of the old Connecticut farmhouse.*

When Tunney first emerged from that background with his ambitious but pitifully stilted vocabulary, his yearning for sunlit places and softer cadences, his monkish ideals and bookish ways, there he was, thrust out like the proverbial bandaged thumb.

He did all the things that the other fighters did. He beat his rataplan on the light pear-shaped bag, he chugged his leather-protected fists into the canvas sack filled with sand, he ran the road and did his floor work, he dissected spar mates in all the public laboratories, and performed as opportunity presented in the various public abattoirs. He knocked over bums provided by the management and he took his lickings. But there he stopped. When it came to joining the rest of the pigs in the sty at their wallowings, he turned to strange and esoteric pleasures—intelligent conversation and reading. There was certainly no one in the fight game with whom one could talk anything but two prevailing topics, of which one was fighting, and so he turned to finer people.

THAT was Gene Tunney then—in the years of his ring warfare, as I knew him and saw him in the gymnasiums, in Chicago, at Speculator, and as I criticized him for not conforming to the official sewer standards. He was, at the beginning, a hapless, feckless, tactless, blundering fellow, badly managed, badly advised, miscast, gauche, caustic, snobbish; but his head was up and already his struggle to liberate himself had begun. His back was arched, his muscles taut, and one foot was already free of the swamp.

But how the mob rooted for him to get caught again! Well, there you have *Homo sapiens*. Against the background of the fight mob, the boy with his ideals and ambitions looked like a phony. They couldn't understand him. And everybody but a few real people with whom he was coming into contact were pulling for him—to be proven one. "Look at him, using big words, hanging around with college professors, reading books, pulling a lot of gags on Shakespeare, going off by himself to read, going tramping with authors and white-collar guys. Oh, what Dempsey won't do to you!"

His culture was raw and half-baked. He used long words and with the wrong meaning. The delights and stimulations of fine books were so new and powerful to him that he could no more keep them to himself than a small boy can keep from bragging about the swell fishing hole he has found. "The high-hat so-and-so! A lot of guys come up here to see him and he's off on an island reading a book. Huh!" The answer is so simple (now) that one wonders how it escaped one before. The schools and colleges are full of Tunneys, but nobody ever notices them. . . . It was the background that made the standout.

Tunney was simply a freshman, and the freshman in school is looked upon with pity and scorn as a necessary evil, but not without sympathy and understanding. Given time he will grow up into a sophomore, which, if you ask me, is the more terrible animal of the two, and given more time he will eventually attain the dignity of the senior and a fraction of sense. All of the freshman's yearnings and callowness and ambitions and desires are catalogued and recognized, and he is generally segregated in his own dormitory, identified by a particular uniform, so that he will not be taken advantage of and gold-bricked by the first person he meets.

To stretch the analogy for just one more paragraph if you will, the frosh with his dinky cap, his black or green string necktie, his pimples and his blackheads, is a part of the *mise en scène* of every campus. But take the same fellow on the corner of Broadway and Fiftieth Street, or Park Row, or Bridge Plaza, and he becomes a little conspicuous—as conspicuous as Tunney was with his naïve freshman knowledge painted pinkly against the background of a game operated largely by criminals for their amusement and gain.

An evening of fight managers or sparring partners or any of the dopes connected with professional fist fighting goes a long way with me, and I suspect, after the novelty has worn off, it would with you too. The old Dempsey camps were magnificent social cross-sections of vulgarity and brutality. Phonographs brayed, spar mates brawled, the champ played pinochle or rough-housed, frowsy blondes got themselves into the picture in the nighttime.

And then, one pleasant afternoon in 1928, Tunney, then the heavyweight prize-fighting champion of the world and a millionaire, very neatly severed himself from his background, and provided himself with a new one against which he vanished quietly, effectively, and completely—as effectively as a puma against a desert hillock. He married a lovely and intelligent girl of fine family, stepped in front of the back drop of her life and the life of cultured, shy, and intelligent people—and vanished, like a magician's trick. He fits. He no longer stands out. He belongs. He became the Gene Tunney of now.

He lives with Polly Lauder Tunney in a wandering white Colonial farmhouse perched on a glacial ridge in the woods many miles back of Stamford. The road runs back country, scenic-railway style, over the giant furrows plowed by the last visit of the great ice cap, through wild stretches where, if you go quietly, you will suddenly come upon a white signal tail raised in alarm and then see its owner, a young buck or fawn, bound stiff-legged away. If you have no one to show you the way you won't find it.

The road runs past lovely old houses and glimpses of hidden waters; it is companion to a brook for a mile or so and then leaves it to begin a climb that carries it along the face of a crest, and here, a little back from the narrow path, sits the old farmhouse. It is a temporary residence. Behind it the ridge still rises, thickly wooded, and there, deep, sequestered, and high, the Tunneys will some day build their permanent home. From it they will look over the wood as it falls away to the blue Sound, and the Sound itself, and on clear days to a distant haze that will be Long Island.

*The Tunney dining room, with its fireplace and glistening pewter.*

THE present dwelling is in the delightful haphazard manner of the early American farmer, who built himself and his family a white house in which to live, and then as the family grew and prospered thrust out a wing here, added a room there, another upstairs, another offshooting from the second story, until treading the aging floors many years later you may almost trace the arrival of the first- and second-born, the advent of the hired man, the strong rooting and spreading of the American family.

And, as in old houses near the sea, you will find in Tunney's home, scattered here and there among the plain, lovely lines of the austere Colonial furniture, rich and clashing objects brought from the other side of the world by wooden ships.

The living room is in two wings that fold themselves around a double fireplace. Over the fire mantel are lustrous pewter dishes and candlesticks. The fireplace is made of three single slabs of stone, likely enough quarried out of the ridgeside by the original builder. The wall paper is the Anne Hathaway design, gentle scenes about Stratford-on-Avon—Polly picked it. And one of the fireside seats is a monstrous red-leather marshmallow of a cushion from Morocco. It is so big you could perch on it with your legs curled up under you.

Upstairs, too, in the library—you see, it is just that quaint, rambling type of house where the library could be put upstairs—Oriental trophies mingle with Colonial pieces, and there are a lovely reclining porcelain hunting dog and a large, powerful sculptured head suggestive, but not replica, of Tunney. There are more enormous cushions from Morocco and two Berber guns, their gas-pipe barrels richly chased with silver, and silver to the end of the stock, silver inlaid curved daggers, a rich red rug, and the whole long side of the wall lined from floor to ceiling with books, books with fine, exhilarating titles, books that I wished greedily and enviously that I owned. On the walls are fine hunting prints in red, white, and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEAD THROB?

THE woman who knows, would as soon start out without her purse! She *always* carries Bayer Aspirin.

When your head fairly throbs from the stores and crowds, reach for that little box. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and resume your shopping—in comfort. The relief is *immediate*. The remedy is *safe*. When you take Bayer Aspirin you know what you are taking!

Most people use these wonderful tablets for *something*. But do you know how many, many ways they can spare you needless suffering? From the discomfort—and danger—of a neglected cold. (Bayer Aspirin checks colds as suddenly as they come.) From serious consequences of a sore throat. (A Bayer Aspirin gargle eases the soreness *instantly*, and quickly reduces the infection.) From the misery that comes from neuralgia, neuritis. (See directions.) From those pains peculiar to women.

Every drugstore has genuine Bayer Aspirin. The box says Bayer and every tablet bears the Bayer cross. Tablets thus marked *do not depress the heart*.

BAYER ASPIRIN

GENE TUNNEY—THEN AND NOW
Continued from page fifty-five

black, and pictures of ships in full sail. Too, there is a curious dark statue, a slim figure rising four feet high from lotus petals, strange and disproportionate. "It doesn't mean anything to me," says Polly. "It does to me," says Gene. "I . . . I . . . can see what the fellow meant when he made it. . . ."

The dining room is tiny and dark and made to reflect candlelight and old silver. There is a fireplace in it, and a fireplace in the huge bathroom built next the bedroom that faces the northeast and the rising sun. Did you ever soak in a warm tub with a good book and an open fire crackling and blazing in the room? Or rub down after a cold shower with the heat licking out at you, and the smell of burning pine mingling with the steam? Then you have never lived as Gene Tunney does now—and as I mean to some day.

It is a house through which you can hear an outside storm, the rain rushing against the roof and down the eaves, and the wind down the chimney, and that is something most people deny themselves in their dwellings of brick, stone, steel, and concrete. They shut out the weather and miss the sense of peace and contentment that comes when the elements are wild outside the window and the rain sluices over the panes, fragrant smoke from the fireplace blows into the room, and inside all is snug and sheltered and warm and dry, and the logs burn brightly and throw off yellow and blue shoots of flame.

Wide World photo

*Gene and Mrs. Tunney as they sailed recently for a brief tour of Asia.*

Here dwells the grown Tunney. Freshman and sophomore years are past. He has entered upon the junior's estate, still unsettled, but calmer, better educated, ready for the final assault upon life.

THE habits of his lifetime have left him conscious of the care of his body. In the early morning he dons heavy shoes and a sweater and pads over the rough roads for four or five miles. Light and heavy bags hang suspended in the barn, and he works out on them, and I suppose his wife looks on half admiring and half amused. The strutting male and the care he takes of his muscles are a sort of tender joke to the girls after a year or so. I remember I did the same thing when I first got out of college. My stomach was hard and flat, the waist trim, and rowing had put little firm pads under my shoulder blades. And so I used to come home from work around five o'clock and put on a little pair of panties and running shoes and a sweatshirt and go dashing up Central Park West, and come home all red and hot and wrestle a rowing machine for a spell. My new wife took it all very calmly. I detected more amazement and tolerance in her eyes than proper worship.

And after a while the sessions became shorter and shorter and more easily interrupted or postponed. And so I imagine Tunney's will too. He will always do something, doubtless, to keep fit, but the more strenuous routines of his freshman days will be abandoned.

For the first time in his life, I suspect, he is enjoying himself. Fine days are given over to tramping the countryside, the woods and the farm country, with Polly. Both love to hike, to walk, nowhere in particular, finding strange and unused paths, scrambling over the low stone walls of New England from beneath which the chipmunks scurry—well, one could write a book about the delights of such aimless, friendly wanderings.

Too, there are his friends, the Gimbels, the Pryors, the Dick Byrds, the Jim Bushes, pleasant, cultured people, men like William Lyon Phelps to stimulate him, to develop his mind. Who can now in good faith criticize him for preferring this company to the frowsy crew from which he tore himself? Life is too short to spend a second of it with unpleasant people, the rewards for such sacrifice too uncertain. Years and advancing discretion have taught me to admire Gene Tunney very much for the people he avoids and the thoroughness with which he does the job of avoiding them.

Tunney's mind and education have leaped ahead since his groping days of the training camps. He no longer fumbles for words, he no longer lets fly a gem from the dictionary in the manner of Little Jack Horner producing the plum from the Christmas pie, he no longer as a matter of fact speaks written English, which is the more formal and stilted language that one reserves for letter paper or the thesis.

His gesture with a cocktail shaker is facile and natural, and he has the inborn gentleman's instinct against the wearing of the sly expression that has become habitual with this normal function in American circles.

HE still loves to talk and tell stories. His references to friends and foes of the past are all kindly and illuminated by intelligent humor. Some day, I am convinced, Tunney will write; and he will write of the things he knew, of boxing and fighting, and training, and conniving, and of the people in that business, and when he does he will do it better than anyone has ever done it before. He has the story-teller's instincts.

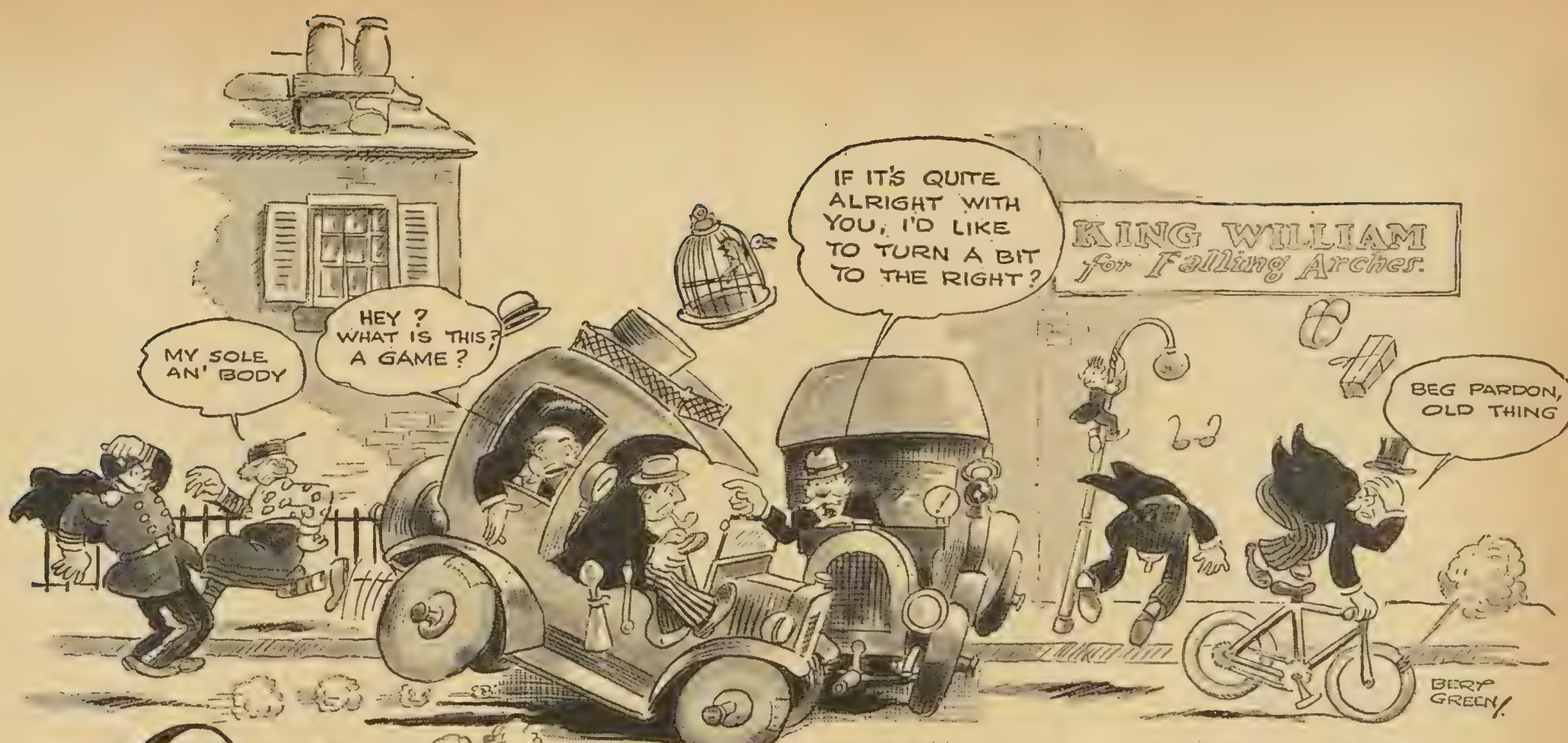
But he is done with public boxing—he still boxes for the fun of it with Eddie Eagan and Sam Pryor and Barney Gimbel, and any of his friends who want to put on the heavy gloves for a workout. He likes the sparring with Eagan best because he can let out a bit. But he boxes only for his own amusement, as Bob Jones will now play golf only for the same purpose. A friend recently suggested a return to the ring. Tunney's fortune, wisely invested as it is, has suffered from the depression as have all fortunes. He could pick up another million fighting the German. But he doesn't want it. He has enough. And besides there is his senior year just ahead.

Tunney's fighting experience and his rise to the championship is fading with him and will continue to fade in relative importance as a college football hero's deeds are dimmed by time and age. Referred to at first only as—"Meet Smith who made that ninety-yard run for us last year," he becomes later—"You remember Smith—who used to play football," and finally, if the fellow has anything in him he lives it down and becomes—"Smith who is building a bridge, or writing a book, or patenting an invention."

The boy is no longer alone. There is a fine woman at his side and they will raise a family and their family will take root and spread as did the farmer's who built their home, and become a part of the nation. He is reading voraciously, studying and thinking—and traveling. Only a few weeks ago he and Mrs. Tunney sailed for a two-months tour of Palestine and the East. Out of this energy and ambition something will come, something that has nothing to do with punching a pear-shaped bag or blacking eyes or blocking left hooks. When Tunney quit the ring he said to me: "Paul, if I ever come back, so help me, you can send out the call for the loony wagon."

I will do better than that. If he ever does, from other than the sheer necessity of protecting his family from hunger and cold, old Dr. Gallico himself will climb into the driver's seat, cluck up the horses, and steer them over the back road he has learned to the white house on the ridge, where he will usher Mr. Gene into a preferred location in the funny-wagon, and firmly, if regretfully, cart him off to the waiting squirrels.

THE END


MY SOLE AN' BODY
HEY ? WHAT IS THIS? A GAME ?
IF IT'S QUITE ALRIGHT WITH YOU, I'D LIKE TO TURN A BIT TO THE RIGHT?
KING WILLIAM for Falling Arches
BEG PARDON, OLD THING
BERT GREEN

*It looked for a second as though we were goin to change hacks by way of the windshield.*

# Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

## *Mike Sits Still While an Englishman Takes the Wrap*

*(Reading time: 10 min. 58 sec.)*

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

*London, Eng.*

DEAR MARG,

Hot Zig, this job of bein a private secretary to a million dollar bride and gloom is a pushover and what I mean! Honest Marg, its a laugh a minute. Ive seen some funny funnymooners, but if you could ever lamp this pair of newly riches puttin on the swank in London it would run down your battery. Can you imagine a gent bootlegger like me percolatin in swell society? Honest its the payoff. Oh, I'll have to tell you all about them and dear old London.

To begin with—as soon as we bounced off the boat train from South Hampton, I grabbed an English hack to drive the goofy couple to a hotel, and what an outfit it was. Youve never seen a limie taxi have you? Well, get a load of it.

The body was a toss up between a breakfast nook and an upright piano and the driver steered the gadjet from the wrong side. In front, it had two little roller skate wheels and on the back it had a couple of full grown ones. Instead of havin a horn on it like we got in America it had an atomizer what you squeeze. Every time the head man squeezed the thing, it sounded like we ran over a hop toad.

Oh, and you shoulda got a peek at the Cockney driver. He was a setup for a comedy act, you know one of them cut ups that plays big time in a honky tonk while the flicker machine cools off. Around his neck he sported a bat wing collar that Ramsey McDonald coulda hid in in case of fire. Every time he spoke, his Adams apple seemed to leap outa the laundry and wave at you like it was comin up for air. And as for the pants and vest—his vest was a cross between a French tapestree and a Spanish onlet, you couldnt tell the difference from the gravy stains. On top of his scull perched a little brown cap that coulda pinched hit for a wheat cake. Oh, what a what *he* was!

After we got rollin, I put the pump on the comic to find out which was the best hotel, as I knew that Dannys Ball and Chain would start squarkin for a Ritzy joint.

Lord 'elpus, he says.

Lord help what? hollered Danny.

Lord Helpus, he replies, its the best 'otel in London, Sir.

Thats a hot one, laughed Gwendolyn, Dannys bride.

Drive us there! butted in Danny, and Lord help *you* if it aint alright!

Well, I'm not kiddin you Marg, the guy that laid out these London streets musta had a terrible hangover. Theyre about as straight as a bed spring. The driver told me that they were built durin the rain of Henry the 8th and I guess hes right. When you think youre goin up town, you really aint because there aint no up town nor down town eather. The town is built like a scenic railroad. You just keep tourin around in a circle until you crash the place you think youre goin to. If that aint it, you go next door for a drink and then start all over again. Can you imagine drivin a car *up* Broadway on the *left hand side?* Try and do it!—but thats the way they do it *here.*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR

Continued from page fifty-seven

Ha! Ha! lets call the driver Mr. Austin, says Gwendolyn chuckin her new hubby under the chin.

Why call him that? says Danny.

Oh, just because hes such a *cute little* runt.

Gas over here costs plenty, but they dont call it gas, they call it *petrol* or *spirits*. Comb that outa your Van Dyke!

Thats the laugh, aint it? Can you imagine pullin up to a Yankee gas station and askin for five gallons of spirits? Hot man,—before you knew it, youd have *two cases* of *gin* in your lap.

Gas stations here are the nuts. Talk about your English step lively both gates ifficency,—listen to this,—When you drive up for gas, the head man is busy brewing himself a pot of tea or reading the obituary notices in the Morning Headache. If you think for a split second you can crowd him, youre goofy. The more you honk the horn, the longer he takes to punish the oolong. *His tea* comes *first!*

Thats the trouble over here, as soon as somebody flashes a pot of Ceylon, commerce goes in tar bags. If you go to a theatre, they juggle it between the acts. If you drop in an office, you cant tell the joint from the automat. I'll bet if a guys about to be hung, they slip him a pair of tea balls to stop him from worryin. Thats the very reason why Tommy Lipton cant grab the nickle plated shaving mug. When the crew should be buttonin up the jib, theyre goin against the oolong.—Oh, its a yell!

When we got as far as Charring Cross—whatever that is—we needed a clothes ringer. Another taxi popped out of a side street and it looked for a second as though we were goin to change hacks by way of the windshield. Fortunately, we came to a full stop and our dood driver leaned out and said to the other goof:

I beg pardon old thing, but if its jolly well with you, I'd like to turn a bit to the right?

Its quite alright—cheerio—cheerio!!

Can you imagine a pair of taxi chislers Marg, in Chicago greeting each other like that? What a chance. One of em would reach in the tool box and wrap the tire chains around the other ones neck.

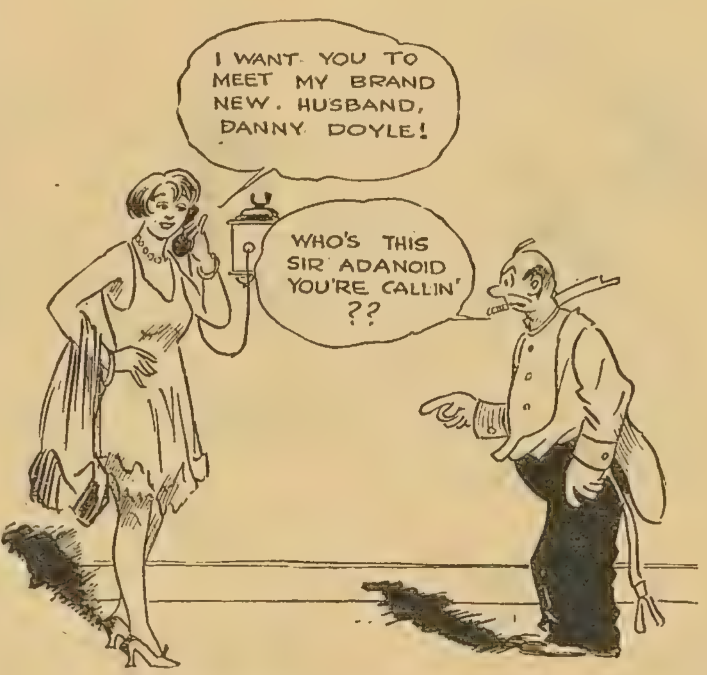
BUT they got one thing here Kid, thats really perf, and thats the speed laws. They aint got any! The law says you must *drive with discreshon!* That means you can put the works to the floor if you want to, but God help you if you kiss anything or drape somebody over the bumper. Theyll take your right eye, your bridge work, your pants or brazzier and change your religion too. And that dont mean *maybe!* Youre *A-W-O-L for life!* The result is people drive *carefully!* The dry cleaners and undertakers are all out sellin apples.

And another thing, there aint no such thing over here as slippin a cop a fin or latherin a judge, *not much!!* If youre found guilty, the only thing that squares the rap, is makin little ones outa big ones until the rocks are all used up.—You cant miss!

If we had a law like that in America, the list of killings wouldnt look like the cerial number on a Louisiana lottery ticket.

Another thing you should see the *cops* they got here. My, my, what human gorrillias! Each one stands six feet six *raw* minus a fig leaf and he never carries a gat. If youd ever try to get mussy with one, hed pull your arm off and hit you over the head with it just to wish you a happy New Year. And if he ever blew the whistle for help, Scotlands Back Yard would rain cops all over you in ten seconds.

If you talk to one for a moment, youll find he can recite Byron, Keets, or Shelly backwards. He knows Mrs. Eynesteins theory and will, if pressed, discuss sycology, atoms V. S. bread crumbs or put you straight on birth control. Oh, theyre no imbeciles dearie, you dont know the half of it.


I WANT YOU TO MEET MY BRAND NEW. HUSBAND, DANNY DOYLE!
WHO'S THIS SIR ADANOID YOU'RE CALLIN' ??

*The bride got the idea of callin up her English cousin.*

The thing that hands me a laugh about them is their uniforms. They wear a stew pot on their head and the handle rests on their chin. Over the back they sport a pair of rubber pants rolled up in a golf bag. If it starts to rain, the bobbie hops into his diving suit and after hes in it you cant tell him from a fire plug.

After we arrived at the hotel and got settled in our rooms, the bride got the big idea of callin up her English cousin, Sir Philip Adanoid of Chiselhurst just to show how snooty she was. Now between me an you, the last time Gwendolyn saw his lordship he was bathin dishes on Ellis Island because he said he left his passport in his cricket suit.

HELLO, is that you Sir Adanoid? she pops off on the phone. Well, this is Gwendolyn Upstart from America, you remember me? I want you to meet my new husband, Danny Doyle. Oh, hes the sweetest old thing you ever could imagine.

Lay off that bunk! hollers Danny. Whos this tonsil you after callin?

Oh, wait till you see him, remarked Gwendolyn takin her hubby into a clinch, youll like him. Hes a direct descendant of Baron Bacon.

He must be a good egg then, grins Danny.

Well, when Gwendolyn got the big news that Sir Philip Adanoid was goin to blow in that evening and introduce them to a swell feed, nothing would do but she must drag Danny over to Regent Street and get him ribbed up with some brand new scenery. And *did she fit him out!* Funs fun but if you coulda clamped your optic over the wayward old fossil after Gwendolyn and the English haberdashers got thru with him, youd a blown out a rib. He looked like one of them dummies a vantrillerquist juggles on his knee. Every time I lamped the dood English walkin suit, I thought he was goin to pull a rabbit or a rubber plant outa the rear end of the thing.

Another thing—while Danny was gettin measured for a cane and a two gallon head piece, the brides eyes rested on a big hairy rakcoon coat that she was goin to buy him at any price. And did she go! For two hundred pounds six ounces and six pence the bride decided that Sir Philip Adanoid was goin to see Danny in that swell Benny if he had to fry in it.

As for the bride, she drew herself a bargain in the form of a French ball room creation that had been knocked down because the outfit was a bit too low busted. From the up and down town side, she was as nakid as a duck who had gottin too chummy with a vaccum cleaner.

Well, when seven bells broke loose from the House of Parlormint, who ankles into the Doyles room but Sir Philip Adanoid trailed by Lady Adanoid herself. Lady Adanoid was a bucksome lass weighing, I should judge, about two fifty with a light breakfast.

As for Sir Philip, he tipped the Toledoes at one ten and was a ringer for the King of Rummania. No foolin, his chin coulda been used for coasting and on his breast he wore a bevy of second hand medals that he musta won killin rats or savin the toast from burnin durin the scrimage in Bellow Woods. Honest he looked as though he didnt know which end of his spine his head was tied to.

Well after the hand shakes, greetings and exchange of fibs were over with, Sir Philip dragged the group over to a doggie hash house in Pickidilly Circus. On entering the dump, Danny carted the big hairy Benny to the table and hung it in a prominent spot where nobody could miss the big front. After a round of headache water, the waiter handed Danny the table dehote menu which read:

Hor d'Oeuvre
Caviar
Consomme Printanier—Potage Sautee
Steak a la Prince of Whales
Pilaw de Volaille a la Turque
Artichokes Grecque
Russian Salad
Souffle en Surprise
Petite Fours

Danny took one look at the list of fancy groceries and hollered to the waiter,

Come here young feller. Take this order of high falutin Knick knacks outa here! I dont want no Russian salad or no plus fours! Bring me a big dish of *spareribs, sauerkraut* and a bowl of coffee!

Well, the bride nicked Dannys shins while Sir Philip and Lady Adanoid folded up.

I'm sorry Sir,—replies the waiter, but we haven't any spareribs Sir.

Well, bring me an Irish stew or some liver and bacon! What kind of a dump is this?

After the meal was well under way, Danny got another kick in the shins from his Shot and Shell.

Glory be to Heaven whats the matter now? roars Danny. If the customers in the place dont like me dippin the liver in me tea, they can *get out,* and thats that!

Just then a stranger entered the resturant and picked a prominent table right opposite Danny. He was no more than seated than another stranger walked in and grabbed a table *behind* Danny. Danny didnt pay no attention to the first stranger until he began unrappin a large box of dry macaroni and started pourin it into an empty soup plate.

I'm on a diet, he says to the waiter. Bring me a glass of milk and a bottle of ketchup.

Well, I'm not kiddin you Marg, when Doyle saw that nervous goof chewin up dry sticks of macaroni dipped in ketchup, he couldnt keep his eyes offer him. He was the laugh of the evening.

Nobody paid no attention to the guy behind Danny, but when the goof did move out Dannys *brand new hairy Benny moved out too!!*

Brother! when Danny missed that shiver sheet, the wrath of Ireland exploded. WOW, what a riot!!

As for the Adanoids, they went out too,—and for good!!

Well, I'll write you again when I got nothin to do.
Bon Ami
MIKE SHEA.

*Some further adventures of Mr. Shea will be chronicled in an early issue of Liberty.*

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

**Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

### *A Budding Chesterfield*

John went motoring with a couple. They had a blowout and no spare. Returning home, he related the dramatic crisis of the situation to his mother as follows:

"He looked at it and swore. She looked at it and swore. So I swore too, so they'd think I didn't mind what they'd said."—Marion Mercier, 17 High St., Greenfield, Mass.

* * *

### *Overlooked*

Keith had just started to school and his mother impressed on him very strongly the idea of cleanliness. A few days later Keith told her:

"Mother, the nurse was in our room today and she looked down my throat. I told her you washed it on the outside but not the inside."—Mrs. Grace Sheely, 2230 Jones St., Omaha, Neb.

"Better get a Telechron★ Clock, Jim!"

THE curious custom of beginning every business day with a desperate dash for the 8:17 is almost extinct. Digestions are better. Tempers are tamer. All because of Telechron electric time in hundreds of thousands of American homes and offices.

Those households never oversleep because some one forgot to wind the clocks the night before—Telechron Clocks never need winding, oiling, cleaning, or regulating. Those households never quarrel over which clock or whose watch is right—the accuracy of Telechron products ends all arguments. Day after day, they take every member of the family through varied activities on schedule.

Telechron Master Clocks, in America's power houses, are primarily responsible for this modern promptness and precision. By checking the speed of giant generators, they assure even, regular impulses of alternating current at the electric outlet in the home. Driven directly by these current impluses, every Telechron Clock delivers the same silent, accurate time. Telechron Clocks and Telechron Master Clocks were made for each other. No clock, unless it's marked "Telechron" on the dial, can give you true Telechron service.

There's a dealer near you (listed in the classified telephone directory) with many models on display. Skilfully designed for mantel, wall or table—for every room in the house. Made for long and faithful service. Priced moderately from $9.75 to $55. (The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, manufactures distinguished chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $40 to $1200.) Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Mass.

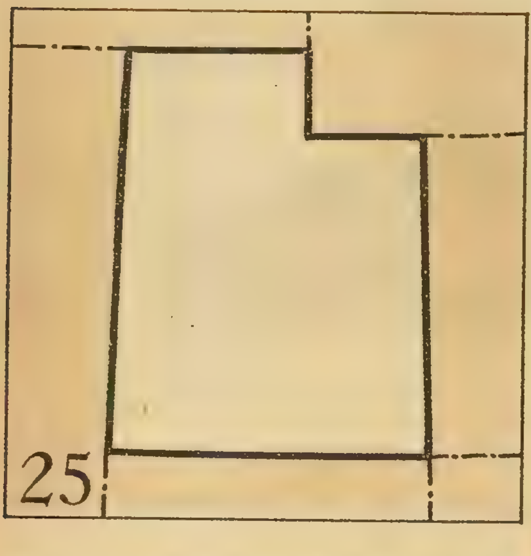
★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the United States Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company.

Telechron

Apollo—Black case. Chrome fittings. $15

Waverly—Mahogany. Bronze fittings. $40

# Liberty's Patriotic



The greater part of this state is a plateau 6,000 feet above sea level. One of its boundaries is the least populous state in the Union.

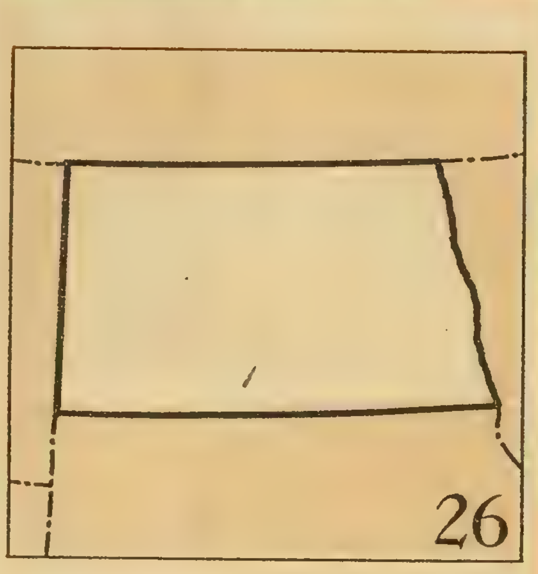
Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

..........................................

..........................................

SET NO. 7



Agriculture is the chief interest of this state, wheat being its principal crop. It is bounded on the east by the state in which the Mississippi River has its source.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

..........................................

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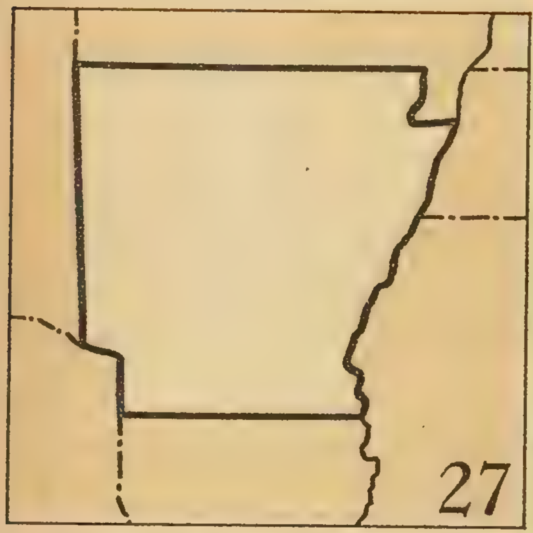
SET NO. 7



Some famous mountains are in the western part of this state, whose neighbor on the southwest contains more counties than any other state in the Union.

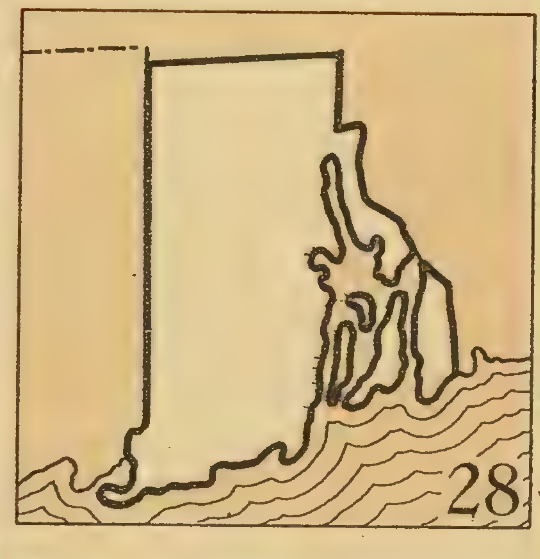
Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

..........................................

..........................................

SET NO. 7



This, the most densely populated state in the Union, and one of the original thirteen, is important for its manufacturing. The Atlantic Ocean is its southern boundary.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

..........................................

..........................................

SET NO. 7

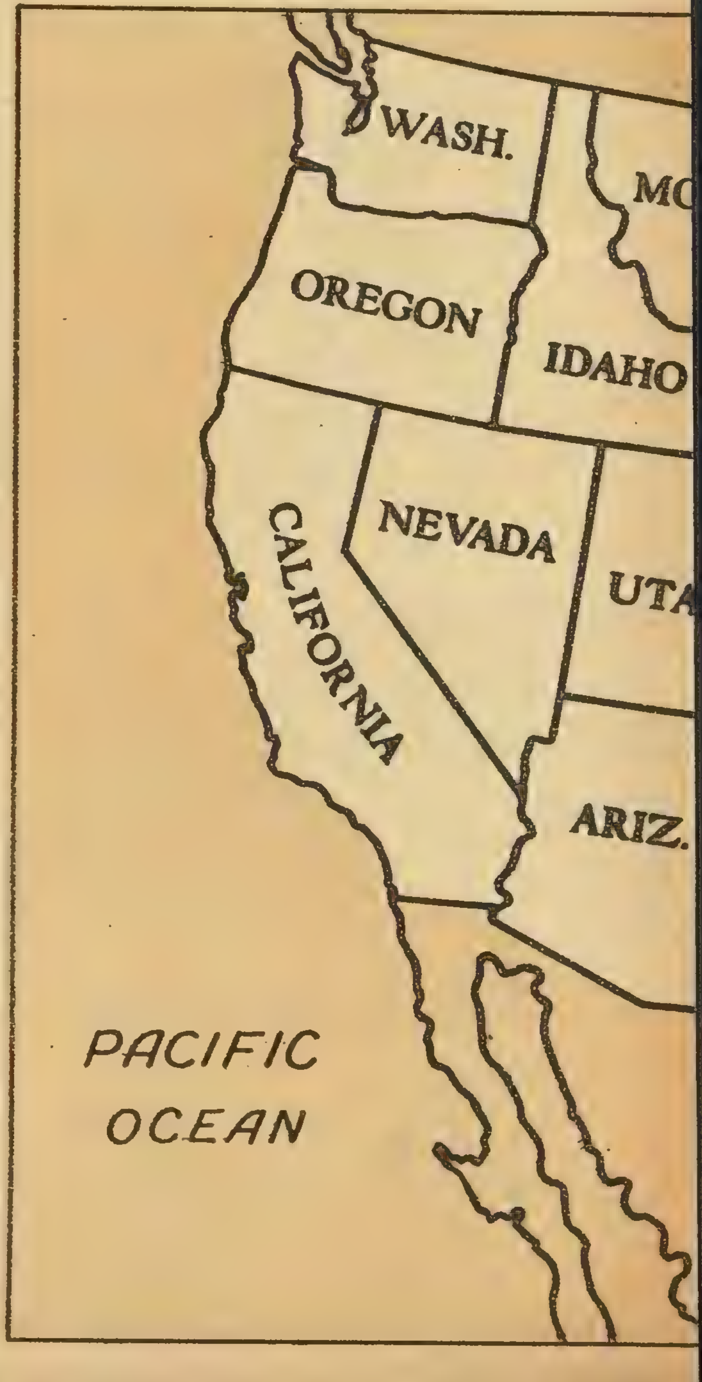
HERE is the seventh set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next five issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything in until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

## $25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| First prize .................. | $5,000 |
| Second prize .............. | 1,000 |
| Third prize .................. | 500 |
| Fourth prize ................ | 250 |
| Fifth prize .................. | 200 |
| Next 180 prizes, $25 each.... | 4,500 |
| Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each... | 13,550 |
| TOTAL (1,540 prizes)... | $25,000 |



# GAME of STATES

## The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

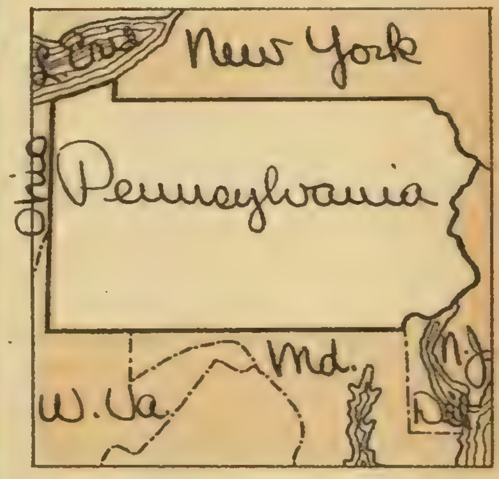
6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

### EXAMPLE



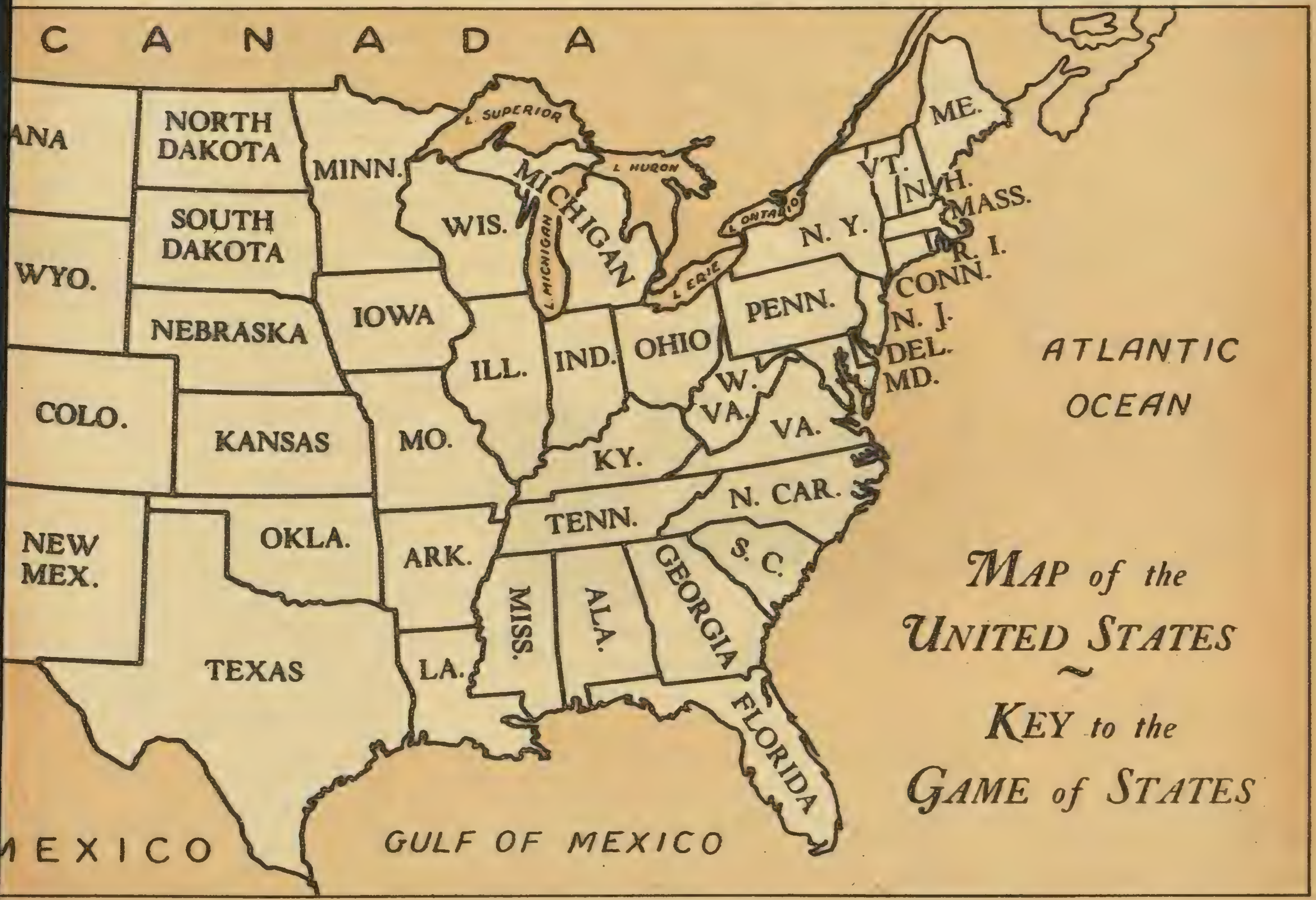
L. Erie
New York
Ohio
Pennsylvania
Md.
W. Va
N.J.
Del.

You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *Pennsylvania.*

Bounded by *Lake Erie, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, in the example above, include New Jersey among your boundaries rather than the Delaware River.



CANADA
ANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINN.
L. SUPERIOR
L. HURON
MICHIGAN
L. MICHIGAN
WIS.
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
R. I.
CONN.
N. Y.
L. ONTARIO
L. ERIE
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYO.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
PENN.
N. J.
DEL.
MD.
W. VA.
VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
S. C.
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
MAP of the UNITED STATES
~
KEY to the GAME of STATES

# Silver Kne

## A Romance of the Rio Grande

### By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

*(Reading time: 30 minutes.)*

*THESE are the adventures of Captain Maddox, superintendent of American spies in the Mexican War.*

*In Matamoras he was recognized, but Silver Knees, a dancing girl, helped him escape. In Monterey he again came upon the girl. While with her he was caught and thrown into prison, but was released when the Americans took the town. In the disorder Silver Knees was assaulted by a drummer boy. Maddox put her on a horse and they started toward the American camp.*

*You can begin here and still understand what follows.*

### PART EIGHT—MUDDLED MINDS

WE encountered long columns of prisoners: Presidiales with their hangdog looks and blackened fists and faces betraying their part in the murderous looting; rancheros—a beggarly-looking lot, and tarred with the same brush; a few fine-looking dragoons and lancers; and many stalwart prisoners of the Mexican line, well uniformed and accoutered, bearing themselves proudly and like soldiers.

These were escorted by Texan cavalry, who rode carelessly, lolling in their Mexican saddles, their rifles balanced across the pommels.

Silver Knees was riding the dragoon's horse, swathed in her dragoon's cloak, her little bare feet in the stirrups, her face shadowed by the shock of disordered hair. She leaned down and spoke my name in a low voice.

"Prala, if your brother officers are going to laugh at you on my account, I can go to the Incarnation Sisters—rather than shame you in my rags."

"You do not shame me."

"Yet, some might say, 'What is his honor doing with this naked thing in rags?' . . . Or, 'His honor taking a beggar for a mistress?' "

"You need have no concern, little sister."

Some of our dragoons passed, carrying torches. By the light they shed I recognized Colonel Garland.

"What have you been up to, Maddox?" said he, reining in. "You've a very pretty prisoner, I see."

"Very," said I dryly. "Where is headquarters?"

"At the tannery. But Old Zack isn't there."

He took off his cocked hat, wiped his forehead, stretched his legs in the stirrups.

"Lord, what a day, Maddox!" he said gayly. "*What* a battle! Old Zack had no more to do with it than any noncom fighting in the ranks. All he did was to wander around under fire with that absent-minded air—you know? General Worth did all the brain work. But—what of it? We have the city and Ampudia's entire army; and we'll gobble 'em in the morning. . . . Where's Mansfield?"

I told him I didn't know. He began to laugh, fished out an order from his breast pocket, and showed it to me. "What a casual, hazy old farmer Old Zack is! What do you think of an order like that?"

I read it:

> Colonel Garland:
>
> Lead the head of your column off to the left, keeping well out of reach of the enemy's shot, but if you think you can take any of them little forts down there with the bag net, you better do it. But consult with Major Mansfield. You'll find him down there.

We both laughed at the old Indian-fighter's notion of military strategy and maneuvering.

"I'll go to the Teneria Fort," I said.

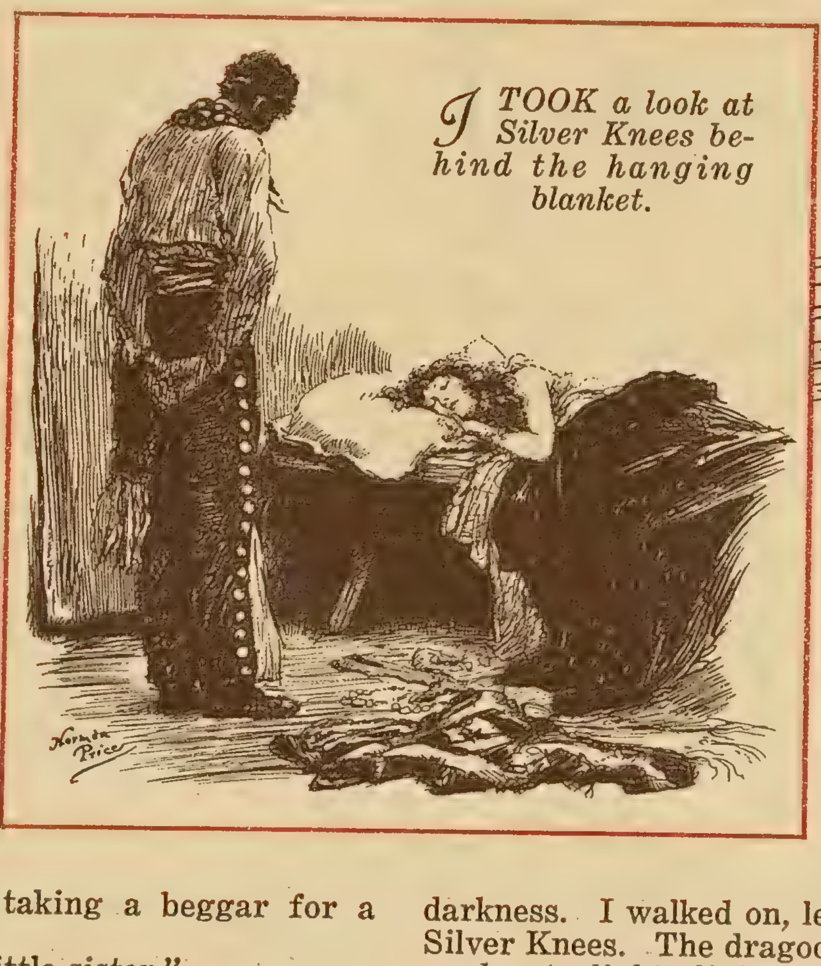
"It's all right to go there. We hold everything except the Grand Plaza, Maddox."

He looked at Silver Knees with a twinkle in his handsome eyes, touched his chapeau gravely, and rode on.

I called to Peep and Bandara and told them to go ahead to where headquarters baggage was parked, find my servant Calixto, and have my tent pitched in the usual proximity to headquarters.

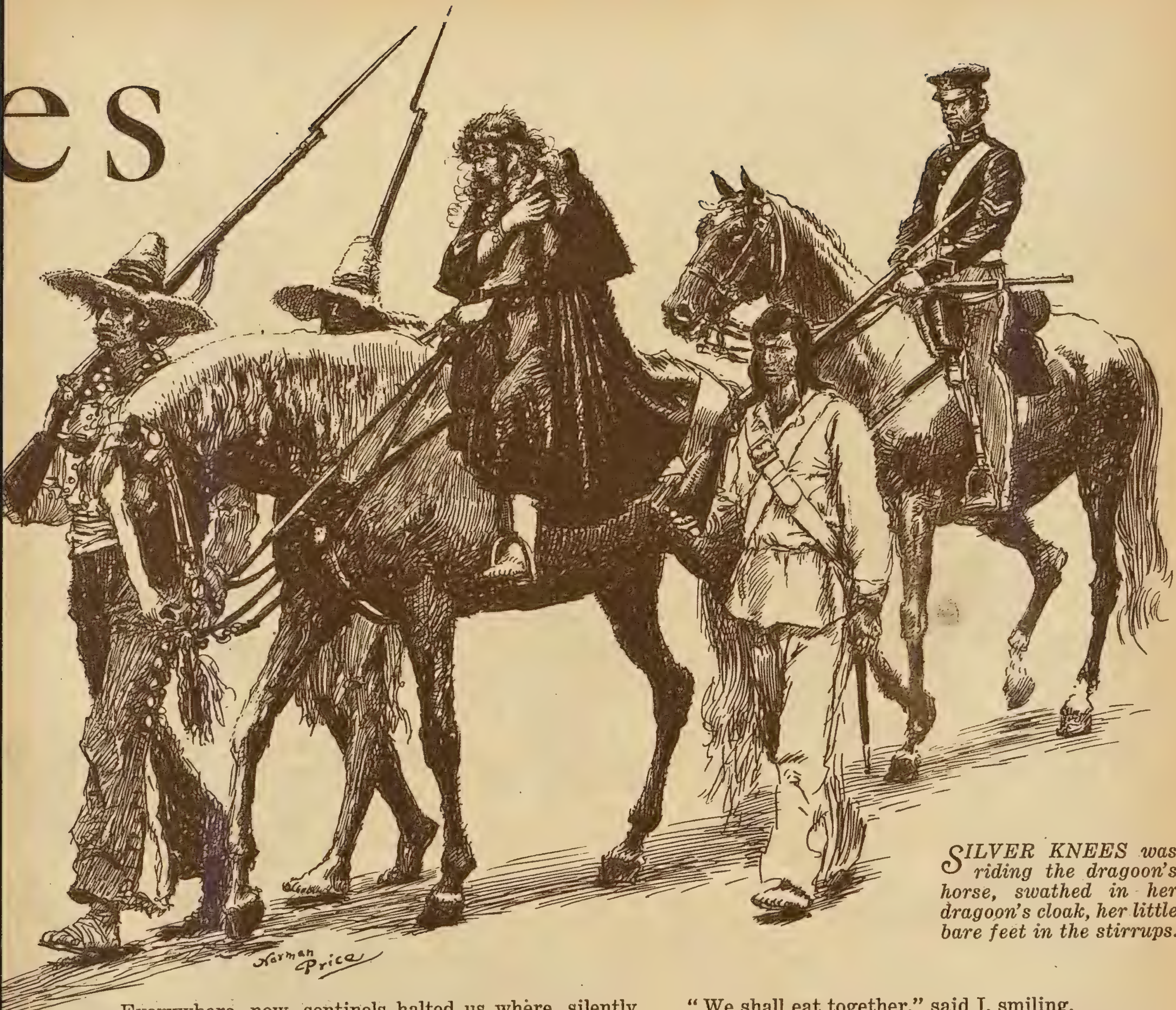
They vanished into the darkness. I walked on, leading the horse which carried Silver Knees. The dragoon rode behind, his carbine at a ready, starlight glittering on his gilded cheek straps.

Far to the southeast I could see a ruddy glare marking the Grand Plaza, the cathedral, palace, and solid stone edifices on the surrounding streets—the whole forming a vast and massive citadel garrisoned by General Ampudia's formidable divisions.



*I TOOK a look at Silver Knees behind the hanging blanket.*

# es



*SILVER KNEES was riding the dragoon's horse, swathed in her dragoon's cloak, her little bare feet in the stirrups.*

Everywhere, now, sentinels halted us where, silently in the starry darkness, our regiments were taking their position for the assault at dawn.

We passed Quitman's tired troops, who were being relieved by Ohio infantry. Indiana and Texas cavalry were marching westward; some regular batteries were already in position; Texas Rangers, carrying heavy rifles, bowie knives, and Colt's revolvers, stood to horse near the guns. We passed through the Second brigade of mixed troops, Butler's field division of volunteers, and the First division of regulars before we forded the tannery brook and rode up to Fort Teneria.

Here I saw the general's marquee, and other tents not far away—my own included—and Calixto awaiting me with camp table spread and supper hot on the fire. He came to welcome me—this gentle Indian in his leather dress—and God knows I was glad to see him, for I never expected to when I was awaiting the squad of execution.

I LIFTED Silver Knees from the saddle. She laughed outright as I set her on the ground; all traces of tears—of grief and shame and despair—had vanished as lightly as mist at sunrise.

Barefooted, wrapped in the blue mantle, limber, always graceful, she walked beside me to my tent, where Calixto already was bringing hot soup.

"Are you hungry?" I asked in Gypsy.

"Ei! Shall I wait until your honor finishes, or shall I sit upon the ground by the fire with a little dish upon my knees?"

"We shall eat together," said I, smiling.

"Ca! Does your honor eat with servants?"

"I eat with the Zincali, Silver Knees."

She laughed enchantingly, humming aloud:

"La romi que se abillela
Debajo delos portales,
No s'abillela con tusa
Que s'abillela con mangue!"

"And the next verse," said I—

"Flamenca de Roma
Si tu sináras mia,
Te metiéra entre viere
Por sari la vida!—"

"Oh, brother," she said with flushed emotion, "how kind are the Zincali to one another! O daia, daia, I am glad, after all, that I have been born!"

Calixto fetched two basins at my command, towels, soap, and a great gourd of water; and Silver Knees and I performed our ablutions and combed our hair by the little looking-glass fixed to the tent pole.

Then we ate. The child was starved. I gave her a little pulque brandy in water, but her resilient young body and healthy constitution seemed immune to physical fatigue and hardship, and to the deathly aftermath of spiritual shock.

Whatever of terror, suffering, exhaustion she had passed through, meat and drink refreshed and instantly

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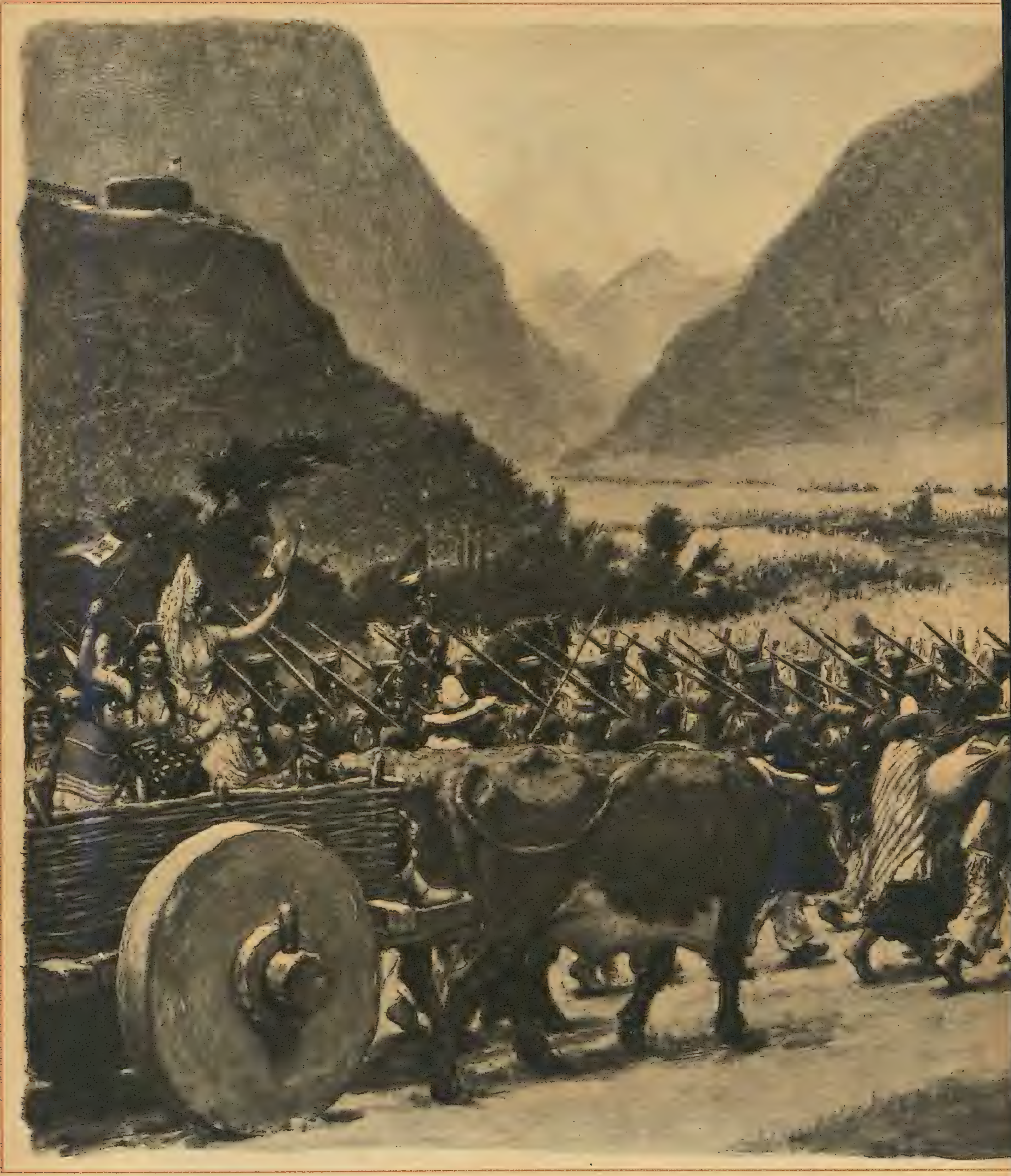


*On Saturday, the 26th of September, the evacuation began: the departure of the almost uninjured*

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-three

restored her. She smiled, she exclaimed, she laughed, and whispered in happy confidence as she ate and drank.

The equipment of the tent, my military chest—everything enchanted her. And when, at my bidding, Calixto hung a blue military blanket across the tent, and fetched from headquarters another camp bed, she was all astonishment and delight.

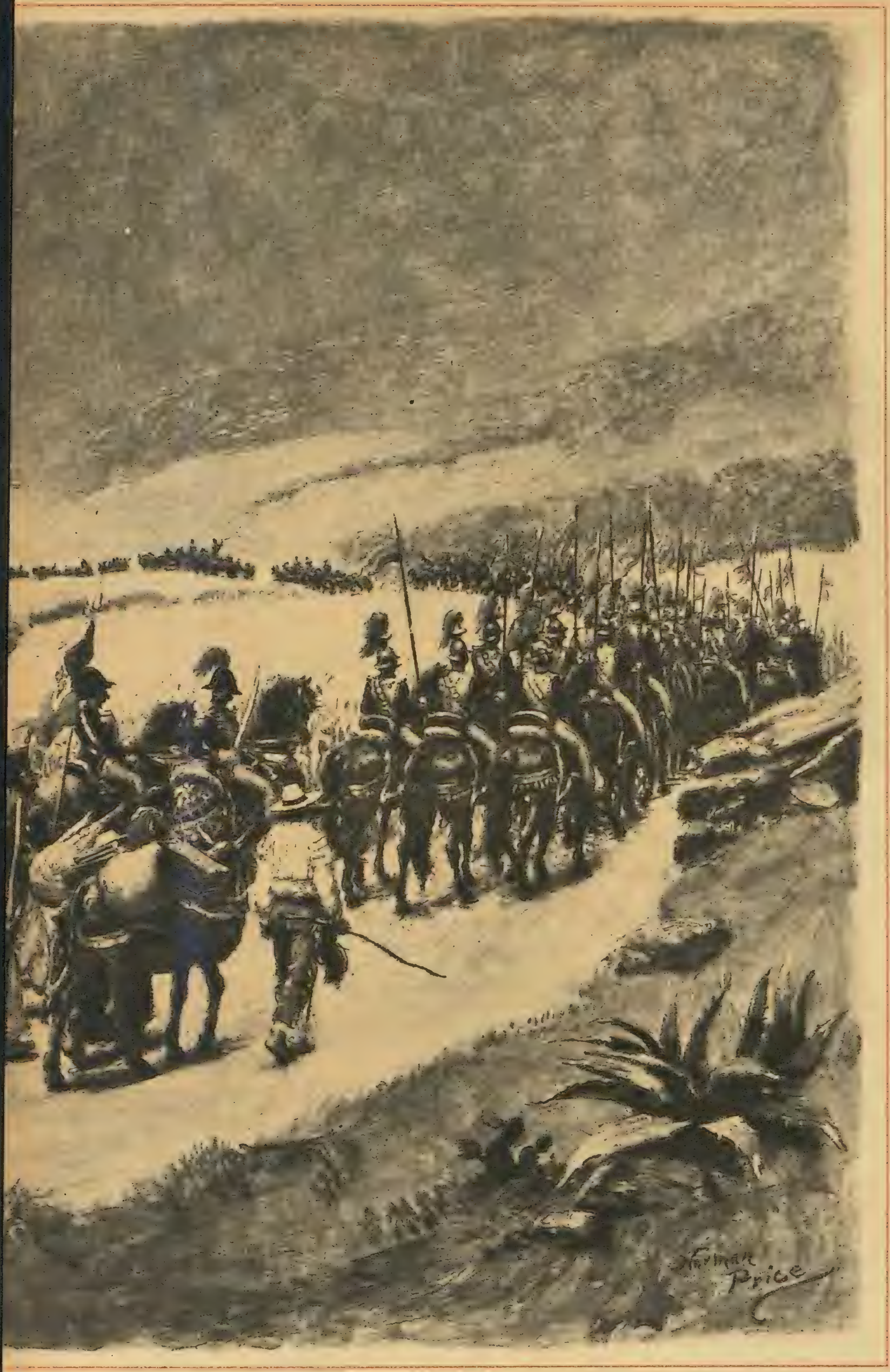
"After all, brother," said she in Zincali, "your bed is too narrow for us."

"All beds are," said I dryly. "Hade mushe halal—that is not lawful."

"Cul shi halal—everything is lawful," she retorted, reddening.

"Not to decent folk, Silver Knees."

She blushed violently at that, ate in silence, very mortified and humble. I wondered what was going on



*Mexican army from the beautiful and scarcely harmed city of Monterey.*

inside her small head. But very soon she brightened—wished to help Calixto wash the dishes. When restrained, she sat down on her camp stool outside the fly and looked up at the stars.

And presently I heard her singing softly to herself:

"Ave Maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper virgo—"

And after a pause:

"Ei . . . Semper virgo . . . Jaña—Ostélinda—Diósa—Jába. Mai doorshi! . . . Ave Maria, gratia plena, ora pro me—"

## II

A STRANGE night under the rain-washed stars. Stir of restless horses, recurrent foot-beat of pacing sentries, vague, indefinable sounds from the beleaguered city, broken by the far, thin cry of "Alerte!" echoed from post to post like the repeated call of night birds answering one another in darkness.

A lantern hung from my tent pole. By its dim light, seated at my camp table, I wrote out my report.

Like big, fat chrysalids, swathed in their serapes, Peep and Bandara slept by the embers of the fire outside the tent—Bandara soundly, unstirring; Peep restless, sighing, and murmuring the name of Jesus.

Calixto lay just inside the tent, across the entrance, sleeping lightly as a hound, partly unclosing his black eyes of an Indian whenever my letter paper rustled.

When at last I had ended my report, I got up noiselessly and took a look at Silver Knees behind the hanging blanket.

Her sleep appeared to be profound. A delicate, healthy glow suffused her face, exquisitely young under the tawny shock of hair.

On the floor beside her little bed lay the rags of her Gypsy finery—a gaudy heap of tatters. Still tied to the scarlet garter of one stocking was the empty sheath of her narrow knife.

I rearranged the dragoon's cloak over her. She never stirred, breathing as peacefully as a child in its cradle.

When I returned to my tent, my gentle Mistec, Calixto, stood awaiting me, always smiling, perpetually prepared.

I told him to go to sleep; but, as ever, he divined my every need; and now he fetched a great tin basin and filled it with warm water, and laid towel and soap on the boarded floor beside it.

So I scrubbed myself as silently as I could; and when, at last, I lay down to get what sleep I might before reveille, I saw him laying out my best uniform and boots.

"Why?" I murmured drowsily.

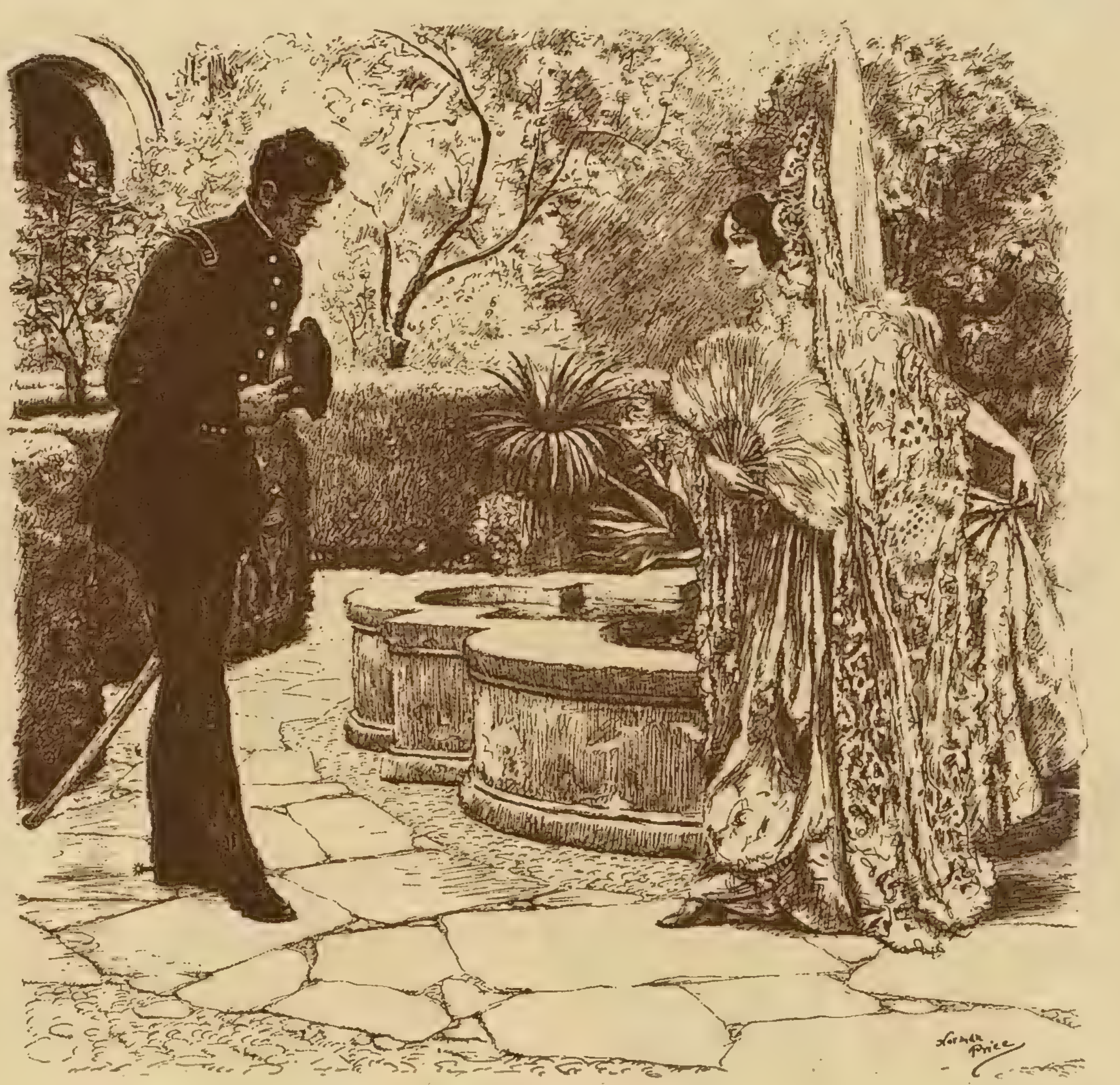
"Your honor receives the enemy's surrender in the morning," he replied, with a proud confidence and finality that must have left a smile on my face as I fell asleep.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-five]

The resonant blast of headquarters bugles fairly ripped the dark silence of dawn to shreds and startled me out of my flimsy bed before I realized I had been asleep at all.

The mechanics of dressing found me still partly stupefied with sleep. A cup of scalding Mocha waked my mind to the instant necessities of the situation.


*"Madam, pray believe me to be your most humble servant." She curtsied; I bowed again.*

I looked out into the dusk, scarcely tinged, as yet, with gray; and I saw Bandara bringing up my horse, making his way through a squad of mustering dragoons of the headquarters troop.

Everywhere dim figures were passing swiftly—some on a run—and lighted lanterns moved fast in all directions, crossing each other like flying stars.

I drew aside the blanket and looked at Silver Knees. She had merely turned over, and now was sound asleep again.

With a whispered word to Calixto and to Peep and Bandara concerning her, I mounted and rode along the wagon train to the tents of the married men attached to headquarters.

Here I found Sergeant O'Hara's wife frying frijoles and bacon.

"There is a young Gypsy girl in my tent," said I. "Find decent clothing for her. She is slim and of average height. Straw sandals will do. . . . And you go over and give her a bath—a thorough scrubbing, Mrs. O'Hara. . . . Be good to her. You understand?"

She said she understood. Her manner was hearty, vigorous, capable, but prim.

"L'ave th' gossoona to me, sorr, till I scrub the Gypsy hide av her. Ye'll never know her at all, at all, Captain dear!"

"Be gentle with her, Mrs. O'Hara."

"I will that, sorr—the poor haythen child—"

"She's a good Catholic at heart."

"IS she that? Glory be! Well, then, I'll scrub the Gypsy out of her entirely, or may I never live to peel another spud!"

I wheeled my horse and rode across the graying meadow toward headquarters, where a dragoon escort sat their horses and officers were continually arriving, dismounting, and entering Old Zack's tent or coming out of it, getting into their saddles and spurring away.

I handed my report to a staff officer, who told me that the general had heard of my safe return, and asked me to wait a moment.

He came out again almost immediately, motioning me to enter.

I saw General Pillow talking to Old Zack—a man with thick lips, pallid of feature, in which were set two heavy, untrustworthy eyes.

I heard him begging Old Zack for a single company of regulars to stiffen his volunteers, who, he insisted with an oath, might bolt at any moment under artillery fire or if charged by Mexican cavalry.

"General," he repeated in his heavy, restless manner, "their lancers lanced some fifty of my men yesterday. Volunteers don't understand such weapons and are afraid as death."

"You tell 'em that the bay'net is just as good as a Mexican lance," retorted Old Zack disgustedly. "It's better, too. What's a lance, anyway—only a extra long toothpick! You tell 'em that, General. And you fix that regiment so it can't run without it runs into more Mexicans than is a-chasin' of it! . . . Ain't that an idee, Mansfield?"

Major Mansfield said, with some reluctance, that a certain fear of unknown weapons really had demoralized some of the volunteer regiments—the lasso, or lariat, of the rancheros frightening them in particular.

"THEM cow-herders!" said Old Zack scornfully. "I guess a cow with a bossy-caaf would scare some folks, too. . . . Say, Garland, I want that the Ohio boys move out to relieve Quitman. You go and start 'em right now—"

His rough, good-natured smile broke out as his eye caught mine.

"Well, Maddox, I hear you can stand a lot of killin' and still live to report your own death!"

As I moved toward him several officers gave me a friendly pat on the back or shook my hand.

"I've been rather unfortunate in supplying you with intelligence, General."

"Onfortunate! Well, as long as you ain't dead, I'd call it the contrary. It's all right, Maddox. You see, I come right along all the same—provin' that what a man can't git he's got to do without. If I don't like it I lump it. When in doubt, march. 'Tain't so pleasant, like Kit Carson says, to be chased by Comanches with a arrow in your backside, but it helps hurry you along."

Everybody laughed. Even Colonel Jefferson Davis smiled a pale, delicate, well bred smile.

"Maddox," said Old Zack, "you and your people have been pretty well shot up in this campaign. How many you got left?"

"Two besides myself, General."

"I want to know!"

"I could find others, sir."

"You better recruit, then. I got to clear their spies out of my army. We're going into the Grand Plaza, now, to gobble Ampudia. After that I reckon to clean house and reorganize; and I want you should have a corps of real reliable fellas handy."

"General?"

"Sir?"

"Would it be too much if I asked to have the honor of participating in the assault?"

"Hain't you had enough Mexican pepper sass to stay your stomach, Maddox?"

"I'd like to ride with Colonel May's cavalry—"

The crash of drums from the Ohio regiment drowned my voice.

Through the open tent flap in the gray of dawn a river of moving bayonets was overflowing the entire meadow.

Old Zack went out and climbed into his saddle amid a throng of mounting officers who departed for their posts at a gallop.

"I guess you'll hear plenty of bullets if you ride with me, Maddox," he said amiably. "Come on."

We trotted forward toward the city. All over the landscape, from every thicket, every grove, every hamlet, our troops were now in glittering motion toward the silent city beyond us.

Then, from that dim place, burst a blast of Mexican trumpets.

But, instead of scarlet lancers galloping to envelop us, a gorgeous officer—Captain Don Francisco de Moreno—cantered out across the grass, followed by a glittering Mexican dragoon who carried a white flag wildly flapping from the spear of his lance.

Old Zack, in his linen coat and little glazed cap, jogged out gravely to receive the flag.

Garland, riding beside me, reined in with the others.

"This is the moment," said he to me in a low voice, "that I wish to God we had a West Pointer in command."

I nodded.

"We've got their entire army between both fists," muttered Garland. "If Old Zack makes terms with them now, we'll have it all to do over again."

We waited, watching the scene intently. To Old Zack's chief of staff the Mexican officer delivered a document which, in turn, was delivered to our commanding general.

After a brief conference the Mexicans saluted, turned their horses, and rode back.

Then our bugles sounded the advance; but in a few minutes the Mexican trumpets blew a parley once more, and our long, shining line came to a halt.

Another white flag, with every circumstance of politest ceremony.

"Oh, hell!" murmured Garland.

## III

WELL, that was the end. Monterey was ours. But, God help us, we let Ampudia go—let him march out with the honors of war.

Why? Nobody can guess. . . . But it enraged the administration in Washington. It was the beginning of the end of Old Zack's career as a soldier.

Brave, ignorant of strategy, unable to foresee, mentally unfitted to realize profit from profitable situations, Old Zack's good-natured blundering brought everything to a standstill. And, to the horror of all regular officers, an armistice was permitted to Ampudia.

But if this misled army was so pitiably at fault, the administration in Washington was equally muddleheaded. Even at this late hour, our government had agreed upon no plan of campaign.

There could be no decision following the unstrategic and random actions fought at hazard and without plan along the edges of the enemy's territory.

The President didn't like what Old Zack was doing, but he didn't know what to tell him to do. Anyway, he wouldn't have done it.

We had learned, too, that now the United States had four separate and independent forces in the field—Wool's, Kearny's, Doniphan's, and our own—all hammering away at the fringe of things, and with no vital object, and utterly regardless of one another.

Wool and Worth were real generals. Doniphan was a fighter. The commander at Matamoras was an ignorant martinet; his men hated him; and they were dying like flies from his ignorance and neglect.

The curse of politics was undoing us all.

. . . . . .

On Saturday, the 26th of September, the evacuation began: the departure of the almost uninjured Mexican army from the beautiful and scarcely harmed city of Monterey.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You Can't Buy Spare Parts for your body

THERE is no buying new parts for your body. So take care of it and keep fit.

Exercise, everyone agrees, is one of the important aids to keeping fit. Modern labor saving devices have robbed us of many of the exercises we formerly had to take. Even our food comes almost ready to swallow, with the result that the jaws and teeth do not get the exercise intended for them.

Sports and games are increasing in popularity because they afford the bodily exercise we need. They develop almost every muscle except those of the face and jaws.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum is needed to exercise these muscles and the teeth.

Chew WRIGLEY'S regularly. Its use helps make up for the lack of work for teeth and jaws due to soft foods, and its pleasing flavor and touch of sweet affords pleasure at the same time it is giving you these benefits.

Keep fit with

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS MINT LEAF FLAVOR

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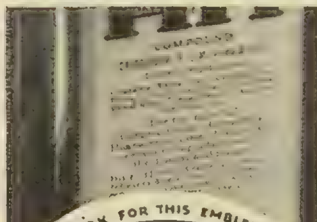

DON'T COUGH LIKE THAT

NYAL HONEY and HOREHOUND

PERHAPS you ought to be home in bed with that bad cough—but you've got to stick on the job. All right. Try the good old standby NYAL Honey and Horehound. It is soothing, healing—comfort to raw respiratory surfaces. It has kept many a sick man on his feet during these past thirty years. Try a bottle—25c and 50c.

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Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
NO PAIN—

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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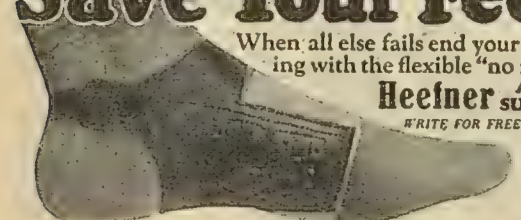
Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.



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Millions of bottles purchased at $1.90

Economical because it safely checks Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis.

ROCHE'S ENGLISH Embrocation

[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-seven]

At eleven o'clock in the morning a Mexican field battery saluted the Mexican flag. Down it came from the palace. Drums, bugles, trumpets saluted it again.

Then, very slowly, a superb regiment of lancers followed by a fine six-gun field battery emerged from the city.

A brigade of regular infantry followed. The evacuation of Monterey had begun under the curious eyes of our soldiery, drawn up in readiness to occupy the city, and the angry or disgusted gaze of all officers properly educated in their profession.

In general, the retiring army was poorly uniformed. Their infantry were great, lubberly, thickset fellows, sandal-shod, loaded with pack and musket and scores of pots, pans, and gourds.

The streets were jammed with camp followers—men, women, boys, afoot or mounted on mules, donkeys, mustangs, and even oxen.

The Mexican lancers and dragoons, however, were splendidly uniformed and equipped—though in comparison to our cavalry horses theirs seemed inferior. But theirs was the barb type of horse, of Arab and Spanish descent.

Two regiments of the line, as I say, led the march, their colors fluttering and their drums, fifes, and bugles sounding almost triumphantly.

Well might Ampudia depart with his tongue in his cheek. His army retained arms and baggage, and a battery of six pieces, twenty-four rounds to each gun.

"GODAMIGHTY!" grunted a grizzled, war-scarred major of regulars. "Am I alive to see an army of goddam greasers thumbing their noses at the United States?"

There came a shrill tumult of cheers from the passing battalion of Querétaro: "Viva Mexico!"

The enraged major turned purple. God is kind, but He can be very cruel, sometimes, to an old soldier.

When the red bonnets and scarlet pennons of the last peloton of lancers disappeared in the Rinconada Pass, and the last field gun had clanked through, and the last ragged foot soldier, weary but uninjured, had plodded patiently out of view, our perplexed army marched sheepishly into the sneering city of Monterey.

And there, for two long months, our uneasy army remained in meaningless occupation while, at Saltillo, all Mexico in arms was gathering to crush the Yankee invasion forever.

Illness, disease, desertion, ambush, murder—the fatigue of guarding the long line of communication to our distant base—all these were reducing us to less than 12,000 bayonets.

And that was the situation—stupidity in Washington; inertia and military ignorance in Monterey; Kearny's shabby, ragged dragoons scouting the unknown wilderness of Santa Fé; Wool at San Antonio, kicking his sickly, insubordinate volunteers into some semblance of discipline; the Mexican nation, intact, undismayed, arming and gathering in overwhelming force at Saltillo.

And Old Zack bumbling and pottering about, "reorganizing."

. . . . .

City administration resumed its municipal functions; the characteristic life of the inhabitants, briefly checked, now continued as casually, leisurely, amiably as ever.

Bailes, cafés, restaurants, theaters resumed; fashionable folk promenaded; the inveterate habit of bell-ringing broke out from every spire, belfry, convent, monastery—from palace and chapel and ancient mission—tinkle-tinkle, kling-klang! dingle-dingle all day long.

ALL fear, all dread of the Americans had fled. Under balcony and barred window Mexican young men "played the bear"; the twang of guitar and the thin tenor voices of the love-smitten once more filled the starry silence; pretty girls peeped through window bars and half-closed shutters; from walled gardens crept the heavy perfume of jasmine and orange bloom; and everywhere mocking birds and cardinals sang in the magnolias, and golden lizards slept on dazzling, heat-baked walls.

Yet, just outside the city lurked murder militant, ambushed in the chaparral. And all along the long line of communication with Matamoras and Point Isabel, bandits, chaparral rats, desert robbers, rancheros prowled, plundering teamsters, murdering stragglers, lassoing solitary videttes, lancing post riders, shooting into convoys, stealing horses, stampeding beef cattle for the army.

Everywhere along the Matamoras route Death grinned behind the cactus at the passing gringo.

For we held nothing except the city and its suburbs, and the bit of road which our cavalry and mounted rifles happened to be traversing.

But through the dust of their horses' heels Death leered after them. And when security had passed, the region of peril recommenced with the bang of the escopeta or a shriek from some lanced vagabond.

Under orders from headquarters, I had moved into the city and had established myself and my department in two small villas situated in the garden of a very beautiful and perfectly irreconcilable young Mexican lady named Doña Maria Josefa Zozaya—her very name a poem!

She lived just off the principal plaza, in a handsome house flanking her garden.

Her ceremonious politeness and perfect composure, her extreme beauty and the dainty youth of her, might very easily mislead one into self-complacency and hopeful enterprises.

But I happened to know that during the headlong assault of the Mississippi infantry, led by that stainless cavalier Colonel Jefferson Davis, this same delicate young aristocrat had gone out on the azotea of the house of Señor Garza Flores, among the desperately fighting Mexican soldiery, and there, amid a pelting storm of rifle bullets, had encouraged them and taught them to disdain danger and the American invader with a gayety entirely Mexican.

Yet, when I presented myself and my billet de logement, no charming hostess could have received me more courteously.

The western garden villa was to be my lodgings.

The other, at the eastward end, was to be my office and departmental headquarters, shared by Mansfield and the engineers.

It included the adjacent stables, peons' huts, and gardener's house, the whole inclosing a patio.

In my own villa were two bedrooms and a parlor. Silver Knees occupied one, I the other, and the parlor and roof, with its awning and potted flowers, were neutral ground.

. . . . . .

"Your honor's mistress," said Doña Maria, with exquisite equanimity sweetening fundamental contempt, "need have no dread of inquisitive intrusion from any among my household if she walks in the garden."

"Señora," said I, "the child is not my mistress."

"That surely must be as your honor pleases," said Doña Maria sweetly. "The garden, nevertheless, is hers, as I do not choose to use it—for the present."

WE walked slowly from the orange-tree terrace to the rose garden. She wore a thin gown of silvery rose, and a mantilla. Her delicate features and smooth little hands were translucent, like alabaster faintly veined in blue.

Her fan she waved very slowly—slowly, perpetually, gracefully, as a lithe and golden puma, quietly reflecting, awaits whatever is to be, gently waving its golden tail.

My gilded fatigue cap was in my hand. The ceremony of departure impended.

I bowed very low:

"Madam, I am at your service."

"Many thanks, sir."

"Madam, pray believe me to be your most humble servant."

She curtsied; I bowed again. For this was the proper etiquette in Monterey between those well born. She should learn, at least, that I was no barbarian, but acknowledge me a cabellero perfectly conversant with aristocratic usage.

"Madam," said I, retiring backward by one step, "I kiss your feet."

"Sir, I kiss your hand."

"Madam, I am humbly overwhelmed."

"Sir, my poor house, and all in it—even myself, though of no value—yet, even so, and including all I have, is yours."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beauties of 50 Nations Now Fight Fat . . . In This Way

What Doctors Use

A few years ago, medical science discovered that a great cause of excess fat lay in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. When its secretion is scanty, too little food goes to fuel and energy, too much goes to fat.

That discovery has greatly changed the whole treatment of obesity. Doctors the world over now feed the patient that lacking gland substance. The results are seen everywhere—in every country, in every social circle. Excess fat has been fast disappearing, and without starvation.

Follies Are Ended

Now the over-fat do not depend on abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. Above all, the fake helps, once so numerous, have largely disappeared. People are learning, through doctors and through friends, that they must correct the cause of excess fat, or forever be abnormal.

People everywhere see that slender figures now prevail. And they are fast learning how to attain them.

The Ready-Made Help

Marmola prescription tablets apply this scientific method in a cheap and pleasant way. They are prepared by a world-famed medical laboratory to fit the average case. No secret about them. A book in each box gives the formula. Submit it to your doctor, if you wish.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. It has won high place in foreign countries, as well as America.

Almost everybody now has friends who can show and tell them what Marmola does. They can tell how the excess dropped away, and how new vigor and health came back.

Be Wise—Be Fair

Be wise enough to fight fat in the right way—in your doctor's way. Be fair enough to yourself to start now. Excess fat is a blight to health, to beauty and vitality. It shortens lives. Don't carry that burden if you can avoid it in this easy, pleasant, right way.

Don't be misled by methods which are hard, or dangerous, or silly. Do what modern science tells you must be done.

You will always be glad that you learned of Marmola. When it multiplies your joy in living, tell your friends.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each Box

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-nine

“Madam, the honor leaves me inarticulate.”

“A thousand thanks, sir.”

“Adieu, madam.”

“Adieu, sir.”

“Pray pass first, señora.”

“No, señor; pray pass first.”

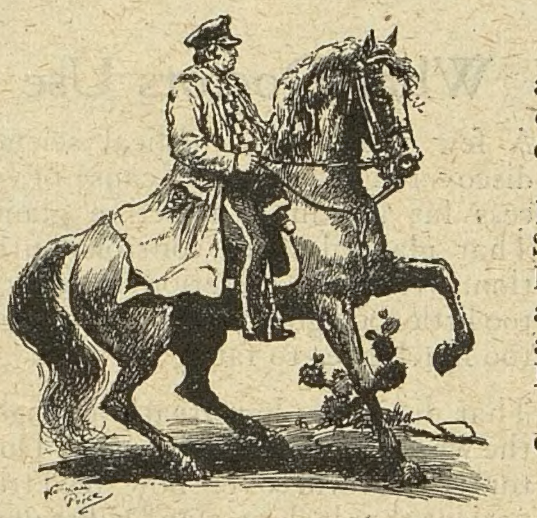
“Madam, I die a thousand deaths to disoblige you.”

“Vaya—well—to oblige you—and without further ceremony . . . I dislike compliments and etiquette.”

“Madam, it is not etiquette but my heart which offers to lay every honor in the world at your feet.”

“A thousand thanks.”

So, like the ghost of a silvery rose, she becomes lost among the other roses in the path. A slight swaying of foliage, of bud and scented blossom. Doña Marie Josefa Zozaya was gone, leaving the garden less lovely and the sunshine a little dim.



## IV

SILVER KNEES was still in her bedroom when I returned from army headquarters in the palace, dismounted, and tossed my bridle to Calixto.

“There is nothing more to be done today,” said I. “Is Señorita Encarnación awake?”

“Oh, yes, your honor. Señorita Encarnación has had her Mocha and honey cake, has studied her English lessons very diligently, and has been practicing her music very beautifully and like a little bird rejoicing.”

“Say to Señorita Encarnación that I wish her to dress and come to the parlor.”

I went into my bedroom, washed, changed to an undress uniform, and returned again to the cool, airy parlor.

Silver Knees came in, wearing sandals, a lacy garment over her nightgown, and carrying her beribboned guitar.

“Oh, prala,” she cried, “I have studied in my geography how vast is the United States. And now I am wondering why the Americans have arrived to take away even more land from the poor Mexicans.”

She came to hold up her face for a kiss—which she received between her eyes with an angelic look belying her rapidly developing capacity for infinite mischief.

We seated ourselves on a lounge. She began to pick at the guitar.

“Why,” she repeated, “does your army desire more land?”

“Mexico declared war on us,” I said. “That is why we are here.”

“So you are going to take her land away from her to punish her?”

“I don't know what we are going to do.”

There had developed in my brain a conviction that this war had been unnecessary; that with a little intelligence, politeness, and good humor on our part we could have avoided it. There now remained little doubt in my mind that we meant to strip from Mexico California, Texas, New Mexico, and all territory north of the Rio Grande. And that robbery had been the motive of that Sleepless Intelligence which had desired and contrived this war.

Not land hunger alone, however, but an antlike obsession for marching, was in our blood.

We *must* move. We were created to travel. We *must* move. And we were moving. And I knew in my heart that the Pacific itself could be no permanent barrier to our insectlike progress; that it merely would present only one more obstacle to surmount in the predestined march of human termites.

Fortunately the earth is round, and we can, through the ages, march round and round it.

Had the earth an edge, no doubt we would march off it, somehow, urged on by antlike and automatic predestination, and swarm indefinitely throughout interstellar space.

“Encarnación,” said I, “there is no business at headquarters for me to attend to today. Would you like to go shopping?”

“Oh, prala, I already have everything to please me! Let us remain together, then; I never have an hour with you any more—”

“Stop wheedling!”

“But it's true,” she whimpered. “All day you are on duty with all those gold-laced officers—”

“Stop whining!”

She got possession of my hand.

She played with it, kissed it swiftly and with malicious pleasure in her disobedience—I having forbidden the Gypsy caress.

“You listen to me, Encarnación,” said I. “As far as I can learn from the Sisters of the Incarnation, you are only half Gypsy. Your mother probably was a Gitana; your father was American and Gentile. You are as American as I am—”

“We *are* Gypsies, you and I!” she cried vehemently.

“Look at your snow-white skin—”

“There *are* white Gypsies!”

“And tawny hair—”

“There are red-headed Gypsies—”

“And your eyes the tint of wild swamp iris—”

“Yes, and there are blue-eyed Gypsies, too! I am Gypsy. It is in my heart; it is in my feet—”

She kicked off her sandals, crossed her bare knees in defiant effrontery.

Her legs and little feet were Mexican in their delicate beauty. Her hands—now properly cared for—confirmed it.

“Prala,” said she, “in your deepest heart you *know* we both are Gypsy to our bones! You know in your heart, also, that I am yours—not hoping for more than service, not even before I was ill treated—for I never had anything to offer in exchange for the esmeralda—”

“I AM determined,” said I, “to take you to New York as soon as this war is over, and have you educated, and make of you a civilized and accomplished American girl fit to marry anybody—”

“Ei! And my—”

“Don't dare use that word!”

“Nevertheless—”

“That is what I'm telling you, Encarnación; *nevertheless!*”

“Mother of God, prala, this that you propose for me is not possible for a Gypsy—”

“It is possible for an American girl.”

“Marriage?”

“Yes.”

“And the esmeralda?”

“You shall have it, little sister.”

“I shall become a busni?”

“Avali, chiquita.”

“The—the kiss gift of true betrothal—the choomapé—shall *I* receive it?”

“Hari,” I laughed, “miri pen, you shall have everything that is proper, niña, for a novia—a betrothed bride.”

“The—the son-kaypé?”

“Everything, I tell you!”

“Yo lo creo—vaya con Dios—”

She gave me a push and her eyes filled.

*Captain Maddox, Doña Maria Zozaya, and Silver Knees: such a combination was highly explosive, as you'll learn in next week's installment of the story.*

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Answer to the puzzle on page 50

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Answer to the puzzle on page 51

*Waterman's newest pen, the No. 94, in choice of three colors. Pen $5. Pencil $3.*

ALL WATERMAN'S ON THIS PAGE ARE SHOWN 3/4 ACTUAL SIZE

*Waterman's ladies' pen, the Lady Patricia, in choice of three colors. Pen $5. Pencil $3.*

*Waterman's finest man's pen, the Patrician, in choice of five colors. Pen $10. Pencil $5.*

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To the Patrician, and the Lady Patricia, Waterman's now adds another beautifully colored pen, the No. 94. Most reasonably priced at only five dollars, its outward beauty speaks for itself in the illustration above.

Of course, *any* fountain pen is a vast improvement over the old fashioned dip pen and ink well. But, until you have used a Waterman's fountain pen, you simply don't know how well a pen can write. Waterman's writing qualities start with the gold pen points—Waterman's-made for 47 years—and are backed by nearly half a century of experience as the leading maker of fountain pens for the civilized world.

See the entire Waterman's line at your dealers. Select the pen and the point that suits you. Have it filled with Waterman's ink—and you're set for long years of satisfaction!

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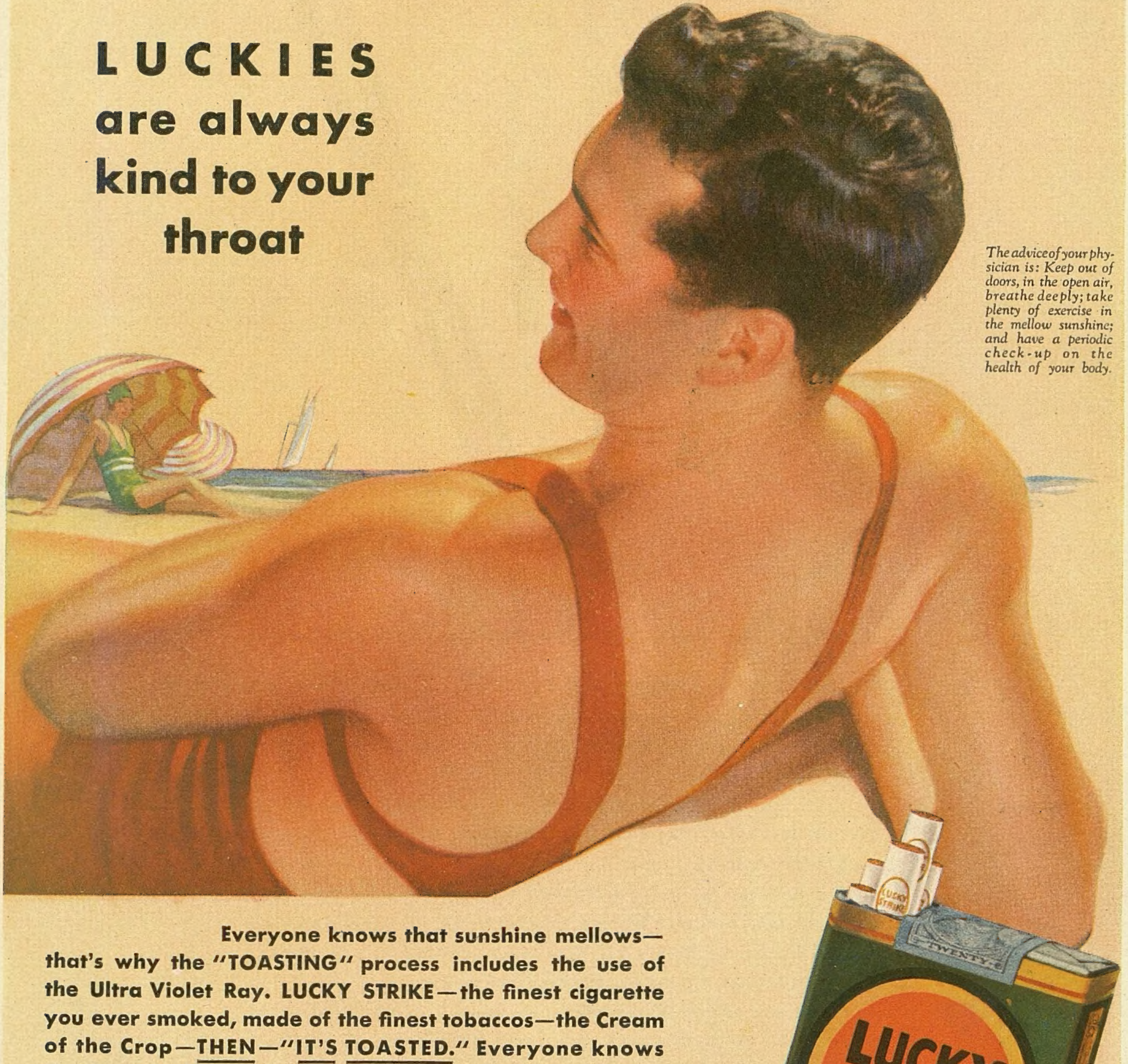
# Waterman's

# Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

**LUCKIES are always kind to your throat**



*The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine; and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.*

**Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.**

## "It's toasted"

**Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough**

TUNE IN—*The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks.*

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